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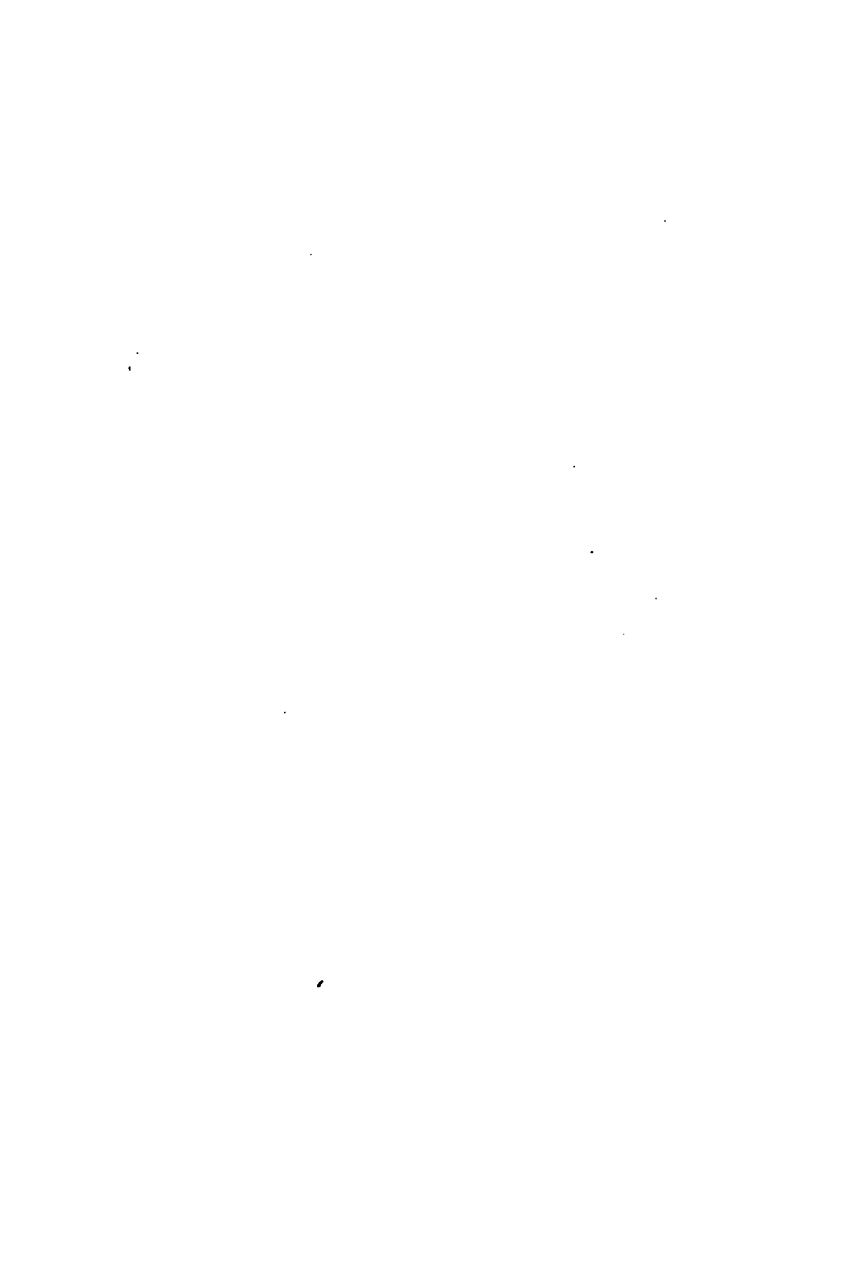
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A LITTLE BOOK  
OF  
SCOTTISH  
VERSE

*Edited by*  
*Thomas*  
T. F. HENDERSON

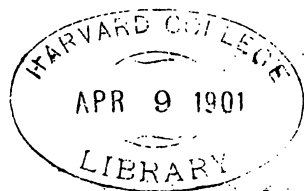
*WITH A FRONTISPIECE*

By W. E. F. BRITTEN

LONDON  
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where  $\mathbf{A}$  is the matrix of the linear transformation

$$T: \mathbb{R}^n \rightarrow \mathbb{R}^n, \quad T(\mathbf{x}) = \mathbf{A}\mathbf{x}.$$

Since  $T$  is linear, it follows that

$$T(\mathbf{x}) = \mathbf{A}\mathbf{x} = \mathbf{A}(\mathbf{x} + \mathbf{y}) = \mathbf{A}\mathbf{x} + \mathbf{A}\mathbf{y}.$$

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$$\mathbf{A}(\mathbf{x} + \mathbf{y}) = \mathbf{A}\mathbf{x} + \mathbf{A}\mathbf{y}.$$

Since  $T$  is linear, it follows that

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Mere scraps and fragments from large poems, though they may serve a very good purpose in a text-book or in a literary history, are, I think, out of place in a small volume dedicated chiefly to intellectual and poetic enjoyment. They tend to arouse a certain curiosity that cannot be immediately satisfied, and thus disquiet, and it may be irritate, more than they soothe and delight. Happily such long poems as *The Bruce* and *Wallace*, though interesting in many ways, are not of marked excellence as poetry, and the voluminous productions of Sir David Lyndsay are chiefly notable as political and social satires, while the elaborate allegories of Gavin Douglas, though technically of great merit, cannot, any more than the verse of Sir David Lyndsay, lay claim to qualities that are strictly poetic. The longer tales—many of them truly admirable, both for their humour and their vivid pictures of various phases of life in the olden time—were, alas ! too extensive for inclusion ; but though for sundry reasons I also found it necessary to pass over the shorter tale of *The Wife of Auchtirmuchty*, I found it impossible to debar such a piece as *Chrystis Kirk*—difficult though it will seem at a first glance—which, with the similar but not quite so excellent *Pebbis to the Play*, has exercised such an influence both on the metrical form and poetic method of later Scottish verse.

My field of selection was still more seriously limited by the wide gulf which separates not merely the Scotland of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but the peasant and burghal Scotland of even the eighteenth century, from the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century, as regards the standard of propriety in speech and writing. In addition to this, there has been a gradual change in the characteristic qualities of words. Many words which were used by our forefathers without the least feeling of a violation of propriety, have been gradually ousted from refined circles by euphuisms which convey practically the very same meaning; and the discarded word has gradually acquired a gross or evil aspect from its too exclusive use by the vulgar or disreputable. Moreover, the now least quotable verses of the old "makaris" are frequently the raciest, the most characteristic, and the most excellent according to strictly literary canons. Especially is this true of the poetry in which humour or satire, or graphic description, predominates. It is more particularly true of the greatest of the old "makaris," Dunbar, and almost as much so of Alexander Scott, who may be ranked next to Dunbar in purely poetic qualities. For fit and full appreciation of the old "makaris," something of the historic imagination is a prime necessity; and in truth, no one can either realise the true greatness of Dunbar or grasp his essential meaning,

who fails to recognise the existence of a morality deeper than all conventions. But since the majority of readers are perplexed when suddenly confronted with the unconventional, I have confined the selections to those pieces which are as nearly as possible in harmony with modern notions of propriety. In doing so, I have had to reject pieces containing only one objectionable stanza, or portion of a stanza, and in some cases merely one objectionable line; but I determined rather to reject altogether than to mutilate as regards even a single word.

Yet with all those special drawbacks and limitations, there remains a field for selection not only of considerable variety and extent, but representative of much that is best in Scottish verse even in the very olden time. The anthology begins with the national Cantus composed shortly after the death of Alexander III., and ends with Alexander Cunningham. True, a few pieces of later date exist that have some claims to inclusion, but their claims are not remarkably strong, and generally the tendency in the later verse of the nineteenth century is either towards a deterioration in the direction of mere commonplace vulgarity, or towards a deterioration which is mainly reminiscent or imitative, and so imitative as to verge on parody or even caricature.

The selection embraces the verse of what may

be termed in a sense two distinct epochs of Scottish poetry—that of the old “makaris” and that of the “revival,” which, though it showed various symptoms of its approach before Allan Ramsay, was in great part effected by him.

The chief names among the old “makaris” are—apart from Douglas and Lyndsay—James I., Henryson, Dunbar, Alexander Scott, and Alexander Montgomerie. Each of those has his own very distinct idiosyncrasy, and in the case of all the technical mastery is exceptionally complete—much more complete than that of many modern poets of very high reputation.

Of James I. my plan permits me to give only one example, *Chrystis Kirk*, which, notwithstanding the doubts and more of several critics, is, I think, almost certainly his. If his, it proves that he was as accomplished an artist in purely Scottish verse as he was—on the evidence of *The Kingis Quair*—in Chaucerian poetry; and since, also, if he was author of *Chrystis Kirk*, many of his other Scots poems must have perished, his poetic achievement probably entitles him to rank next to Dunbar amongst the British poets of the fifteenth century.

As for Henryson, his *Robene and Makyne*, inimitable in its naïve veracity, is in its own *genre* one of the world's classics; and although it was impossible to include any of his delightful fables,



or his longer allegories, the partly lyrical and partly reflective pieces I have chosen at least reveal something of his emotional pathos, and his gift of quaint and picturesque description, as well as his fine accomplishment as a musical metrist.

Henryson was largely a close imitator of Chaucer; but Dunbar, though indebted in many ways to the English master, was less imitator than utiliser. His poetic individuality is as undeniable and almost as remarkable as that of the "flower of English makaris." Greatest as humorist or satirist, it is impossible in a modern anthology to do anything like justice to his broad mirth, his caustic invective, or his marvellous expositions of the inner secrets of character. But glimpses at least of those qualities are revealed in some of the selections, and while his strong emotional reflectiveness, verging occasionally on sombre melancholy, is touchingly manifested in the noble *Lament for the Makaris*, *Hermes the Philosopher* and similar pieces are characterised by an admirable vein of cheerful stoicism. As a metrist his gifts were exceptionally varied. He manifested an easy command of nearly all the forms of the metrical art practised by his predecessors; and, moreover, by his preference for French forms he stimulated that earnest endeavour after technical skill in metrical forms which is the special note of the old Scottish school, and in which it far excelled the contemporary school of England.

This accomplishment was carried to still further perfection as regards grace and elegance by Alexander Scott. His witty love poetry in respect of those two qualities rivals that of Surrey, whom he excelled in at least his command of varied and intricate metres. Still more inventive as a metrist than Scott was Alexander Montgomerie,—properly the last of the “makaris,”—who also attained to occasional felicities of sentiment and expression, which indicate that but for the starving and chilling effects of the Reformation, and the empty dulness and frivolity of the court life of the period, he might have blossomed into a true and possibly great poet.

Much of the anonymous poetry—especially that of a humorous kind—reaches a very high standard of excellence; and if it be remembered that only a moiety of the work of this old Scottish school survives (for the greater part of what has survived was not printed until modern times, and has survived by mere accident, numerous MSS. having no doubt been destroyed about the time of the Reformation, an event which annihilated all general interest in secular poetry), and especially that nearly all the popular songs have perished, or survive only in those faint and grotesque parodies, *The Gude and Godly Ballates*, or in mere fragmentary stanzas,—when these things are considered, we are compelled to the conviction that the old poetic school of

Scotland must have been one of the most distinguished of its epoch, and certainly by far the most remarkable, when the comparative insignificance of the country is concerned. Its main characteristics were, (1) the variety and excellence of its metrical forms, (2) its admirable—if, according to modern notions, too coarse—wit, humour, and satire, (3) its vivid picturesqueness, (4) its vigorous realism, and (5) its strong, and indeed absolute, sincerity. On the whole, it is lacking in refinement, elevation, and high enthusiasm; but since these defects were due rather to external and accidental circumstances than to any inherent mental or moral incapacity, instead of tending to weaken or diminish the more characteristic excellences, they rather help, by concentration of energy, to accentuate them.

Many of the special characteristics of the old Scottish school are manifested in the later one—much more than would have been manifested had the poetic succession been continuous, instead of being broken by a blank of nearly a century's duration. The later school represented thus less artistic progress, than a mere revival, in a somewhat pale and imperfect fashion, of the old poetic art of the "makaris." Of this later school, the most prominent names are Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, and none of the three—not even Burns—approached the "makaris" in complete and varied

metrical accomplishment. By virtue, however, of his later birth, his remarkable personality, and a certain magical gift other than the merely metrical, Burns towers above every Scottish poet, ancient or modern, in at least popularity. His only real rival in intrinsic greatness of gifts is Dunbar, who was a much more highly trained artist, and who, if he lack Burns's inspiration and enthusiasm and all-embracing sympathy, excelled him in mere technique, and was perhaps his equal in imagination and insight, as he certainly was in purely intellectual qualities, and probably in depth of emotion apart from mere passion. But Burns represents, especially in his lyrics, much more comprehensively his country's nationality; he entered into possession of a much richer poetic inheritance, and, being also gifted with the peculiar genius to utilise this great inheritance, he remains as song-writer the poet of Scotland in a sense to which no other can lay claim.

Nevertheless the efforts of the modern school were comparatively circumscribed — circumscribed by the fact that it was born out of due time, and never could represent fully all the intellectual and moral vitality of the nation. Ramsay, the founder of the school, was not much more than a mere burgher versifier — the exponent mainly of the coarse merriment of the Edinburgh taverns. His one work of purely literary merit is *The Gentle*



*Shepherd*, and even it is hardly poetic. Fergusson again was a poet rather *in posse* than *in esse*, and Burns himself never fulfilled the great promise of his earlier years—the promise of such masterpieces as *The Address to the Deil*, *Halloween*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and *The Jolly Beggars*. We have merely, besides those and similar early poems, the marvellous drunken phantasmagoria *Tam o' Shanter*, as a token of the greater possibilities which an adverse fate prevented him from accomplishing; and in his later years he appears only as an intermittent writer of indifferent poetic epistles, of unsuccessful experiments in English, and of numerous songs, several of them masterpieces after their own fashion, but the whole of them but a sorry representation of his great and many-sided genius.

Apart from Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, this school is only of account as a school of song-writers. The average excellence of these later songs is exceptionally high, and this fact is the more remarkable when it is considered that few of the authors are at all productive, some being known only by isolated songs. The only explanation is the influence of the admirable tradition reaching back until it is lost in the past; and it is further worthy of note that many of the best of the later songs are directly modelled on older ones, even when they do not embody as their catchwords or

refrains antique stanzas or fragments. In any case it is the old primitive flavour—the sincerity and simplicity of bygone ages—rather than superiority in strictly poetic qualities, that confers on those songs their distinctive charm. They possess little of the special refinement and grace of the best modern English lyrics. Their beauty is that of the wild flower, not that of the garden exotic. They are quite devoid of any taint of modishness or affectation—except when English models are copied—either in wit, humour, or sentiment, and their appeal to human nature is thus instant and direct.

Perhaps the outstanding qualities of those songs—or at least those qualities in which they specially excel—are humour and pathos. The humour is of great variety: frequently, as may be imagined, almost more than Rabelaisian in its coarseness in the older lyrics (of which it was necessarily impossible to give here the more characteristic and remarkable—remarkable for their literary qualities, however peculiar otherwise—specimens); as often, perhaps, of only a partial squalidity, a squalidity redeemed by a clever wit and an admirable realism, as in *Todden Butt and Todden Ben*, *The Gaberlunzie Man*, *The Jollie Beggar*, *The Wee Wifukie*, *The Blythsome Bridal*, and *The East Neuk o' Fife*; sometimes light and insinuating, as in *Saw ye Johnnie Comin'*, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, and *Donald Caird*;

now gracefully merry, as in *Willie was a Wanton Wag*, and *Tullochgorum*; and now uproariously vivacious, as in *The Hundred Pipers*, *The Wee, Wee German Lairdie*, and that masterpiece of exuberant mirth, *Maggie Lauder*. But if Ramsay's productions be excepted—which are after all mainly an inartistic blend of Scots and English—seldom or never does the humour, unless in the case of the later poetasters, degenerate either into silliness or mere unalloyed vulgarity.

As for the pathos, it is for the most part very simple and homely, as in *Auld Robin Gray*, *There is nae Luck about the House*, and *The Land o' the Leal*; and when the pathos is touched with romance, the song is generally either Jacobite in sentiment, or derived from an older ballad, as were, for example, the admirable versions of *The Flowers of the Forest*.

Of narrative or descriptive songs there are a very large variety—most of them, of course, of the humorous kind already mentioned; and generally description and narrative is the favourite method of the Scottish song-writer, as it was of the old reciters.

On the whole, Burns is the only one of the later lyristes who is supremely successful in serious love-songs. Ramsay succeeded admirably in one solitary instance, *My Peggy is a Young Thing*, Allan Cunningham made several valiant attempts,

## INTRODUCTION

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and Hogg was as nearly successful as anyone incapable of strong passion can be.

On the other hand, the lady song-writers are happier when they devote themselves to the exposition of the purely domestic sentiment of married life, than when they faintly intermeddle with the primitive love afflatus; in the expression of the passion they scarce attain to more than a graceful conventionalism, while the tendency of such later poets as Robert Tannahill is towards a weak and undiluted sentimentality.

For English readers Scottish poetry has this at least to commend it: it has a peculiar tang of its own. While nearly allied to English poetry, it is not a mere subsidiary branch or division. Partly connected with it at the commencement, its independent growth and history, and its contact especially with French influences, have conferred on it a peculiar individuality and quaint picturesqueness quite distinct from almost any variety of English verse; and with the defects and shortcomings of antiquity, or of lack of complete contact with modern culture, it possesses at least the compensating advantages of naturalism and strong sincerity; while its art within its special limits is very accomplished and complete.

As this volume is intended rather to administer to the enjoyment of the general reader than to meet the special needs of the student, I have to some

extent simplified the spelling in the older pieces, but have done so only when the change did not interfere with the pronunciation, which it is essential, as far as possible, to preserve, if the original effects intended by the poet are to be properly realised.

T. F. HENDERSON.

# A LITTLE BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE

## ANCIENT CANTUS

Probably part of a song current soon after the death of Alexander III. (1285). It is preserved in Wyntoun's *Chronicle* (1425)

WHEN Alysandyr our King was dede  
That Scotland led in luv and lé,<sup>1</sup>  
Away was sons<sup>2</sup> of ale and brede,  
Of wine and wax, of gamyn<sup>3</sup> and glé;  
Our gold was changyd into lede.  
Christ born into Virginité  
Succour Scotland and remede<sup>4</sup>  
That stad<sup>5</sup> is in perplexyté.

*Anonymous.*

## VICTORY SONG AFTER BANNOCKBURN

Said by Fabyan to have been sung in dances and carols by the maidens and minstrels of Scotland "to the reproof and disdain of Englishmen." The oldest version is that in *The Brute Chronicle*.

MAIDENES of Engelonde, sare may ye mourne  
For tynte<sup>6</sup> ye have your lemmans at Bannockis-  
bourne!

<sup>1</sup> Love and law.

<sup>4</sup> Remedy.

<sup>2</sup> Abundance.

<sup>5</sup> Fixed.

<sup>3</sup> Sport.

<sup>6</sup> Lost.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

With hevealowe.  
 What! wende<sup>1</sup> the Kynge of Engelande  
 To have gete Scotlande?  
 With rumbelowe.

*Anonymous.*

## CHRYSTIS KIRK OF THE GREEN

In all likelihood by King James I. (1394-1437), and certainly not by James V. (1512-1542). Although the piece is of some length, and rather difficult in language, it has special claims to insertion in any selection of Scottish verse, on account of its influence—with its considerably inferior companion piece, *Peblis to the Play*—on later Scottish poetry.

WAS nevir in Scotland heard nor seen  
 Sic<sup>2</sup> dancing nor deray,<sup>3</sup>  
 Nowthir at Falkland on the green,  
 Nor Peblis at the play,<sup>4</sup>  
 As wes of wowaris,<sup>5</sup> as I wene,<sup>6</sup>  
 At Chryst Kirk on ane<sup>7</sup> day:  
 There came our kitteis<sup>8</sup> weschin<sup>9</sup> clean  
 In their new kirtillis of gray,  
 Full gay,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

To dance thir<sup>10</sup> damysellis them dicht,<sup>11</sup>  
 Thir lassis licht of laitis,<sup>12</sup>  
 Their gluvis wes of the raffel<sup>13</sup> rycht,  
 Their schone<sup>14</sup> wes of the straitis;<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Imagineth.

<sup>2</sup> Such.

<sup>3</sup> Tumult.

<sup>4</sup> Public games.

<sup>5</sup> Woors.

<sup>6</sup> Imagine.

<sup>7</sup> A certain.

<sup>8</sup> Girls.

<sup>9</sup> Washed.

<sup>10</sup> Those.

<sup>11</sup> Dressed.

<sup>12</sup> Gay of manners.

<sup>13</sup> Doeskin.

<sup>14</sup> Shoes.

<sup>15</sup> According to some, of coarse woollen leather; according to others, from the Strait of Gibraltar on the way to Morocco.

# SCOTTISH VERSE

3

Their kirtillis wer of lynkome <sup>1</sup> licht,  
 Weill prest with mony plaitis;  
 They were so nyss <sup>2</sup> when men them nicht,<sup>3</sup>  
 They squeilit like ony gaitis,<sup>4</sup>  
 So lowd  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green, that day.

Of all thir madynis mild as meid <sup>5</sup>  
 Wes nane so gympt <sup>6</sup> as Gillie;  
 As ony ross <sup>7</sup> hir rude <sup>8</sup> wes reid,  
 Hir lyre <sup>9</sup> wes like the lillie;  
 Fow <sup>10</sup> yellow, yellow wes hir heid,  
 But scho of lufe wes sillie,  
 Thocht <sup>11</sup> all hir kin had sworn hir deid,<sup>12</sup>  
 Scho wald haif bot sweit Willie  
 Alone,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

Scho skornit Jok and skraipit <sup>13</sup> at him,  
 And murionit <sup>14</sup> him with morkkis; <sup>15</sup>  
 He wald haif luvit, scho wald nocht lat him,  
 For all his yellow loikkis:  
 He chereist her, scho bad gae chat <sup>16</sup> him,  
 Scho compt <sup>17</sup> him nocht twa clockkis; <sup>18</sup>  
 So shamefully his short gown set him,  
 His lymmis wes like twa rokkis,<sup>19</sup>  
 Scho said,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln.	<sup>2</sup> Skittish.	<sup>3</sup> Nighed.	<sup>4</sup> Goats.	<sup>5</sup> Mead.
<sup>6</sup> Slim, elegant.	<sup>7</sup> Rose.	<sup>8</sup> Cheek (the ruddy part of it).		
<sup>9</sup> Skin.	<sup>10</sup> Full.	<sup>11</sup> Though.	<sup>12</sup> Death.	
<sup>13</sup> Jibed.	<sup>14</sup> Derided.	<sup>15</sup> Mockings.	<sup>16</sup> Hang.	
<sup>17</sup> Valued.	<sup>18</sup> Beetles.	<sup>19</sup> Distaffs.		



Thome Lular wes their menstrall meit,<sup>1</sup>

O Lord! as he cawd lanss;<sup>2</sup>

He playit so schill,<sup>3</sup> and sang so sweet,

Whill<sup>4</sup> Towsy took a transs.

Auld Lychtfute<sup>5</sup> there he did forleit,<sup>6</sup>

And counterfuitit Franss;

He use<sup>7</sup> himself as man discreit

And up took moreiss danss,

Full lowd,

At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

Than Stevin come stoppand<sup>8</sup> in with stendis;<sup>9</sup>

No rynk<sup>10</sup> mycht him arreist,

Platfute<sup>11</sup> he bobbit up with bendis,<sup>12</sup>

For Mald he made requleist.

He lap whill<sup>13</sup> he lay on his lendis<sup>14</sup>

But rysand he wes preist,

While that he oistit<sup>15</sup> at both endis

For honour of the feist

That day,

At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

Syne<sup>16</sup> Robene Roy begowth<sup>17</sup> to revell,

And Dwyny till<sup>18</sup> him druggit;<sup>19</sup>

"Lat be," quo' Jok; and cawd him javell,<sup>20</sup>

And be<sup>21</sup> the tail him tuggit.

The kensy cleikit to the cavell,<sup>22</sup>

But Lord! than gif they luggit!<sup>23</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Meet.

<sup>2</sup> Spring.

<sup>3</sup> Shrill.

<sup>4</sup> That.

<sup>5</sup> Lightfoot.

<sup>6</sup> Forsake.

<sup>7</sup> Behaved.

<sup>8</sup> Stepping.

<sup>9</sup> Strides.

<sup>10</sup> Course.

<sup>11</sup> Flat-footed.

<sup>12</sup> Bounds.

<sup>13</sup> Leapt until.

<sup>14</sup> Buttocks.

<sup>15</sup> Coughed.

<sup>16</sup> Then.

<sup>17</sup> Began.

<sup>18</sup> To.

<sup>19</sup> Pulled.

<sup>20</sup> Called him rascal.

<sup>21</sup> By.

<sup>22</sup> Brawler seized hold of the fellow.

<sup>23</sup> How they pulled each other by the ears!

# SCOTTISH VERSE

5

They pairtit hir<sup>1</sup> manly with a nevell ;<sup>2</sup>  
 God wait<sup>3</sup> gif hair wes ruggit<sup>4</sup>  
 Betuix them,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt cowl steir him ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Grit skayth<sup>6</sup> weid to haif skard<sup>7</sup> him ;  
 He chesit a flan<sup>8</sup> as did affeir<sup>9</sup> him ;  
 The toder<sup>10</sup> said : " Dirdum, dardum."  
 Throwch<sup>11</sup> baith the cheikis he thoct to cheir<sup>12</sup>  
 him,  
 Or throw the erss haif chard<sup>13</sup> him ;  
 Bot be ane akerbraid<sup>14</sup> it come nocht neir him,  
 I can nocht tell what mard him,  
 There,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

With that a freynd of his cried, " Fy ! "  
 And up ane arrow drew ;  
 He forgit<sup>15</sup> so fowriously  
 The bow in flenders<sup>16</sup> flew ;  
 Sa wes the will of God, trow I,  
 For had the tree been trew,  
 Men said, that kend<sup>17</sup> his archery,  
 That he had slane anew<sup>18</sup>  
 That day,  
 At Chrystis Kirk on the green.

<sup>1</sup> Them.	<sup>2</sup> Blow.	<sup>3</sup> Knows.	<sup>4</sup> Pulled.
<sup>5</sup> Wrath could move him.	<sup>6</sup> Danger.	<sup>7</sup> Frightened.	
<sup>8</sup> Arrow.	<sup>9</sup> Please.	<sup>10</sup> Other.	<sup>11</sup> Through.
<sup>12</sup> Pierce.	<sup>13</sup> Pierced.	<sup>14</sup> By an acre's breadth.	
<sup>15</sup> Wrought.	<sup>16</sup> Fragments.	<sup>17</sup> Knew.	<sup>18</sup> Enough.

Ane hasty hensure<sup>1</sup> callit Hary,  
 Wha was ane archer heynd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Tilt up a taikle<sup>3</sup> withowttin tary,<sup>4</sup>  
 That torment so him teynd.<sup>5</sup>  
 I wait<sup>6</sup> nocht whiddir his hand coud vary<sup>7</sup>  
 Or the man was his freynd,  
 For he eschaipit<sup>8</sup> throw michtis of Mary  
 As man that no ill meynd,<sup>9</sup>  
 But gud,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

Than Lowry as ane lion lap,  
 And sone<sup>10</sup> a flan coud feddir,  
 He hecht<sup>11</sup> to perss him at the pap,  
 Thereon to wed a weddir.<sup>12</sup>  
 He hit him on the wame a wap,<sup>13</sup>  
 It buft<sup>14</sup> like ony bledder;<sup>15</sup>  
 But swa his fortoun wes and hap,  
 His doublet wes made of ledder,  
 And saift him,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

A yaip<sup>16</sup> young man that stude him neist<sup>17</sup>  
 Lowsd off<sup>18</sup> a shot with ire;  
 He ettlit the bern<sup>19</sup> in at the breist,  
 The bolt flew our the byre;<sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Giddy fellow.<sup>4</sup> Delay.<sup>8</sup> Escaped.<sup>12</sup> To bet a wether.<sup>15</sup> Bladder.<sup>19</sup> Aimed at the man.<sup>2</sup> Skilful.<sup>5</sup> Enraged.<sup>9</sup> Meant.<sup>13</sup> Belly a blow.<sup>16</sup> Forward.<sup>3</sup> Snatched up an arrow.<sup>6</sup> Know.<sup>10</sup> Soon.<sup>17</sup> Next him.<sup>20</sup> Over the cowhouse.<sup>7</sup> Did shake.<sup>11</sup> Threatened.<sup>14</sup> Sounded.<sup>18</sup> Let loose.

# SCOTTISH VERSE

7

Ane cryt Fy ! he had slain a preist  
 A mile beyond ane mire ; <sup>1</sup>  
 Than bow and bag <sup>2</sup> fra him he keist,  
 And fled as fast as fire  
 Of flint,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

With forkis and flailis they lait <sup>3</sup> grit flappis,  
 And flung togiddir like friggis ; <sup>4</sup>  
 With bowgaris <sup>5</sup> of barnis they beft blew kappis, <sup>6</sup>  
 While they of bernis made briggis. <sup>7</sup>  
 The reird raiss <sup>8</sup> rudly with the rappis,  
 When rungis <sup>9</sup> wes layd on riggis ; <sup>10</sup>  
 The wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis :  
 " Lo where my lyking liggis," <sup>11</sup>  
 Quo' they  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

They girnjt <sup>12</sup> and lait gird <sup>13</sup> with grainis <sup>14</sup>  
 Ilk gossep uder grevit ; <sup>15</sup>  
 Some straik with stingis, <sup>16</sup> some gaderit stains, <sup>17</sup>  
 Some fled and evill mischevit ; <sup>18</sup>  
 The menstrall wan within twa wanis ; <sup>19</sup>  
 That day full weill he previt, <sup>20</sup>  
 For he come hame with unbirsed bains <sup>21</sup>  
 Where fechtaris wer mischevit  
 For evir,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

<sup>1</sup> Bog.      <sup>2</sup> Quiver.

<sup>3</sup> Let drive.      <sup>4</sup> Stout fellows.

<sup>5</sup> Roof-beams.      <sup>6</sup> Buffeted blue caps.

<sup>7</sup> Of men made bridges.      <sup>8</sup> Noise rose.

<sup>9</sup> Cudgels.      <sup>10</sup> Backs.

<sup>11</sup> Love lies.      <sup>12</sup> Snarled.

<sup>13</sup> Let fly.      <sup>14</sup> Groans.

<sup>15</sup> Each fellow annoyed the other.

<sup>16</sup> Struck with pikes.      <sup>17</sup> Stones.      <sup>18</sup> Were badly hurt.

<sup>19</sup> Got inside a house.      <sup>20</sup> Tasted.      <sup>21</sup> Unbruised bones.

Heich<sup>1</sup> Hucheoun, with a hirsill ryss,<sup>2</sup>  
 To red<sup>3</sup> can throw them rummill;<sup>4</sup>  
 He mudlet<sup>5</sup> them down like ony myss,<sup>6</sup>  
 He wes no barty-bummill.<sup>7</sup>  
 Thocht he wes wicht<sup>8</sup> he wes nocht wyss  
 With sic jangleris to jummil,<sup>9</sup>  
 For fra his thowme thay dang a sklyss,<sup>10</sup>  
 Whill he cried: "Barla-fummyll!<sup>11</sup>  
 I am slain,"  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

When that he saw his blude so reid,<sup>12</sup>  
 To flee nicht no man lat<sup>13</sup> him;  
 He wend<sup>14</sup> it bene for auld done feid,<sup>15</sup>  
 The far sarar it set<sup>16</sup> him.  
 He gart<sup>17</sup> his feit defend his heid,  
 He thocht ane cried haif at him,  
 Whill<sup>18</sup> he wes past out of all pleid,<sup>19</sup>  
 He suld bene swift that gat him  
 Throw speid,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

The town sowtar<sup>20</sup> in greif wes bowdin,<sup>21</sup>  
 His wife hang in his waist;  
 His body wes with blud all browdin,<sup>22</sup>  
 He granit like ony gaist.

<sup>1</sup> Tall.<sup>2</sup> Hazel twig.<sup>3</sup> Separate.<sup>4</sup> Knock about.<sup>5</sup> Dashed.<sup>6</sup> Mice.<sup>7</sup> Bungler.<sup>8</sup> Strong.<sup>9</sup> Such wranglers to interfere.<sup>10</sup> Knocked a slice.<sup>11</sup> A Truce.<sup>12</sup> Prevent.<sup>13</sup> Thought.<sup>14</sup> Feud.<sup>15</sup> The more it distressed.<sup>16</sup> Made.<sup>17</sup> Until.<sup>18</sup> Dispute.<sup>19</sup> Shoemaker.<sup>20</sup> Swollen.<sup>21</sup> Adorned.

Hir glitterand hair, that wes full goldin,  
 So hard in lufe him lest,<sup>1</sup>  
 That for hir sake he wes nocht yoldin,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sevin mile whill he wes chest<sup>3</sup>  
 And mair,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

The millar wes of manly mak;  
 To meit him was na mowis;<sup>4</sup>  
 There durst nocht ten come him to tak,  
 Sa nowit he their nowis.<sup>5</sup>  
 The buschment haill<sup>6</sup> about him brak  
 And bikkerit him with bowis,<sup>7</sup>  
 Syne<sup>8</sup> tratourly behind his bak  
 They hewit him on the howiss<sup>9</sup>  
 Behind,  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

Twa that wes heidmen of the heird<sup>10</sup>  
 Ran upoun utheris<sup>11</sup> like rammis;  
 Than followit feymen<sup>12</sup> rycht onaffeird<sup>13</sup>  
 Bet<sup>14</sup> on with barrow trammis.  
 Bot where their gobbis wes ungeird<sup>15</sup>  
 They gat upoun the gammis;<sup>16</sup>  
 Whill<sup>17</sup> bludy berkit<sup>18</sup> wes their beird  
 As they had wirreit lammis,<sup>19</sup>  
 Maist like  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

<sup>1</sup> Held.      <sup>2</sup> Surrendered.      <sup>3</sup> Till he was chased seven mile.  
<sup>4</sup> No mock.      <sup>5</sup> Knocked he their heads.      <sup>6</sup> Whole ambush.  
<sup>7</sup> Struck him with sticks.      <sup>8</sup> Then.      <sup>9</sup> Houghs.  
<sup>10</sup> Chiefs of the mob.      <sup>11</sup> Each other.      <sup>12</sup> Madmen.  
<sup>13</sup> Unafraid.      <sup>14</sup> Beaten.      <sup>15</sup> Mouths were unguarded.  
<sup>16</sup> Gums.      <sup>17</sup> Until.      <sup>18</sup> Clotted.      <sup>19</sup> Worried lambs.

The wyvis kest up ane hiddouss yell  
 When all thir yunkeris yokkit;<sup>1</sup>  
 As ferss ony fire-flaucht fell;<sup>2</sup>  
 Freikis<sup>3</sup> to the feild they flokkit;  
 Tha cairlis<sup>4</sup> with clubbis coud uder quell,  
 Whill<sup>5</sup> blud at breistis out bokkit;<sup>6</sup>  
 So rudely rang the commoun bell,  
 Whill all the stepill rokkit  
 For reird,<sup>7</sup>  
 At Chrystis Kirk of the green.

When they had berit<sup>8</sup> like baitit bulis  
 And branewod brynt in bailis,<sup>9</sup>  
 They were as meik as ony mulis  
 That mangit<sup>10</sup> were with mailis,<sup>11</sup>  
 For fantness tha forfochin fulis<sup>12</sup>  
 Fell down like flawchtir-failis,<sup>13</sup>  
 And freshmen come in and held their dulis<sup>14</sup>  
 And dang<sup>15</sup> them down in dailis<sup>16</sup>  
 Be-dene,<sup>17</sup>  
 At Chrystis Kirk on the green.

When all wes done, Dik with ane aix  
 Come furth to fell a fiddler;<sup>18</sup>  
 Quod he: "Where are yone hangit smaix<sup>19</sup>  
 Rycht now wald slane my bruder?"  
 His wife bade him ga hame "gab-glaikis,"<sup>20</sup>  
 And sa did Meg his muder.

<sup>1</sup> Those youngsters set to.<sup>3</sup> Stout fellows.<sup>7</sup> Noise.<sup>10</sup> Over-loaded.<sup>13</sup> Spade-turfs.<sup>16</sup> Heaps.<sup>19</sup> Mean fellows.<sup>4</sup> Those men.<sup>8</sup> Bellowed.<sup>11</sup> Burdens.<sup>14</sup> Stations.<sup>17</sup> Forthwith.<sup>20</sup> Foolish boaster.<sup>2</sup> Lightning terrible.<sup>5</sup> Until.<sup>6</sup> Belched.<sup>9</sup> Firewood burnt in bonfires.<sup>12</sup> Those fatigued fools.<sup>15</sup> Knocked.<sup>18</sup> Large quantity.

## SCOTTISH VERSE

11

He turned and gaif them bayth their paikis,<sup>1</sup>  
 For he durst ding nane udir,<sup>2</sup>  
 For feir  
 At Chryst Kirk of the green that day

JAMES I.

## THE ABBAY WALK

Robert Henryson (1425?-1506?), author of this and the three following pieces, is supposed to have been "master of the grammar-school within the Abbey of Dunfermline." More strictly a disciple of Chaucer than was Dunbar, he ranks next to the latter among the old Scots "makaris." His *Testament of Cresseid*—a sort of moral sequel to Chaucer's tale of *Troilus and Criseyde*—won for him earlier appreciation in England than was obtained by any of the other "makaris"; but the best and most characteristic of his longer poems are his *Moral Fables* paraphrased from Æsop. He is essentially a poet of Nature, and contemplative rather than lyrical; but *The Abbey Walk*, *The Reasoning betwixt Aige and Youth*, and other short pieces, are strongly touched with emotion, while perhaps the most permeating quality both of the *Fables* and of *Robene and Makyne* is unobtrusive humour.

*The Abbey Walk* is an admirable example of the French octave—ab, ab, bc, bc—with refrain.

ALONE as I went up and doun  
 In ane Abbay was fair to se,  
 Thinkand what consolatioun  
 Was best into adversitie;  
 On caiss<sup>3</sup> I kest on side mine é,<sup>4</sup>  
 And saw this writen upoun a wall:  
 "Of what estate, Man, that thou be,  
 Obey and thank thy God of all."

Thy kingdom and thy grit empire,  
 Thy ryaltie, nor rich array,

<sup>1</sup> A drubbing.

<sup>2</sup> Beat no other.

<sup>3</sup> By chance.

<sup>4</sup> Eye.



Sall nocht<sup>1</sup> endure at thy desire,  
 Bot, as the wind, will wend away;  
 Thy gold, and all thy gudis gay,  
 When fortoun list will fra thee fall:  
 Sen thou sic sampillis seis ilk day,<sup>2</sup>  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

Job was moist<sup>3</sup> rich, in Writ we find,  
 Thobè moist full of cheritie,  
 Job woux pure,<sup>4</sup> and Thobè blind,  
 Baith tempit with adversitie.  
 Sen blindness wes infirmitie,  
 And poverty wes natural;  
 Rycht<sup>5</sup> patiently bath he and he  
 Obeyit, and thankit God of all.

Thocht<sup>6</sup> thou be blind, or haif<sup>7</sup> ane halt,  
 Or in thy face deformit ill,  
 Sa it cum nocht<sup>8</sup> through thy default,  
 Na man suld thee repreif by skill,  
 Blame nocht thy Lord, sa is his will;  
 Spurn nocht thy foot aganis the wall;  
 Bot with meik hairt and prayer still  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

God of his justice mon<sup>9</sup> correct,  
 And of his mercy petie haif;<sup>10</sup>  
 He is ane Judge, to nane suspect,  
 To puneis sinful man and saif.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shall not.<sup>2</sup> Since thou such instances seest every day.<sup>3</sup> Most.<sup>4</sup> Waxed poor.<sup>5</sup> The "Thairfore" before "Rycht" in the MS. seems unnecessary.<sup>6</sup> Though.<sup>7</sup> Have.<sup>8</sup> Not.<sup>9</sup> Must.<sup>10</sup> Have.<sup>11</sup> Save.

Thocht thou be lord attour the laif,<sup>1</sup>  
 And eftirwart made bound and thrall,  
 Ane pure beggar, with skrip and staiff:  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

This changeing and grit variance  
 Off erdly<sup>2</sup> staitis up and doun  
 Is nocht bot<sup>3</sup> casualty and chance,  
 Sa some men sayis, without ressoun,  
 Bot be<sup>4</sup> the grit provision  
 Of God aboif that rewill thee sall;  
 Thairfoir ever thou mak thee boun<sup>5</sup>  
 To obey, and thank thy God of all.

In wealth be meik, heich<sup>6</sup> not thyself;  
 Be glaid in wilful povertie;  
 Thy power and thy warldis pelf  
 Is nocht but very vanitie.  
 Remember him that deit on tree,  
 For thy sake taistit the bitter gall,  
 Wha heis law hairtis, and lawis he:<sup>7</sup>  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

<sup>1</sup> Over the others.

<sup>2</sup> Earthly.

<sup>3</sup> Not merely.

<sup>4</sup> By.

<sup>5</sup> Ready.

<sup>6</sup> Exalt.

<sup>7</sup> Who raises low hearts and puts down the high.

# THE RESSONING BETWIXT AIGE AND YOWTH

Like *The Abbey Walk*, this piece is in the French octave, but the lines are of five, not of four accents.

## YOWTH.

WHEN fair Flora, the goddess of all flowris,  
Baith firth and feildis freschely had ourfrett,<sup>1</sup>  
And pearly droppis of the balmy schowris  
Thir woddis grene had with thair watter  
wet;  
Musand alone, in morning mild, I met  
A mirry man, that all of mirth cowth mene,<sup>2</sup>  
Syngand this sang that richt sweetly was set:  
“O Yowth, be glaid into thy flowris grene!”

## AIGE.

I lukit furth a little me befoir,  
And saw a catyf on a club cumand,<sup>3</sup>  
With cheikis lean and lyart lokis hoir.<sup>4</sup>  
His ene was howe,<sup>5</sup> his voce was hace  
hostand,<sup>6</sup>  
Wallowit and wan, and waik as ony wand;  
Ane bill he beure upoun his breist abone,<sup>7</sup>  
In letteris leill but lyis,<sup>8</sup> with this legyand:—  
“O Yowth, thy flowris faidis ferly sone.”<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Overfretted.

<sup>2</sup> Could intend.

<sup>3</sup> An old man coming leaning on a staff.

<sup>4</sup> Faded hoary locks.

<sup>5</sup> Eyes were hollow.

<sup>6</sup> Coughing hoarse.

<sup>7</sup> Above.

<sup>8</sup> True without lies.

<sup>9</sup> Wondrous soon.

## YOWTH.

This young man lap upoun the land full licht,  
 And marvellit mekle of his makdome maid : <sup>1</sup>  
 "Waldyne <sup>2</sup> I am," quod he, "and woundir  
 wicht, <sup>3</sup>  
 With brawne as bear, and breist burly and  
 braid,  
 Na grome on ground my gairdone <sup>4</sup> may  
 degraid,  
 Nor of my pith may pare wirth <sup>5</sup> half a prene ;  
 My face is fair, my figour may nocht faid :  
 O Yowth, be glaid into thy flowris grene ! "

## AIGE.

This senyeour <sup>6</sup> sang, bot with a sober stevyn, <sup>7</sup>  
 Sckakand his berd, he said ;—" My bairn lat  
 be ;  
 I was within thir sextie yeiris and sevyn  
 Ane freik <sup>8</sup> on fold, <sup>9</sup> als <sup>10</sup> fair, fresch, als fre,  
 Als glaid, als gay, als ying, als yhaip <sup>11</sup> as ye :  
 Bot now that day is our-drawn and done ;  
 Luke thou my laychly lycome <sup>12</sup> gif I lie :  
 O Yowth, thy flowris faidis ferly sone."

## YOWTH.

This mirry man of mirth yit movit moir :  
 " My corps is clene without corruptioun ;  
 My self is sound, but <sup>13</sup> seiknes or but soir ; <sup>14</sup>  
 My wittis fyne in dew proportioun ;

<sup>1</sup> And greatly admired his own figure.

<sup>2</sup> Active.

<sup>3</sup> Wondrous strong.

<sup>4</sup> Guerdon.

<sup>5</sup> Worth.

<sup>6</sup> Seigneur.

<sup>7</sup> Sound.

<sup>8</sup> Fellow.

<sup>9</sup> Earth.

<sup>10</sup> As.

<sup>11</sup> Eager.

<sup>12</sup> Lowly body.

<sup>13</sup> Without.

<sup>14</sup> Sore.

My curage is of clene complexioun,  
 My hairt is hail,<sup>1</sup> my levar, and my splene,  
 Thairfoir to reid this roll I haif ressoun :  
 O Yowth, be glaid into thy flowris grene ! ”

## AIGE.

The bevar hoir<sup>2</sup> said to this berly berne :<sup>3</sup>  
 “ This breif thou sall obey, sone be thow  
 bald ;  
 Thy stait, thy strength, thocht it be stark<sup>4</sup> and  
 sterne,  
 The feveris fell,<sup>5</sup> and eild sall gar<sup>6</sup> thee fald ;  
 Thy corps sall clyng, thy curage sall wax  
 cald,  
 Thy health sall hynk<sup>7</sup> and tak a hurt but hone,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thy wittis fine sall vaneis, thocht thow nocht  
 wald :<sup>9</sup>  
 O Yowth, thy flowris faidis ferly sone ! ”

## YOWTH.

Ane other verse this young man yit cowth sing :  
 “ At luvis law I think a while to leit,<sup>10</sup>  
 In court to cramp<sup>11</sup> clenely in my clething,  
 And luke amangis thir lusty ladeis sweit ;  
 Of mariage to mell,<sup>12</sup> with mowthis meit,  
 In secreitness, where we may nocht be sene,  
 And so with birdis<sup>13</sup> blythly my bailis be it :<sup>14</sup>  
 O Yowth, be glaid into thy flowris grene. ”

<sup>1</sup> Whole.<sup>2</sup> Hoary old man.<sup>3</sup> Burly youth.<sup>4</sup> Powerful.<sup>5</sup> Dire.<sup>6</sup> Make.<sup>7</sup> Haste away.<sup>8</sup> Without delay.<sup>9</sup> Would not.<sup>10</sup> Delay.<sup>11</sup> Frequent.<sup>12</sup> Meddle.<sup>13</sup> Young women<sup>14</sup> Fires fan.

## AIGE.

This awstrene greif<sup>1</sup> answerit angirly :  
 "For thy cramping thou salt baith cruke and  
 cower,  
 Thy fleshly lust thow salt also defy,  
 And pain thee sall put fra thy paramour :  
 Than will no bird be blyth of thee in boure ;  
 When thy manheid sall wendin as the mone,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou sall assay gif that my song be sour :  
 O Yowth, thy flowris faidis ferly sone."

This gowand grathit<sup>3</sup> with sic grit greif  
 He on his wayis wiethly<sup>4</sup> went, but wene,<sup>5</sup>  
 This lene auld man luthe not,<sup>6</sup> but tak his leif,  
 And I abaid under the levis grene :  
 Of the sedullis the suthe<sup>7</sup> when I had sene,  
 Of trewth, methocht, thay triumphit in thair tone :  
 "O Yowth, be glaid into thy flowris grene,  
 O Yowth, thy flowris faidis ferly sone."

ROBERT HENRYSON.

## ROBENE AND MAKYNE

This piece is in the old ballad stave of *Cherry Chace*. It relates a pastoral episode of the olden time with a naïve truthfulness and simplicity which give it an almost unique place in Scottish verse.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill  
 Kepand a flock of fe,<sup>8</sup>  
 Mirry Makyne said him till :<sup>9</sup>  
 "Robene thou rew on me ;<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Austere grieved one.<sup>3</sup> Astonished one clad.<sup>6</sup> Delayed not.<sup>8</sup> Sheep.<sup>4</sup> Quickly.<sup>7</sup> Of the schedules the verity.<sup>9</sup> To him.<sup>2</sup> Wane as the moon.<sup>5</sup> Thoughtless.<sup>10</sup> Have pity on me.

I haif thee luvit loud and still <sup>1</sup>

Thir <sup>2</sup> yeiris two or three ;

My dule in dern bot gif thou dill, <sup>3</sup>

Doubtless but dreid <sup>4</sup> I de. <sup>5</sup>

Robene answerit : " Be the Rude

Na thing of lufe I know,

Bot keipis my scheip under yone wude,

Lo ! whair they raik on raw ; <sup>6</sup>

What hes marrit thee in thy mude,

Makyne to me thou shaw ?

Or what is lufe, or to be lude, <sup>6</sup>

Fane wald I leir <sup>7</sup> that law. "

" At luvis lair gif thou will leir,

Tak thair ane A, B, C ;

Be heynd, <sup>8</sup> courtass, and fair of feir, <sup>9</sup>

Wyse, hardy, and free :

So that no danger do thee deir, <sup>10</sup>

What dule in dern thou dre ; <sup>11</sup>

Preiss <sup>12</sup> thee with pain at all poweir,

Be pacient, and previe. "

Robene answerit her agane :

" I wait <sup>13</sup> nocht what is lufe ;

But I haif mervell intertane

What makis thee this wanrufe. <sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Publicly and secretly.

<sup>3</sup> My grief in secret, unless thou share.

<sup>5</sup> Range on row.

<sup>7</sup> Would I learn.

<sup>10</sup> Daunt.

<sup>12</sup> Wot.

<sup>6</sup> Loved.

<sup>8</sup> Gentle.

<sup>11</sup> Suffer.

<sup>14</sup> Thus uneasy.

<sup>2</sup> Those.

<sup>4</sup> For sorrow

<sup>9</sup> Complexion

<sup>12</sup> Exert.

## SCOTTISH VERSE.

19

The wëddir is fair, and I am fane,<sup>1</sup>  
 My scheip gois haill<sup>2</sup> aboif,  
 And<sup>3</sup> we wald play us in this plane  
 They wald us baith reprof."

" Robene, tak tent<sup>4</sup> unto my tale  
 And wirk all as I reid,<sup>5</sup>  
 And thou sall haif my hairt all haill<sup>6</sup>  
 Eik and<sup>7</sup> my maidenheid.  
 Sen God sendis bute for bail,<sup>8</sup>  
 And for murnyng remeid;<sup>9</sup>  
 In dern with thee bot giff I daill,<sup>10</sup>  
 Doubtless I am bot deid."

" Makyne, to-morne this ilka tyde<sup>11</sup>  
 And ye will meet me heir,  
 Peraventure my scheip may gang besyd  
 While we haif liggit<sup>12</sup> full neir;  
 Bot mawgre haif I and I byd<sup>13</sup>  
 Fra they<sup>14</sup> begin to steir,<sup>15</sup>  
 What lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;  
 Makyne, than mak gud cheir."

" Robene, thou reivis me rois<sup>16</sup> and rest!  
 I luv<sup>17</sup> bot thee alane."

" Makyne, adew! the sone gois west,  
 The day is neir-hand gane."

<sup>1</sup> Happy.<sup>2</sup> In good health.<sup>3</sup> If.<sup>4</sup> Take heed.<sup>5</sup> Advise.<sup>6</sup> Entirely.<sup>7</sup> And also.<sup>8</sup> Salve for sorrow.<sup>9</sup> Remedy.<sup>10</sup> Unless I deal.<sup>11</sup> Same time.<sup>12</sup> Lain.<sup>13</sup> But illwill may I have if I stay.<sup>14</sup> From the time that they.<sup>15</sup> Stir.<sup>16</sup> Robbest me of quiet.



## A LITTLE BOOK OF

"Robene, in dule I am so drest,<sup>1</sup>  
That lufe will be my bane."

"Ga lufe, Makyne, wherever thou list,  
For lemman I lufe nane."

"Robene, I stand in sic a style,<sup>2</sup>  
I sicht<sup>3</sup> and that full sair."<sup>4</sup>

"Makyne, I haif bene heir this while,  
At hame God gif I wair."<sup>5</sup>

"My huny, Robene, talk ane while,  
Gif thou will do na mair."

"Makyne, sum other man begile,  
For hamewart I will fair."

Robene on his wayis went

Als licht as leif of tree ;

Makyne murnit in hir intent,<sup>6</sup>

And trowd him never to see.

Robene brayd attour the bent ;<sup>7</sup>

Than Makyne cryit on hie :

"Now ma thou sing, for I am schent ;<sup>8</sup>

What alis lufe at me ?"

Makyne went hame withowttin fail

Full wery eftir cowth weip,<sup>9</sup>

Than<sup>10</sup> Robene in a full fair daill

Assemblit all his scheip.

Be that<sup>11</sup> some part of Makyne's aill<sup>12</sup>

Outthrow his hairt coud creip ;

He fallowit her fast thair till<sup>13</sup> assaill

And till her took gude keep.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Beset. <sup>2</sup> Such a state. <sup>3</sup> Sigh. <sup>4</sup> Sore. <sup>5</sup> God grant I wer

<sup>6</sup> Purpose.

<sup>7</sup> Strode over the sward.

<sup>8</sup> Undone.

<sup>9</sup> Full weary and like to weep.

<sup>10</sup> Then.

<sup>11</sup> By that time.

<sup>12</sup> Ailment.

<sup>13</sup> To.

<sup>14</sup> Good heed.

“Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne !  
 A word for ony-thing !  
 For all my luvè it sal be thyne,  
 Withowttin departing.<sup>1</sup>  
 All haill thy heart for till haif myne<sup>2</sup>  
 Is all my cuvating.  
 My scheip to-morn quhill houris nyne,<sup>3</sup>  
 Will neid of no keping.”

“Robene, thou hes heard soun and say,  
 In gestis and storeis auld :  
 ‘The man that will nocht when he may  
 Sall haif nocht when he wald.’  
 I pray to Jesu, every day,  
 Mot eik<sup>4</sup> thair cairis cauld,  
 That first preissis<sup>5</sup> with thee to play  
 Be firth, forrest, or fauld.”

“Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,  
 The weddir is warm and fair,  
 And the grene woid<sup>6</sup> rycht neir us by  
 To walk attour all quhair :<sup>7</sup>  
 Thair ma na janglour<sup>8</sup> us espy  
 That is to lufe contrair ;  
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I  
 Unseen we ma repair.”

“Robene, that warld is all away,  
 And quite brocht till ane end ;  
 And nevir agane thairto, perfay,<sup>9</sup>  
 Sall it be as thou wend.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Without ceasing.

<sup>2</sup> Till nine o'clock.

<sup>3</sup> Wood.

<sup>4</sup> Tattler.

<sup>5</sup> To have all thy heart mine.

<sup>6</sup> Add to.

<sup>7</sup> To walk over everywhere.

<sup>8</sup> By my faith.

<sup>9</sup> Endeavours.

<sup>10</sup> Thinketh.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

For of my pain thou made it play,  
 And all in vain I spend;  
 As thou hes done, sa sall I say,  
 Murne on, I think to mend."

"Makyne, the howp<sup>1</sup> of all my heill,<sup>2</sup>  
 My hairt on thee is set,  
 And ever-mair to thee be leill<sup>3</sup>  
 While I may leif,<sup>4</sup> but let;<sup>5</sup>  
 Nevir to fail, as utheris feill,<sup>6</sup>  
 What grace that ever I get."  
 "Robene, with thee I will nocht deill;  
 Adew, for thus we met."

Makyne went hame blyth anewche<sup>7</sup>  
 Attour the holtis hair.<sup>8</sup>  
 Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche,<sup>9</sup>  
 Scho sang, he sichit sair:<sup>10</sup>  
 And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,<sup>11</sup>  
 In dolour and in cair,  
 Kepand his hird under a huche<sup>12</sup>  
 Amang the holtis hair.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

<sup>1</sup> Hope.

<sup>4</sup> Live.

<sup>7</sup> Enough.

<sup>10</sup> Sighed sore.

<sup>2</sup> Health.

<sup>5</sup> Without ceasing.

<sup>8</sup> Over the grey uplands.

<sup>11</sup> Sad and wretched.

<sup>3</sup> Loyal.

<sup>6</sup> Fail.

<sup>9</sup> Laughed.

<sup>12</sup> Crag.

## THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY

This is perhaps the oldest of the Scottish songs which has wholly escaped oblivion. In the Bannatyne MS. it was assigned to Clerk, whom Dunbar commemorates for his "balat-making and trigide," but the name was deleted by the transcriber. As a picture of rustic manners it ranks with *Robene and Makyne*, and its naïve humour secured it a quite exceptional popularity, as is evidenced by the many derivatives from it to be found in the broadsides and old song-books. A glossary of the implements referred to is added at the conclusion of the piece.

ROBEYN's Jok<sup>1</sup> come to wow our Jynny,  
 On our feist evin when we were fow;<sup>2</sup>  
 Scho brankit fast<sup>3</sup> and made her bony,  
 And said: "Jok, come ye for to wow?"  
 Scho birneist<sup>4</sup> her, baith breist and brow,  
 And maid hir cleir as ony klok;<sup>5</sup>  
 Than spak her deme,<sup>6</sup> and said, "I trow  
 Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok?"  
 Jok said, "Forsuth I yern full fane<sup>7</sup>  
 To luk<sup>8</sup> my heid, and sit down by yow."  
 Then spak her modir and said agane,  
 "My bairn hes tocher gud annwch<sup>9</sup> to ge<sup>10</sup>  
 yow."  
 "Te he," quod Jynny, "keik, keik, I se yow!  
 Muder, yone man makis yow a mok."  
 "I schrow thee lyar, full leis me yow,<sup>11</sup>  
 I come to wow your Jynny," quod Jok.

<sup>1</sup> John the son of Robert.

<sup>2</sup> Drunk.

<sup>3</sup> Hurried quickly.

<sup>4</sup> Burnished.

<sup>5</sup> Shining as a beetle.

<sup>6</sup> Mother.

<sup>7</sup> Fondly.

<sup>8</sup> The meaning is doubtful—some interpreting to bend the head so as to enter the house, others to look the head and clear it of vermin!

<sup>9</sup> Dowry enough.

<sup>10</sup> Give.

<sup>11</sup> I love you truly.

“My berne,” scho sayis, “hes of hir awin,  
 Ane guss, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,  
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid sawin;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken,  
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben<sup>2</sup>;  
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok;  
 Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten:  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?”

“Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,  
 Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang flail,  
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills two,  
 Ane milk-syth with ane swine tail;  
 Ane rowsty whittil<sup>3</sup> to scheir the kaill,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ane wheill, ane mell the beir to knok,  
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill:  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?”

“Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,  
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane wheil-band,  
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-sek,  
 Ane spurtill braid and ane elwand.”<sup>5</sup>  
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,  
 And cryd ane feist, and slew ane cok,  
 And made a brydell up alland:<sup>6</sup>  
 “Now haif I gottin your Jynny,” quoth Jok.

“Now, deme, I haif your bairn mareit;  
 Suppois ye mak it never sa tuche,<sup>7</sup>  
 I latt you wit<sup>8</sup> scho is nocht miskareit,  
 It is weill kend<sup>9</sup> I haif annwch:<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Corn to sow a footbreadth.

<sup>3</sup> Rusty gullie.

<sup>5</sup> Was married up in the country.

<sup>7</sup> Know.

<sup>4</sup> Cut the colewort.

<sup>8</sup> Known.

<sup>2</sup> In there.

<sup>6</sup> Tough.

<sup>9</sup> Enough.



Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ane spade, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok;  
 Withowttin oxin I haif a pluche  
 To gang togidder, Jynny and Jok.<sup>2</sup>

"I haif ane helter and eik<sup>3</sup> ane hek,  
 Ane coird, ane creill, and als ane cradill;  
 Fyve fiddler<sup>4</sup> of raggis to stuff ane jak,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid<sup>6</sup> sadill;  
 Ane pepper-polk<sup>7</sup> made of a padill,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,<sup>9</sup>  
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,  
 To gang togidder, Jynny and Jok.

"Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,  
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,  
 Ane sark<sup>10</sup> made of the linkome twyne,  
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht steyne,<sup>11</sup>  
 And yit for mister<sup>12</sup> I will nocht fenyne:  
 Fyve hundreth fleis now in a flok,  
 Call ye nocht that ane joly menyne<sup>13</sup>  
 To gang togidder, Jynny and Jok?

"Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorn spone,  
 Twa buttis of barkit, blasnit ledder,<sup>14</sup>  
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,<sup>15</sup>  
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder;  
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane swyne bledder,  
 Ane maskene-fatt, ane fetterit lok,  
 Ane scheip<sup>16</sup> weill keipit fra ill wedder,  
 To gang togidder, Jynny and Jok.

<sup>1</sup> A crooked old horse that fell over a cliff.

<sup>2</sup> A plough for the two to pull together.

<sup>4</sup> A large quantity.

<sup>5</sup> Doublet.

<sup>8</sup> Pedlar's wallet.

<sup>9</sup> Notch.

<sup>12</sup> Necessity.

<sup>13</sup> Multitude.

<sup>15</sup> Material fit to clout shoes.

<sup>3</sup> Also.

<sup>6</sup> Load.

<sup>10</sup> Shirt.

<sup>14</sup> Leather.

<sup>16</sup> Beehive.

<sup>7</sup> Bag.

<sup>11</sup> Stain.

"Tak thair for my part of the feist;

It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;

Ye may nocht say my part is leist."

The wyfe said, "Speid, the kail are soddin,

And als the laverock is fust and loddin,<sup>1</sup>

When ye haif done tak hame the brok."<sup>2</sup>

The rost wes tuche. So wer they bodin;

Syne gaed<sup>3</sup> togidder bayth Jynny and Jok.

*Anonymous.*

*Almry*, a cupboard.

*Ark*, a meal chest.

*Blasnit ledder*, tanned leather.

*Brechame*, a horse's collar.

*Brochis*, clasps.

*Coig*, a large wooden dish.

*Creill*, a rough wand basket.

*Dublaris*, large dishes, as  
tureens, etc.

*Flaik*, a hurdle.

*Furme*, a form or bench.

*Furlet*, the fourth of a boll.

*Gryce*, a pig.

*Hek*, a rack.

*Hog*, a two-year-old sheep.

*Kirn*, a churn.

*Maskene-fatt*, brewing vessel.

*Milk-syth*, milk strainer.

*Pek*, the sixteenth of a boll.

*Raip*, a rope.

*Rok*, a distaff.

*Schule*, a shovel.

*Spounge*, a purse.

*Thrazucruk*, a crooked stick for  
twisting straw ropes.

*Trene*, a spout.

*Trunchecour*, a platter.

## THE MURNING MAIDIN

*Levis grene*, included in the first line of *The Murning Maidin*, is mentioned as a dance in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1508. In some respects the piece resembles Henryson's *Robene and Makyne*, but it is slightly more artificial in style and method, while the stave is also more complex, the last five lines forming a bobwheel.

STILL under the levis grene,

This hinder day,<sup>4</sup> I went alone:

I heard ane may<sup>5</sup> sair<sup>6</sup> murne and meyne;<sup>7</sup>

To the King of Love scho made hir mone.

<sup>1</sup> The lark is roasted and swollen (obscure proverb).

<sup>2</sup> Remainder.

<sup>3</sup> Then went.

<sup>4</sup> Yesterday.

<sup>5</sup> Maiden.

<sup>6</sup> Sorely.

<sup>7</sup> Complain.

Scho sychit sely<sup>1</sup> soir ;  
 Said : " Lord, I luif thy lore ;  
 Mair woe dreit<sup>2</sup> never woman one ;  
 O langsum life, and<sup>3</sup> thou war gone,  
 Than suld I murne no moir ! "

As rid<sup>4</sup> gold-wyir shynit hir hair,  
 And all in green the may scho glaid ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Ane bent bow in hir hand scho bair,  
 Undir hir belt war arrowis braid.  
 I followit on that fre,<sup>6</sup>  
 That semelie wes to se.  
 With still murning hir mone scho made ;  
 That bird<sup>7</sup> under a bank scho bade,<sup>8</sup>  
 And lenit to ane<sup>9</sup> tre.

" Wanweird ! " <sup>10</sup> scho said, " what have I wrocht,  
 That on me kytht hes<sup>11</sup> all this cair ?  
 True lufe so deir I have thee bocht ! <sup>12</sup>—  
 Certis so sall I do no mair.  
 Sen that I go begyld  
 With ane that faith has fyld,  
 That gars me oftsyis sich sair,<sup>13</sup>  
 And walk amang the holtis hair,<sup>14</sup>  
 Within the woddis wyld.

" This great disese for luif I dre : <sup>15</sup>  
 There is no tounge can tell the wo !

<sup>1</sup> Sighed wretchedly.

<sup>4</sup> Red.

<sup>7</sup> Young woman.

<sup>10</sup> Unhappy destiny.

<sup>13</sup> Cause me oftentimes to sigh full sorely.

<sup>14</sup> Grey uplands (the phrase is probably borrowed from Henryson's *Robene and Makyne*).

<sup>15</sup> Suffer.

<sup>2</sup> Suffered.

<sup>5</sup> Glided.

<sup>8</sup> Abode.

<sup>11</sup> Has brought.

<sup>3</sup> If.

<sup>6</sup> Lady.

<sup>9</sup> Leaned on a.

<sup>12</sup> Bought.



I lufe the luif, that lufes not me ;

I may not mend, but murning mo.<sup>1</sup>

Whill<sup>2</sup> God send sum remeid,<sup>3</sup>

Throw destany or deid,<sup>4</sup>

I am his friend, and he my fo !

My sweit, alas ! why dois he so ?

I wrocht him never na feid !<sup>5</sup>

“ Without feyn<sup>6</sup> I wes his freynd,

In word and wark. Grit God it wait !<sup>7</sup>

Where he wes placit, there list I leynd<sup>8</sup>

Doand him service air and lait.

He kepand eftir syne<sup>9</sup>

Till<sup>10</sup> his honour and myne.

But now he gais ane uther gait,<sup>11</sup>

And hes no e<sup>12</sup> to my estait ;

Whilk<sup>13</sup> dois me all this pyne.<sup>14</sup>

“ It dois me pyne that I may prufe

(That makis me thus murning mo)<sup>15</sup>

My luif he lufes ane uther lufe ;

Alas, sweitheart ! Why does he so ?

Why sould he me forsaik :

Have mercy on his maik !<sup>16</sup>

Therefore my heart will birst in two,

And thus, walking with da and ro,

My leif<sup>17</sup> now heir I taik.”

Than wepit scho, lustie in weyd ;<sup>18</sup>

And on her wayis can scho went.

<sup>1</sup> More.

<sup>2</sup> Until.

<sup>3</sup> Remedy.

<sup>4</sup> Death.

<sup>5</sup> Feud, cause of quarrel.

<sup>6</sup> Without feigning.

<sup>7</sup> Knows.

<sup>8</sup> Was I well pleased.

<sup>9</sup> Meanwhile.

<sup>10</sup> To.

<sup>11</sup> Way.

<sup>12</sup> Eye.

<sup>13</sup> Which.

<sup>14</sup> Pain.

<sup>15</sup> More.

<sup>16</sup> Mate.

<sup>17</sup> Life.

<sup>18</sup> Beautifully clothed.

In hy<sup>1</sup> eftir that heynd<sup>2</sup> I yeyd,<sup>3</sup>  
 And in my armis culd hir hent,<sup>4</sup>  
 And said: "Fayr lady, at this tyde  
 With leif ye man abyde,  
 And tell me, who yow hidder sent,  
 Or why ye beir your bow so bent  
 To sla our deir of pryde?"

"In waithman weid sen<sup>5</sup> I yow find  
 In this wod walkand your alone,  
 Your milk-white handis we sall bind  
 Whill<sup>6</sup> that the blude birst fra the bone.  
 Chairgeand yow to preisoun,  
 To the King's deip dungeon.  
 They may ken be<sup>7</sup> your fedderit flane<sup>8</sup>  
 Ye have been mony beistis bane,  
 Upon thir bentis broun."<sup>9</sup>

That fre answerd with fayr afeir,<sup>10</sup>  
 And said: "Schir, mercie for your mycht!  
 Thus man<sup>11</sup> I bow and arrowis beir,  
 Becaus I am ane baneist wycht;<sup>12</sup>  
 So will I be full lang.  
 For God's luif lat me gang,  
 And heir to yow my treuth I plycht,  
 That I sall, nowder day nor nycht,  
 No wyld beist wait<sup>13</sup> with wrang.

"Thoch<sup>14</sup> I walk in this forest free  
 With bow, and eik<sup>15</sup> with fedderit flane,<sup>16</sup>  
 It is weill mair than dayis three,  
 And meit or drink yit saw I nane.

<sup>1</sup> Haste.<sup>2</sup> Person.<sup>3</sup> Went, followed.<sup>4</sup> Catch.<sup>5</sup> Hunting dress since.<sup>6</sup> Until.<sup>7</sup> Know by.<sup>8</sup> Arrow.<sup>9</sup> Brown moors.<sup>10</sup> Fair countenance.<sup>11</sup> Must.<sup>12</sup> Wight.<sup>13</sup> Know.<sup>14</sup> Though.<sup>15</sup> Also.<sup>16</sup> Feathered arrow.

Thoch I had never sic<sup>1</sup> neid  
 My self to win my breid,  
 Your deir may walk, schir, there alane,  
 Yet wes I nevir na beistis bane :  
 I may not see them bleid.

“ Sen that I never did yow ill,  
 It wer no skill ye did me skayth.<sup>2</sup>  
 Your deir may walk whereevir they will :  
 I win my meit with na sic waithe.<sup>3</sup>  
 I do bot litil wrang  
 But gif<sup>4</sup> I flouris fang.<sup>5</sup>  
 Gif<sup>6</sup> that ye trow not in my aythe,  
 Tak heir my bow and arrowis baythe,  
 And lat my awin self gang.”

“ I say your bow and arrowis bricht—  
 I bid not have thame, be Sanct Bride !  
 Bot ye man rest with me all nycht,  
 All nakit sleipand be my side.”  
 “ I will not do that sin,  
 Leif you this warld to win ! ”  
 “ Ye ar so hail !<sup>7</sup> of hew and hide,<sup>8</sup>  
 Luif hes me fangit<sup>9</sup> in this tide :  
 I may not fra yow twyn.”<sup>10</sup>

Than lukit scho to me, and leuch ;  
 And said : “ Sic luf I rid yow layne ;<sup>11</sup>  
 Albeid ye mak it never sa teuch,<sup>12</sup>  
 To me your labour is in vane ;

<sup>1</sup> Such.<sup>4</sup> Unless.<sup>7</sup> Healthy, beautiful.<sup>10</sup> Separate.<sup>2</sup> Injury.<sup>5</sup> Pluck.<sup>8</sup> Skin.<sup>11</sup> Advise you to conceal.<sup>3</sup> Skill.<sup>6</sup> If.<sup>9</sup> Caught.<sup>12</sup> Difficult.

Wer I out of your sycht.  
 The space of half a nycht,  
 Suppois ye saw me never agane—  
 Luif hes yow streinyeit<sup>1</sup> with little pain,  
 Thereto my truth I plycht.”

I said : “ My sweit, forsooth I sall  
 For ever luif yow, and no mo.  
 Thoch uthers luif, and leif, with all,  
 Maist certainlie I do not so ;  
 I do you true luif hecht,<sup>2</sup>  
 Be all thi bewis<sup>3</sup> bricht :  
 Ye ar so fair be not my fo ;  
 Ye sall have sin and ye me slo  
 Thus throw ane suddan sycht.”

“ That I yow sla, that God forsheild !  
 What have I done, or said, yow till ?<sup>4</sup>  
 I wes not wont wapyns to weild ;  
 Bot am ane woman—gif ye will—  
 That suirlie feiris yow,  
 And ye not me, I trow.  
 Therefore, good sir, take in none ill :  
 Sall never berne gar breif the bill .  
 At bidding me to bow.<sup>5</sup>

“ Into this wode aye walk I sall,  
 Ledand my life as woful wycht ;  
 Here I forsake bayth bower and hall,  
 And all thir bigings<sup>6</sup> that are brycht !

<sup>1</sup> Strained.<sup>2</sup> Promise.<sup>3</sup> Limbs.<sup>4</sup> To you.<sup>5</sup> The meaning seems to be that no one shall give a command which will make her use her bow against him.<sup>6</sup> Those dwellings.

My bed is made full cauld  
 With beastis bryme<sup>1</sup> and bauld,  
 That gars<sup>2</sup> me say, bayth day and nycht,  
 Alace that ever the tounge sould hecht<sup>3</sup>  
 That heart thocht<sup>4</sup> not to hauld ! ”

Thir<sup>5</sup> words out throw my heart so went  
 That neir<sup>6</sup> I wepit for hir wo ;  
 But thairto wald I not consent,  
 And said that it sould not be so ;  
 Into my armis swythe  
 Embrasit I that blythe,  
 Sayand, “ Sweit heart, of harmis ho !  
 Found<sup>7</sup> sall I never this forest fro,  
 Whill<sup>8</sup> ye me comfort kyth.”<sup>9</sup>

Than knelit I befor that cleir,<sup>10</sup>  
 And meikle<sup>11</sup> could hir mercie craif  
 That semelie than,<sup>12</sup> with sobir cheir,<sup>13</sup>  
 Me of hir gudliness forgaif :  
 It wes no neid, I wys,<sup>14</sup>  
 To bid us uther kys ;  
 There mycht no hairts mair joy resaif,  
 Nor uther culd of uther haif :  
 Thus brocht wer we to blys.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Cruel.

<sup>5</sup> Those.

<sup>9</sup> Show.

<sup>13</sup> Mien.

<sup>2</sup> Makes.

<sup>6</sup> Almost.

<sup>10</sup> Beautiful one.

<sup>14</sup> I guess (certainly).

<sup>3</sup> Promise.

<sup>7</sup> Go.

<sup>11</sup> Much.

<sup>4</sup> Though

<sup>8</sup> Until.

<sup>12</sup> Then.

## ADVEYCE TO A COURTIER

Quintyne Schawe (d. 1505?) was the cousin of Walter Kennedy, the great rival of Dunbar. Although, in his day, of high poetic repute, no other poem of his is known to survive. The stave—aa, bab—is a modification of a five line stave—aa, bb, a—which was much used by Dunbar, but never in this modified form except to introduce a refrain.

SUPPOSE the court you cheers and treats,  
And fortune on you shines and beats,  
I reid<sup>1</sup> you then ware luff! ware lee!  
Suppose ye sail betwixt twa sheets;  
Others has sailed as weill as ye.

Gif changes the wynd, on force ye mon<sup>2</sup>  
Boleyn huke, haik, and scheld hold on.<sup>3</sup>  
Thairfor beware with ane sharp blawar,  
Gif ye be wise avice heiron,  
And set your sail a little lawar.

For gif ye hauld your sail our strek,<sup>4</sup>  
There may come bubbis<sup>5</sup> ye not suspek;  
There may come contrair ye not knaw;  
There may come storms and cause a lek,  
That ye man<sup>6</sup> cap by wynd and waw.<sup>7</sup>

And thocht<sup>8</sup> the air be fair and stormless,  
Yet there hold not your sail our press;<sup>9</sup>  
For off high lands there may come slags,<sup>10</sup>  
At Saint Tabb's Head, and Buchan Ness,  
And rive your foresail all in rags.

<sup>1</sup> Advise.<sup>2</sup> Of necessity you must.<sup>3</sup> (Technical terms regarding the handling of a ship.)<sup>4</sup> Too tight.<sup>5</sup> Blasts.<sup>6</sup> Must.<sup>7</sup> Wave.<sup>8</sup> Though.<sup>9</sup> Too great a pressure of sail.<sup>10</sup> Gusts



Be thou vexéd, and at under,<sup>1</sup>  
 Your friends will frae,<sup>2</sup> and on you wonder :  
 Therefore beware ! with our high lands,  
 Sic<sup>3</sup> slags may fall, suppose a hunder  
 Were you to help, they have no hands.

Dreid this danger, gude friend and brudder,  
 And tak example befor of udder :<sup>4</sup>  
 Know courts and wynds has oft-times varied ;  
 Keep weill your course, and rule your rudder,  
 And think with kings ye are not married.

QUINTYNE SCHAWÉ.

## O LUSTY MAY

This song, which is found in the Bannatyne MS., was first printed by Chepman and Myllar, 1508, and it appeared in the *Aberdeen Cantus* with an additional stanza. By Laing and others it has been wrongly assigned to Alexander Scott.

O LUSTY May with Flora quene !  
 The balmy dropis from Phebus schene !<sup>5</sup>  
 Preluciand beams befor the day  
 Be that<sup>6</sup> Diana growis grene,  
 Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.

Than Esperus, that is so bricht,  
 Till<sup>7</sup> woeful hairtis castis his licht,  
 With bankis that blumis on every brae ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And schuris are shed furth of their sicht,  
 Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.

<sup>1</sup> Down on your luck.

<sup>2</sup> Away.

<sup>3</sup> Such.

<sup>4</sup> Others.

<sup>5</sup> Brightness.

<sup>6</sup> By which.

<sup>7</sup> To.

<sup>8</sup> Hillside.

Birdis on bewis of every birth,  
 Rejoicing nottis makand their mirth  
     Right plesandly upoun the spray,  
 With flourishing our <sup>1</sup> feild and firth,  
     Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.

All luvaris that are in cair,  
 To their ladeis they do repair,  
     In fresh mornyngis befor the day,  
 And are in mirth ay mair and mair,  
     Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.

Of everie moneth in the yeir,  
 To mirthful May there is no peir,  
     Hir glistrine garments are so gay;  
 You lovaris all mak merie cheir,  
     Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.  
*Anonymous.*

### WHEN FLORA HAD OURFRET THE FIRTH

Sometimes ascribed to Scott, but no doubt much earlier. Apart from its poetic merit, it is metrically of interest, as the nearest approach, among old Scots poems, to the complete French ballade form, there being a consonance of two of the rhymes throughout the piece.

WHEN Flora had ourfret the Firth,  
     In May of every moneth quene;  
 When merle and mavis singis with mirth,  
     Sueit melling in the schawis schene;<sup>2</sup>  
 When all luvaris rejosit bene,  
 And most desirous of their prey;  
     I heard a lusty luvar mene:<sup>3</sup>  
 "I luvie but I dar nocht assay.

<sup>1</sup> Over.

<sup>2</sup> Bright copses.

<sup>3</sup> Complain.



"Strang are the panis I dayly prufe  
 Bot yit with patience I sustene,  
 I am so fetterit with the lufe  
 Onlie of my lady schene,  
 Whilk<sup>1</sup> for hir beauty mycht be quene;  
 Natour sa craftily alway  
 Hes done depaint<sup>2</sup> that sweit serene;  
 Whom I luf I dar nocht assay.  
 "Scho is so brycht of hide and hew,<sup>3</sup>  
 I lufe bot hir alone, I wene;  
 Is non hir luf that may eschew,  
 That blenkis<sup>4</sup> of that dulce amene,<sup>5</sup>  
 So comely cleir are hir twa ene,<sup>6</sup>  
 That scho ma<sup>7</sup> luvaris dois effrey,  
 Than evir of Greece did fair Helene;  
 Whom I lufe I dar nocht assay."

*Anonymous.*

## BAYTH GUD AND FAIR AND WOMANLIE

From the Bannatyne MS.

БАУТН gud and fair and womanlie,  
 Debonair, steidfast, wise and trew,  
 Courtass, hummill and lawlie,<sup>8</sup>  
 And grundit weill in all vertew;  
 To whois service I sall persew  
 Wirchep without villony,  
 And evir annone I sal be trew;  
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

<sup>1</sup> Who.

<sup>4</sup> Catches a glimpse.

<sup>6</sup> Eyes.

<sup>2</sup> Painted.

<sup>7</sup> More.

<sup>3</sup> Skin and complexion.

<sup>5</sup> Sweet pleasant (person).

<sup>8</sup> Lowly.

Honour for evir unto that fre<sup>1</sup>  
 That natur formit hes so fair;  
 In wirchep of hir fresh bewtie,  
 To Luvis court I will repair,  
 To serve and lufe without despair;  
 For this I wait<sup>2</sup> her most wirthy,  
 For to be callit our all whair,<sup>3</sup>  
 "Bayth gud and fair and womanlie."

Sen that I gif my hairt hir to,  
 Why wyt<sup>4</sup> I hir of my mournyng?  
 Thocht<sup>5</sup> I be wo, what wyt hes scho?  
 What wald I moir of my sweet thing,  
 That wait nocht of my womenting?<sup>6</sup>  
 When I hir see confort<sup>7</sup> am I:  
 Hir fair effeir<sup>8</sup> and fresh having<sup>9</sup>  
 Is gud and fair and womanlie.

Thing in this world that I best luf,  
 My very hairt and confortyng,  
 To whois service I sall persew,  
 While deid<sup>10</sup> mak our depairting;  
 Faithful, constant and benyng,  
 I sall be whill the lyfe is in me,  
 And luf hir best attour<sup>11</sup> all thing:  
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Maiden.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Over everywhere.

<sup>4</sup> Blame.

<sup>5</sup> Though.

<sup>6</sup> Lamentation.

<sup>7</sup> Comforted.

<sup>8</sup> Aspect.

<sup>9</sup> Comeliness.

<sup>10</sup> Until death.

<sup>11</sup> Over.

## THUS I PROPONE IN MY CARPING

In an old French stave known as the "common rondeau." From the Bannatyne MS. Published from the imperfect version in the Maitland MS., in Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786.

THUS I propone<sup>1</sup>

In my carping,<sup>2</sup>

All mine alone.

Thus I propone,

Makand my moan

To Hevnis King,

This I propone

In my carping.

Welcum be werd<sup>3</sup>

As evir God will,

While I be berd<sup>4</sup>

Into this erd,<sup>5</sup>

Ay to fulfill :

Welcum be werd

As evir God will.

I sall wey baith

In ane ballance :

Wynnyng and skaith<sup>6</sup>

I sall wey baith,

As God will graith<sup>7</sup>

His purveance :<sup>8</sup>

I sall wey baith

In ane ballance.

<sup>1</sup> Propound.

<sup>4</sup> Until I be laid on my bier.

<sup>7</sup> Prepare.

<sup>2</sup> Talking.

<sup>5</sup> Earth.

<sup>8</sup> Provision.

<sup>3</sup> Destiny.

<sup>6</sup> Loss.

Eiss or diseiss,  
 Whilk<sup>1</sup> God sall send,  
 Allyk sall pleiss,  
 Eiss or diseiss;  
 Ay till obeyis<sup>2</sup>  
 Till lyfe mak end:  
 Eiss or diseiss,  
 Whilk God will send.

What mendis it  
 Ane man to murn?  
 In syte<sup>3</sup> to sitt,  
 What mendis it?  
 For or<sup>4</sup> men witt  
 This warld will turn.  
 What mendis it  
 Ane man to murn?

I salbe blyth  
 And meik with all;  
 Kindnes to kyth<sup>5</sup>  
 I salbe blyth;  
 For windir suth<sup>6</sup>  
 Pride hes ane fall:  
 I salbe blyth  
 And meik with all.

My freindis deir  
 Luk ye do so;  
 I yow requair,  
 My freindis deir,

<sup>1</sup> Whichsver.  
<sup>4</sup> Before.

<sup>2</sup> To obey.  
<sup>5</sup> Show.

<sup>3</sup> Suffering.  
<sup>6</sup> Undoubtedly.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

Ye mak gud cheir  
Where evir ye go;  
My freindis deir  
Luk ye do so.

*Anonymous.*

## WHA HES GUD MALT

This piece and the following are perhaps the best of the few drinking songs, by the old Scots "makaris," that have been preserved. This one is in the old ballad stave with a bobwheel.

WHA hes gud malt and makis ill drink,  
Wa mot be hir werd! <sup>1</sup>  
I pray to God scho rot and stink,  
Sevin yeir abone the erd; <sup>2</sup>  
About hir beir na bell to clink,  
Nor clerk sing, lawid nor lerd; <sup>3</sup>  
Bot quite to hell that scho may sink  
The taptre whyll scho steird: <sup>4</sup>  
This beis my prayer  
For that man sleyar,  
Whill <sup>5</sup> Christ in Hevin sall heird.

Wha brewis and gevis me of the best,  
Sa it be stark and stail!, <sup>6</sup>  
White and cleir, weill to degest,  
In Hevin meit hir that aill!  
Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho lest  
In lyking ane gude sail;

<sup>1</sup> May woe be her destiny. (In olden time the ale was brewed by the wives who sold it.)

<sup>2</sup> Above ground.

<sup>4</sup> While she was tapping the liquor.

<sup>6</sup> Strong and old.

<sup>3</sup> Loud nor learned.

<sup>5</sup> Until.

In Hevin or erd<sup>1</sup> that wyfe be best,  
 Without barrat or bail;<sup>2</sup>  
 When scho is deid,  
 Withowttin pleid,  
 Scho pass to Hevin all haill.<sup>3</sup>

*Anonymous.*

### WHY SOWLD NOCHT ALLANE HONORIT BE?

This is the earliest authenticated version of the many songs or ballads on Allan-a-Maut or John Barleycorn. It was probably either written or amended by Dunbar. The stave is formed by adding an additional line to the first section of the French *kyrielle*.

WHEN he wes young, and cled in grene,  
 Haifand his air<sup>4</sup> abowt his ene,<sup>5</sup>  
 Baith men and wemen did him mene,<sup>6</sup>  
 When he grew on yon hillis he:<sup>7</sup>  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

His fostir faider fure<sup>8</sup> of the toun,  
 To vissy Allane he made him boun;  
 He saw him lyane allace! in swoun,  
 For fault of help, and like to de:  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Thay saw his heid begin to ryfe,<sup>9</sup>  
 Syne<sup>10</sup> for ane nureiss<sup>11</sup> they send belyfe,  
 Wha brocht with her fyfty and fyve  
 Of men of war full prevely:  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

<sup>1</sup> Earth.

<sup>2</sup> Trouble or sorrow.

<sup>3</sup> Entirely, at once.

<sup>4</sup> Hair.

<sup>5</sup> Eyes.

<sup>6</sup> Pity.

<sup>7</sup> High.

<sup>8</sup> Went forth.

<sup>9</sup> Split.

<sup>10</sup> Then.

<sup>11</sup> Nurse.

They ruschit furth like hellis rukis,  
 And every one of them had hukis;  
 They caught him shortly in their clukis,  
 Syne<sup>1</sup> band him in ane creddill of tree:  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

They brocht him inwart in the land,  
 Syne every freynd made him his band,  
 Whill they nicht owdir gang<sup>2</sup> or stand,  
 Nevir ane fute fra him to flee:  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

The grittest cownt in this land,  
 Fra he with Allane entir in band,  
 Thocht<sup>3</sup> he may nowdir gang nor stand,  
 Yit fowrty sall not gar<sup>4</sup> him flee:  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Schir Allanis hewmond<sup>5</sup> is ane cop,<sup>6</sup>  
 With ane sege feddir<sup>7</sup> in his top;  
 Fra hand to hand so dois he hop,  
 Whill some may nowdir speik nor see:  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

In Yule,<sup>8</sup> when ilk<sup>9</sup> man singis his carrell,  
 Gud Allane lyes in to ane barrell;  
 When he is there, he dows no parrell<sup>10</sup>  
 To come on him be land or sea:  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

<sup>1</sup> Then.<sup>2</sup> Either walk.<sup>3</sup> Though.<sup>4</sup> Make<sup>5</sup> Helmet.<sup>6</sup> Cup.<sup>7</sup> Fleur-de-lis.<sup>8</sup> Christmas.<sup>9</sup> Every.<sup>10</sup> Peril.



Yit wes thair nevir sa gay a gallane,  
 Fra he meit.<sup>1</sup> with our maistir, Schir Allane,  
 Bot gif he hald him by the hallane,<sup>2</sup>  
     Bakwart on the flure fallis he :  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be ?

My maistir Allane grew so stark,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whill he made mony cunning clerk,  
 Upoun their faiss he settis his mark,  
     A blud reid noiss beside their e :<sup>4</sup>  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be ?

My maistir Allane I may sair<sup>5</sup> curse,  
 He levis no mony in my purse :  
 At his command I mon deburss<sup>6</sup>  
     Moir nor the twa pairt of my fe :<sup>7</sup>  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be ?

And last, of Allane to conclude,  
 He is bening, courtass and gude,  
 And servis us of our daily fude,  
 And that with liberalitie :  
 Why sowld nocht Allane honorit be ?

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Once he meet.  
<sup>5</sup> Sorely.

<sup>2</sup> Partition.  
<sup>6</sup> Must disburse.

<sup>3</sup> Strong.  
<sup>7</sup> Salary.

<sup>4</sup> Eye.



## LAMENT OF THE MAKARIS

Our chronological arrangement now reaches William Dunbar (1460?-1520?), not merely the greatest of the old Scots "makaris," but the most remarkable British poet between Chaucer and Spenser. A master in metre and language, a vivid realist, greatest perhaps as a satirist, he was one of the most versatile of poets, and few have reached such a uniformly high standard of excellence. Some critics are now disposed to rank him even above Burns, and if not a finer, he was at least a more completely accomplished artist.

The stave of the *Lament* is the French *kyrielle*.

I THAT in heill<sup>1</sup> wes and glaidness,  
Am trublit now with grit seikness  
And feblit with infirmitie :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Our plesans<sup>2</sup> heir is all vain glory,  
This fals world is bot transitory,  
The flesh is brukle,<sup>3</sup> the Feynd is sle :<sup>4</sup>

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

The state of man dois change and vary,  
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,<sup>5</sup>  
Now dansand mirry, now like to de :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

No state in Erd<sup>6</sup> heir standis sicker ;<sup>7</sup>  
As with the wind wavis the wicker,  
So wavis this warldis vanitie :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Unto the Deth gois all estaitis,  
Princis, prelattis and potestaitis,  
Bayth rich and pure of all degree :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

<sup>1</sup> Health.  
<sup>5</sup> Sorrowful.

<sup>2</sup> Pleasure.  
<sup>6</sup> Earth.

<sup>3</sup> Feeble.  
<sup>7</sup> Secure.

<sup>4</sup> Sly.

He taikis the knychtis in to the feild;  
 Enarmit under helme<sup>1</sup> and scheild;  
 Victor he is at all mellie:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

That strang<sup>2</sup> unmerciful tyrand  
 Takis on the muderis breist sowkand  
 The bab, full of benignitie:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

He taikis the campioun<sup>3</sup> in the stour,<sup>4</sup>  
 The capitane closit in the tour,  
 The lady in bour full of bewtie:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

He spairis no lord for his piscens,<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor clerk for his intelligens;  
 His awful straik may no man fle:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Art, magicianis and astrologis,  
 Rethoris, logicianis and theologis,  
 Them helpis no conclusionis sle:<sup>6</sup>

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

In medicyne the most practitianis,  
 Leichis, surrigianis and phisicianis,  
 Them self fra Deth may not supple:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

I see that makaris<sup>7</sup> amang the laif<sup>8</sup>  
 Playis heir thair pageant, syne<sup>9</sup> gois to graif;  
 Sparit is nocht thair facultie:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

<sup>1</sup> Helmet.

<sup>5</sup> Power.

<sup>2</sup> Strong.

<sup>6</sup> Clever.

<sup>3</sup> Hero.

<sup>7</sup> Poets.

<sup>4</sup> The press of battle.

<sup>8</sup> Rest.

<sup>9</sup> Then.

He hes done petouslie devour  
The noble Chaucer of makaris flour,  
The Monk of Berry, and Gowyir, all thre :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,  
Ettrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,  
He hes tane out of this cuntré :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

That scorioun fell hes done infek<sup>1</sup>  
Maister Johine Clerk and James Affek,  
Fra balat making and trigide :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Holland and Barbour he has berevit ;  
Allace ! that he nocht with us levit<sup>2</sup>  
Schir Mungo Lökkart of the Le :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Clerk of Tranent eik<sup>3</sup> he has tane,  
That made the Awnteris of Schir Gawane ;  
Schir Gilbert Hay endit has he :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

He has Blind Hary and Sandy Traill  
Slain with his schot of mortal hail,  
Whilk Patrik Johinstoun mycht nocht fle :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

He has reft Mersar his indyte,<sup>4</sup>  
That did in luv<sup>5</sup> so lyfly wryte,  
So schort, so quick, of sentens hie :

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

<sup>1</sup> Completely.

<sup>2</sup> Left.

<sup>3</sup> Also.

<sup>4</sup> Writing.

<sup>5</sup> On love.

He has tane Roull of Aberdene,  
And gentle Roull of Corstorphyne;  
Twa bettir fallowis did no man sie:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

In Dumfermelyne he hes done roun<sup>1</sup>,  
With Maister Robert Henrisoun;  
Schir John the Ross embrast hes he:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

And he has now tane, last of aw,<sup>2</sup>  
Gude gentill Stobo and Quintyne Schaw,  
Of whom all wichtis<sup>3</sup> has pitie:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Gude Maistir Walter Kennedy  
In poynt of deth lyis veraly;  
Grit rewth<sup>4</sup> it wer that so suld be:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Sen<sup>5</sup> he has all my brether tane,  
He will nocht lat me leif allane,<sup>6</sup>  
On forss<sup>7</sup> I mon<sup>8</sup> his nixt prey be:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Sen for the deid remeid<sup>9</sup> is none,  
Best is that we for deth dispo<sup>10</sup>,  
Eftir our deth that leif may we:

*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

<sup>1</sup> Whispered.

<sup>5</sup> Since.

<sup>8</sup> Must.

<sup>2</sup> All.

<sup>6</sup> Live alone.

<sup>9</sup> Remedy.

<sup>3</sup> Fellows.

<sup>4</sup> Pity.

<sup>7</sup> Of necessity.

<sup>10</sup> Prepare.

## THE BALLAD OF KYND KITTOK

This naïve and daring grotesque—in all likelihood Dunbar's—is in the rhymed alliterative stave of the old romances, which it faintly caricatures.

My Guddame was a gay wyfe, but she was rycht  
gend,<sup>1</sup>

Scho dwelt far furth in France on Falkland  
fell;<sup>2</sup>

They callit her Kynd Kittok, whasa hir weill kend:<sup>3</sup>  
Scho wes like a caldron cruke,<sup>4</sup> cleir under  
kell;<sup>5</sup>

They threipit<sup>6</sup> that scho deit of thrist, and made a  
gude end.

Eftir hir dede,<sup>7</sup> scho dredit nocht in Hevin  
for to dwell;

And so to Hevin the hieway dreidless scho wend,<sup>8</sup>  
Yit scho wanderit, and geid<sup>9</sup> by to ane  
elriche<sup>10</sup> well.

Scho met there, as I wene,<sup>11</sup>

Ane ask rydand on a snail;

Scho cryit: "Ourtane<sup>12</sup> fallow,  
hail!"

And raid<sup>13</sup> ane inch behind the taill

Till it wes neir ene.<sup>14</sup>

So scho had hap to be horsit to hir herbry<sup>15</sup>:

At ane ailhous neir Hevin it nyghttit thame  
thair;<sup>16</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sportive.

<sup>2</sup> (Falkland fell, it need hardly be said, is in Fife, not France.)

<sup>3</sup> Knew.

<sup>4</sup> Crook for a pot.

<sup>5</sup> Bright under the head-dress.

<sup>6</sup> Asserted.

<sup>7</sup> Death.

<sup>8</sup> Wended.

<sup>9</sup> Went.

<sup>10</sup> Enchanted.

<sup>11</sup> Believe.

<sup>12</sup> Overtaken.

<sup>13</sup> Rode.

<sup>14</sup> Evening.

<sup>15</sup> Supplied with a steed until she reached her inn.

<sup>16</sup> They stayed there for the night.

Scho deit of thrist in this warld, that gart hir be so  
dry,<sup>1</sup>

Scho never eit, bot drank our mesur,<sup>2</sup> and  
mair;

Scho sleipit whill the morne at none, and rais<sup>3</sup> airly,  
And to the yettis<sup>4</sup> of Hevin fast can the wif  
fair,

And by Sanct Petir, in at the yet scho stall prevely :  
God lukit and saw hir lattin in, and lewch his  
hert sair.<sup>5</sup>

And thair, yeiris sevin,

Scho levit a gude life,

And wes our Ladyis henwyfe,

And held Sanct Petir at stryfe

Ay whill scho wes in Hevin.

Scho lukit out on a day, and thocht verry lang<sup>6</sup>

To see the ailhouse beside, in till<sup>7</sup> ane evil  
hour;

And out of Hevin the hie gait<sup>8</sup> cowth the wyfe  
gang,<sup>9</sup>

For to get hir ane fresh drink—the aill of  
Hevin was sour.

Scho come againe to Hevinis yet, when the bell  
rang;

Sanct Petir hit hir with a club, whill<sup>10</sup> a grit  
clour

Rais on hir heid<sup>11</sup> behind, because the wyfe geid<sup>12</sup>  
wrang.

Than to the ailhous again scho ran, the  
pitcheris to pour,

<sup>1</sup> Made her so thirsty.

<sup>2</sup> Over measure.

<sup>3</sup> Until the morrow at noon, and rose.

<sup>4</sup> Gates.

<sup>5</sup> Sore.

<sup>6</sup> Irksome.

<sup>7</sup> To.

<sup>8</sup> Way.

<sup>9</sup> Go.

<sup>10</sup> Until.

<sup>11</sup> Head.

<sup>12</sup> Went.



Thair to brew and to bake.

Freendis I pray you hairtfully,

Gife ye be thristy or dry,

Drink with my guddame as ye gang  
by,

Anis<sup>1</sup> for my sake.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### TESTAMENT OF MR. ANDRO KENNEDY

A clever example of the imperfect macaronic verse practised from  
a very early period.

I, MAISTER Andro Kennedy,

Curro quando sum vocatus,

Gottin with sum incuby,

Or with some freir infatuatus;<sup>1</sup>

In faith I can nocht tell redly,<sup>2</sup>

Unde aut ubi fui natus,

Bot in trêwth I trow trewly,

Quod sum dyabolus incarnatus.

Cum nihil sit certius morte,

We mon<sup>3</sup> all de, when we haif done,

Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,

Nor blind Allane wait of the mone.<sup>4</sup>

Ego patior in pectore,

This night I myght nocht sleip a wink;

Licet eger in corpore,

Yit wald my mouth be wet with drink.

<sup>1</sup> Once.

<sup>3</sup> Must.

<sup>2</sup> Advisedly.

<sup>4</sup> Knows of the moon.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,  
 I leiff my saull for evermair,  
 Per omnipotentem Deum,  
 In to my lordis wyne cellair ;  
 Semper ibi ad remanendum,  
 Whill <sup>1</sup> domisday, without dissever <sup>2</sup>  
 Bonum vinum ad bibendum,  
 With sueit Cuthbert that luffit me never.

Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,  
 He wald oft ban me in his breith,  
 Det michi potum ad potandum,  
 And I forgif him laith et wraith : <sup>3</sup>  
 Quia in cellario cum cervisia,  
 I had lever <sup>4</sup> lye baith air <sup>5</sup> and lait,  
 Nudus solus in camesia,  
 Nor in my Lordis bed of stait.

A barell bung ay at my bosum,  
 Of warldis gude I bad na mair, <sup>6</sup>  
 Et corpus meum ebriosum,  
 I leif on to the town of Air ;  
 In a draff mydding for ever and ay  
 Ut ibi sepeliri queam,  
 Where drink and draff may ilka <sup>7</sup> day  
 Be cassin super faciem meam.

I leif my hairt that never was sickir, <sup>8</sup>  
 Sed semper variable,  
 That never mair wald flow nor flickir,  
 Consorti meo Jacobe.

<sup>1</sup> Until.  
<sup>5</sup> Early.

<sup>2</sup> Interval.

<sup>6</sup> Ask no more.

<sup>3</sup> Hatred and wrath.

<sup>7</sup> Every.

<sup>4</sup> Rather.

<sup>8</sup> Steady.



Thocht<sup>1</sup> I wald bind it with a wicker,  
Verum Deum renui;

Bot and I hecht to terne a bicker<sup>2</sup>  
Hoc pactum semper tenui.

Syne leif the best aucht<sup>3</sup> I bocht  
Quod est Latinum propter caupe<sup>4</sup>

To the hede<sup>5</sup> of my kin, bot I wait nocht  
Quis est ille, than I schrew my scawpe :<sup>6</sup>

I callit my lord my heid, but hiddill,<sup>7</sup>  
Sed nulli alii hoc dixerunt,

We were als sib<sup>8</sup> as seve and riddill,  
In una silva qui cruerunt.

Omnia mea solatia  
They wer bot lesingis<sup>9</sup> all and ane,

Cum omni fraude et fallacia,  
I leif the maister of Sanct Antane ;

Willelmo Gray, sine gratia,  
Myne awne<sup>10</sup> deir cusing, as I wene,<sup>11</sup>

Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,  
Bot when the holyne<sup>12</sup> growis grene.

My fenyeing<sup>13</sup> and my false wynyng,  
Relinquo falsis fratribus ;

For that is Goddis awne bidding,  
Dispersit, dedit pauperibus.

For menis saulis they say they sing,  
Mentientes pro muneribus ;

Now God gif them ane evill ending,  
Pro suis pravis operibus.

<sup>1</sup> Though.      <sup>2</sup> If I promised to empty a bowl.

<sup>4</sup> Gift to a patron.

<sup>5</sup> Head.

<sup>3</sup> Property.

<sup>6</sup> But if I know who he is, then a curse on my head.

<sup>7</sup> Without secrecy.

<sup>8</sup> Nearly related.

<sup>9</sup> Lies.

<sup>10</sup> Own.

<sup>11</sup> Believe.

<sup>12</sup> Holly. (The meaning of the proverb is, of course, that the holly, being always green, he never speaks the truth.)

<sup>13</sup> Deceit.

To Jok Fule, my foly fre,<sup>1</sup>  
*Lego post corpus sepultum ;*  
 In faith I am mair fule than he,  
*Licet ostendo bonum vultum :*  
 Of corn and catall, gold and fe,<sup>2</sup>  
*Ipse habet walde multum,*  
 And yit he bleris my lordis e<sup>3</sup>  
*Fingendo eum fore stultum.*

To master Johine Clerk syne,<sup>4</sup>  
*Do et lego intime,*  
 Goddis braid malisone and myne :  
*Ipse est causa mortis me.*  
 War I a dog and he a swyne,  
*Multi mirantur super me,*  
 Bot I suld ger that lurdane quhryne<sup>5</sup>  
*Scribendo dentes sine de.*

*Residuum omnium bonorum*  
 For to dispone my Lord sall haif,  
*Cum tutela puerorum*  
 Ade Kytte, and all the laif ;<sup>6</sup>  
 I' faith I will na langar raif :  
*Pro sepultura ordino*  
 On the new gys,<sup>7</sup> sa God me saif,  
*Non sicut more solito.*

In die me sepulture  
 I will nane haif bot our awin gyng,<sup>8</sup>  
 Et duos rusticos de rure,  
 Berand a barell on a styng,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> My noble folly.<sup>2</sup> Blinds my lord's eye, *i.e.* overreaches him.<sup>3</sup> Fellow squeak.<sup>4</sup> Our own gang.<sup>5</sup> Property.<sup>6</sup> The others.<sup>7</sup> Pole.<sup>8</sup> Then.<sup>9</sup> Fashion.

Drynkand and playand cop out,<sup>1</sup> evin,  
 Sicut egomet solebam ;  
 Singand and gretand<sup>2</sup> with hie stevin :<sup>3</sup>  
 "Potum meum cum fletu miscebam."

I will na preistis for me sing :  
 "Dies illa, Dies ire"<sup>4</sup>;  
 Nor yit na bellis for me ring,  
 Sicut semper solet fieri ;  
 Bot a bag pipe to play a spryng,  
 Et unum ailwisp<sup>5</sup> ante me ;  
 Instead of torchis for to bring  
 Quatuor lagenas ceruisie,  
 Within the graif to set sic<sup>6</sup> thing,  
 In modum crucis juxta me,  
 To fle the feyndis,<sup>7</sup> then hardely sing :  
 "De terra plasmasti me."

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### WHOM TO SALL I COMPLENE MY WO?

This piece is in Dunbar's favourite five line stave with refrain.

WHOM to sall I complene my wo,  
 And kyth my kairis on or mo ?<sup>7</sup>  
 I know nocht, amang riche nor pure,  
 Wha<sup>8</sup> is my friend, wha is my fo ;  
 For in this world may none assure.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Drinking the cup dry.    <sup>2</sup> Weeping.    <sup>3</sup> Loud voice.

<sup>4</sup> The wisp or bundle which in ancient times was hung as a sign over the doors of taverns.

<sup>5</sup> Such.

<sup>6</sup> To scare away the fiends.

<sup>7</sup> Make known my cares one or more.    <sup>8</sup> Who.    <sup>9</sup> Feel sure.

Lord, how sall I my dayis dispone ?<sup>1</sup>  
 For lang service reward is none,  
     And short my life may heir indure,  
 And lossit is my time bygone :  
     Into this world may none assure.

Oft falsett<sup>2</sup> rydis with ane rowt,<sup>3</sup>  
 When trewth gois on his fute abowt,  
     And lak of spending dois him spur,  
 Thus what to do I am in dowt :  
     Into this world may none assure.

Non heir bot rich men hes renoun,  
 And bot pure men<sup>4</sup> are pluckit down,  
     And nane bot just men tholis injure ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Sa wit is blindit and ressoun :  
     Into this world may none assure.

Vertew the court hes done dispyiss,<sup>6</sup>  
 Ane rebald<sup>7</sup> to renoun dois ryiss,  
     And cairlis of nobilis hes the cure,<sup>8</sup>  
 And bumbardis brukis the benifyiss :<sup>9</sup>  
     Into this world may none assure.

All gentrice and nobilitie  
 Are passit out of he<sup>10</sup> degre ;  
     On fredome is laid foirfaltour,<sup>11</sup>  
 In princis is there no pety ;  
     For in this world may none assure.

<sup>1</sup> Employ.<sup>2</sup> Falsehood.<sup>3</sup> A large company.<sup>4</sup> Men merely poor.<sup>5</sup> Suffer injury.<sup>6</sup> Despised—a common old Scottish idiom.<sup>7</sup> Rogue.<sup>8</sup> Boors have the charge of nobles.<sup>9</sup> Drones enjoy the benefices.<sup>10</sup> High.<sup>11</sup> Forfeiture.

Is none so armit into plait <sup>1</sup>  
 That can fra trouble him debait ;  
 May no man lang in wealth indure,  
 For wo that evir lyis at the wait ; <sup>2</sup>  
 Into this world may none assure.

Flattry weiris ane furrir gown,  
 And falsett with the lordis dois roun, <sup>3</sup>  
 And trewth standis barrit at the dure, <sup>4</sup>  
 And exul is of the toun :  
 Into this world may none assure.

Fra everilk <sup>5</sup> mowth fair wirthis proceidis ;  
 In every hairt disceptioun breidis ;  
 Fra everilk e <sup>6</sup> gois luke demure,  
 Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidis :  
 Into this world may none assure.

Toungis now are made of whyte whaill bone,  
 And hairtis are made of hard slint stone,  
 And ene <sup>7</sup> of amiable blyth azure,  
 And handis of adamant laith to dispone : <sup>8</sup>  
 Into this world may none assure.

Yit hairt with hand and body, all  
 Mon <sup>9</sup> answer Deth, when he dois call  
 To compt <sup>10</sup> befor the jage future :  
 Sen all are deid, <sup>11</sup> or than de <sup>12</sup> sall,  
 Wha suld in to this world assure ?

Nothing bot Deth this shortly cravis,  
 Where fortoun evir, as so, dissavis  
 With freyndly smylingis of ane hure,

<sup>1</sup> Armour.<sup>2</sup> In wait.<sup>3</sup> Whisper.<sup>4</sup> Door.<sup>5</sup> Every single.<sup>6</sup> Eye.<sup>7</sup> Eyes.<sup>8</sup> Give away.<sup>9</sup> Must.<sup>10</sup> Account.<sup>11</sup> Dead.<sup>12</sup> Else die.

Whais <sup>1</sup> false behechtis <sup>2</sup> as wind hyne <sup>3</sup> wavis :  
 Into this world may none assure.

O ! wha sall weild the wrang possessioun,  
 Or the gold gatherit with oppressioun,  
 When the angell blawis his bugill sture, <sup>4</sup>  
 Whilk <sup>5</sup> unrestored helpis no confessioun ?  
 Into this world may none assure.

What help is thair in lordshippis seven,  
 When na house is bot hell and hevin,  
 Palice of licht or pit obscure,  
 Whair youlis <sup>6</sup> are heard with horrible stevin : <sup>7</sup>  
 Into this world may none assure.

Ubi ardentis anime  
 Semper dicentes Ve ! Ve !  
 Sall cry Allace ! that wemen them bure,  
 O quante sunt iste tenebre !  
 Into this world may none assure.

Then who sall wirk for warldis wrak,  
 When flude and fyre sall our it frak, <sup>8</sup>  
 And freely fruster <sup>9</sup> feild and fure <sup>10</sup>  
 With tempest kene and hiddouss crak ? <sup>11</sup>  
 Into this world may none assure.

Lord ! sen in tyme sa sone to cum  
 De terra surrectourus sum,  
 Reward me with none erdly <sup>12</sup> cure,  
 Tu regni da imperium :  
 Into this world may none assure.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

<sup>1</sup> Whose.

<sup>2</sup> Promises.

<sup>3</sup> Away.

<sup>4</sup> Strong.

<sup>5</sup> Which.

<sup>6</sup> Lamentings.

<sup>7</sup> Sound.

<sup>8</sup> Over it dash.

<sup>9</sup> Waste.

<sup>10</sup> Cultivated land.

<sup>11</sup> Crash.

<sup>12</sup> Earthly.



## IN VICE MOST VICIUS HE EXCELLIS

The subject of this denunciation—Donald Owyr or Dubh, that is, Donald of the black complexion—laid claim to the lordship of the Isles on the death of his father, Angus, Lord of the Isles, but his claims were never recognised by the Government. In 1505-6 James IV. in person undertook an expedition against him, when he was taken prisoner and brought to Edinburgh; but though forfeited as a traitor, he was not executed.

The piece is in the bobwheel of the old romance staves.

IN vice most vicius he excellis  
That with the vice of tressone mellis;<sup>1</sup>  
Thocht<sup>2</sup> he remissioun  
Haif for prodisioun,<sup>3</sup>  
Shame and suspissioun  
Ay with him dwellis.

And he evir odious as ane<sup>4</sup> owle,  
The falt<sup>5</sup> sa filthy is and fowle;  
Horrible to natour  
Is ane tratour,  
As feind in fratour<sup>6</sup>  
Undir a cowl.

Wha is a tratour or ane theif,  
Upoun him selff turnis the mischief;  
His frawdfull wylis  
Him self begylis,  
As in the Ilis  
Is now a preiff.

The fell strong tratour, Donald Owyr,  
Mair falsett hes thane udir fowyr;

<sup>1</sup> Meddles.

<sup>2</sup> Fault.

<sup>3</sup> Thought.

<sup>4</sup> In the banqueting hall of a monastery.

<sup>5</sup> Treachery.

<sup>6</sup> An.

Rowme<sup>1</sup> ylis and seyis  
 In his suppleis ;<sup>2</sup>  
 On gallows trees  
 Yit dois he glowir.

Falsett no feit hes, nor deffence,  
 Be<sup>3</sup> power, practik, nor puscence ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Thocht<sup>5</sup> it from licht  
 Be smord<sup>6</sup> with slicht,<sup>7</sup>  
 God schawis the richt  
 With soir vengeance,

Off the falis fox dissimulatour,  
 Kynd hes every<sup>8</sup> theiff and tratour ;  
 Eftir respyt  
 To wirk dispyt  
 Moir appetyt  
 He hes of natour.

War the fox tane a thousand fawd,  
 And grace him gevin als oft for frawd ;  
 War he on plane,  
 All war in vane,  
 Frome hennis agane  
 Micht none him hawd.<sup>9</sup>

The murtherer ay murthour mais,<sup>10</sup>  
 And evir whill<sup>11</sup> he be slane he slais ;  
 Wyvis thus makis morkis  
 Spynnand on rokkis,<sup>12</sup>  
 "Ay rynniss the fox  
 Whill he fute hais."

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

<sup>1</sup> Great.    <sup>2</sup> Profit.    <sup>3</sup> By.    <sup>4</sup> Knowledge.    <sup>5</sup> Though.  
<sup>6</sup> Smothered.    <sup>7</sup> By cunning.    <sup>8</sup> Disposition has every.  
<sup>9</sup> Hold.    <sup>10</sup> Makes.    <sup>11</sup> Until.  
<sup>12</sup> Wives thus make jests while spinning on distaffs.



# AMENDIS TO THE TAILYOURIS AND SOWTARIS<sup>1</sup>

BETVIX twelfe houris and ellevin,  
I dreamed ane angell came fra Hevin,  
With plesand stevin<sup>2</sup> sayand on hie,  
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

In Hevin hie ordand<sup>3</sup> is your place,  
Aboif all sanctis in grit solace,  
Nixt God, grittest in dignitie:  
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

The cause to yow is nocht unkend<sup>4</sup>—  
That<sup>5</sup> God mismakkis ye do amend,  
Be<sup>6</sup> craft and grit agilitie:  
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

Sowtaris, with schone<sup>7</sup> weill made and meit,  
Ye mend the faltis of ill made feit,  
Whairfoir to Hevin your saulis will fle:  
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

Is nocht in all this fair a flyrok<sup>8</sup>  
That hes upoun his feit a wyrok,<sup>9</sup>  
Knowll tais,<sup>10</sup> nor mowlis<sup>11</sup> in no degrie,  
But ye can hyd thame: blist be ye.

And ye tailyouris, with well made clais,<sup>12</sup>  
Can mend the werst<sup>13</sup> made man that gais,<sup>14</sup>  
And mak him semely for to se:  
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

<sup>1</sup> Tailors and shoemakers.      <sup>2</sup> Voice.      <sup>3</sup> Ordained.  
<sup>4</sup> Unknown.      <sup>5</sup> That which.      <sup>6</sup> By.      <sup>7</sup> Shoes.  
<sup>8</sup> Idle fellow.      <sup>9</sup> Bunion.      <sup>10</sup> Knotted toes.      <sup>11</sup> Chilblains.  
<sup>12</sup> Clothes.      <sup>13</sup> Worst.      <sup>14</sup> Goes.

Thocht <sup>1</sup> God mak ane misfassonit man,  
 Ye can him all shape new agane,  
 And fassoun him bettir be sic thre : <sup>2</sup>  
 Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak,  
 Haif he a gude crafty tailyour, whattrak ? <sup>3</sup>  
 That can it cuver with craftis slie :  
 Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

Off God grit kyndness may ye clame,  
 That helpis his peple fra croke and lame,  
 Supportand faltis with your supple :  
 Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

In erd <sup>4</sup> ye kyth <sup>5</sup> sic <sup>6</sup> mirakillis heir,  
 In Hevin ye sal be sanctis full cleir,  
 Thocht ye be knavis in this cuntré :  
 Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

## HERMES THE PHILOSOPHER

"Be mirry and glaid and honest and vertuous,  
 For that sufficis to anger the invyous."

Be mirry, man ! and tak nocht far in mynd  
 The wavering of this wrechit world of sorrow ;  
 To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,  
 And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow ;  
 His chance to nycht it be thyne to morrow.  
 Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,  
 For oft with wysmen it hes bene said aforrow :  
 "Without glaidness availis no tressour."

<sup>1</sup> Though.

<sup>2</sup> By a great deal.

<sup>3</sup> What matter ?

<sup>4</sup> Earth.

<sup>5</sup> Show, work.

<sup>6</sup> Such.

Mak thee gude cheir of it that God thee sendis,  
 For warldis wrak but weifair nocht availis;<sup>1</sup>  
 Na gude is thyne saif only bot<sup>2</sup> thow spendis,  
 Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis;<sup>3</sup>  
 Seik to solace when sadness thee assailis,  
 In dolour lang thy lyfe may nocht indure;  
 Whairfoir of confort set up all thy sailis:  
 Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait;  
 With famous folkis hald thy company,  
 Be charitabill and humill in thyne estait,  
 For warldly honour lestis bot a cry;  
 For truble in erd<sup>4</sup> tak no malloncoly;  
 Be rich in patience, gif thow in gudis be pure;  
 Who levis mirry, he levis michtely:  
 Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

Thou seis thir<sup>5</sup> wrechis set with sorrow and cair,  
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space,  
 And when their baggis are full, their selfis are bair,  
 And of thair richness bot the keping hess;  
 Whill othiris come to spend it that hes grace,  
 Whilk<sup>6</sup> of thy wynting no labour had nor cure;<sup>7</sup>  
 Tak thow example, and spend with mirriness:  
 Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

Thocht<sup>8</sup> all the werk<sup>9</sup> that evir had levand wicht<sup>10</sup>  
 Were only thine,<sup>11</sup> no moir thy pairt dois fall,

<sup>1</sup> Wealth without welfare avails nothing.

<sup>2</sup> If.

<sup>3</sup> What remains only brings sorrow; cf. Burns: "The ourcome only fashes folk to keep."

<sup>4</sup> Earth.

<sup>5</sup> Those.

<sup>6</sup> Who.

<sup>7</sup> Care.

<sup>8</sup> Though.

<sup>9</sup> Possessions.

<sup>10</sup> Living man.

<sup>11</sup> Thine alone.

Bot meit, drynk, clais,<sup>1</sup> and of the laif<sup>2</sup> a sicht,  
 Yit to the jugs thow sall gif compt<sup>3</sup> of all;  
 Aneraknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small;<sup>4</sup>  
 Be just and joyous, and do to none injure,  
 And trewth sall mak thee strang as ony wall:  
 Without gladness availis no tresure.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### OF THE CHANGES OF LYFE

This and the following pieces are in a five line stave—without refrain—from which the four line stave which was used by Burns for his *Wounded Hare*, and obtained a new vogue by Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, is derived.

I SEIK about this warld onstable  
 To find a sentence conveniable;  
 Bot I can not in all my wit  
 Sa trew a sentence find of it,  
 As say: "It is dissavable."

For yisterday, I did declair  
 How that the sasoun, soft and fair,  
 Come in als fresh as pacock feddir;  
 This day it stangis lyke ane eddir,<sup>5</sup>  
 Concluding all in my contrair.

Yisterday fair sprang the flowris,  
 This day they are all slane with showris,  
 And foulis<sup>6</sup> in forrest that sang cleir,  
 Now walkis with ane drerie cheir:  
 Full could are bayth thair beddis and bowris.

<sup>1</sup> Clothes.

<sup>2</sup> Remainder.

<sup>3</sup> Account.

<sup>4</sup> Small income.

<sup>5</sup> Adder.

<sup>6</sup> Birds.

So nixt to symmer wynter bene ; <sup>1</sup>  
 Nixt eftir confort, cairis keine ;  
 Nixt eftir mydnycht, the myrthful morrow ;  
 Nixt eftir joy, ay cumis sorrow :  
 So is this warld, and ay hes bene.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR

IN to thir dirk and drumlie <sup>2</sup> dayis,  
 Whon sabill all the Hevin arrayis  
 With mystie vapouris, cluddis and skyis,  
 Nature all curage me denyis  
 Of sangis, balattis, and of playis.

When that the nycht dois lenthin houris,  
 With wind, with hail, and havy shouris,  
 My dule <sup>3</sup> spreit dois lurk for schoir ; <sup>4</sup>  
 My hairt for languor dois forloir, <sup>5</sup>  
 For laik of symmer with his flouris.

I waik, <sup>6</sup> I turn, sleip may I nocht,  
 I vexit am with havy thocht ;  
 This warld all our I cast about,  
 And ay the mair I am in dout,  
 The mair that I remeid have socht.

I am assayit <sup>7</sup> on everie syde,  
 Dispair sayis ay : " In tyme provide,  
 And get sum thing whereon to leif ;  
 Or with grit trouble and mischeif,  
 Thow sall in to this court abyde."

<sup>1</sup> Is winter.

<sup>2</sup> Those dark and dreary.

<sup>3</sup> Sad.

<sup>4</sup> Cower for dread.

<sup>5</sup> Wearies.

<sup>6</sup> Keep awake.

<sup>7</sup> Assailed.



Than Patience sayis : " Be nocht agast ;  
 Hald Hoip and Treuth within thee fast ;  
 And lat Fortoun wirk furth hir rage  
 When that no rasoun may assuage,  
 Whill<sup>1</sup> that hir glass be run and past."

And Prudence in my eir sayis ay :  
 " Why wald thou hald that will away ?  
 Or craif that thou may have no space,  
 Thow tending to ane uther place,  
 A journey going everie day ?"

And than sayis Age : " My freind, cum neir,  
 And be nocht strange, I thee requier :  
 Come, brodir, by the hand me tak,  
 Remember thou hes compt to mak  
 Off all thi tyme thou spendit heir."

Syne Deid<sup>2</sup> castis up his yettis wyd,  
 Saying : " Thir oppin sall ye abyde ?<sup>3</sup>  
 Albeid that thou were never sa stout,  
 Undir this lyntall sall thou lowt :<sup>4</sup>  
 Their is nane uther way besyd."

For feir of this all day I drowp ;  
 No gold in kist, nor wyne in cowlp ;  
 No ladeis bewtie nor luffis bliss  
 May lat<sup>5</sup> me to remember this :  
 How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

Yit, whone the nycht begynnys to schort,  
 It dois my spreit some part confort,  
 Off thocht oppressit with the shouris.  
 Come, lustie summer ! with thy flouris,  
 That I may leif in some disport.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

<sup>1</sup> Until.

<sup>2</sup> Then Death.

<sup>3</sup> When these open shall you abide?

<sup>4</sup> Bend.

<sup>5</sup> Prevent.

## IN PRAISE OF LONDON

Recited by the poet at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor in Christmas week 1501-2 to the ambassadors sent to negotiate the marriage of James IV. to Margaret Tudor.

LONDON, thou art of townes A per se,  
 Sovereign of cities, semeliest in sight,  
 Of high renoun, riches and royaltie ;  
 Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knight ;  
 Of most delectable lusty ladies bright ;  
 Of famous prelatis, in habitis clerical ;  
 Of merchauntis full of substaunce and might :  
 London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

Gladdith anon thou lusty Troynovaunt,  
 Citie that some time cleped <sup>1</sup> was New Troy,  
 In all the earth, imperial as thou stant, <sup>2</sup>  
 Princesse of townes, of pleasure and of joy,  
 A richer restith under no Christen roy ; <sup>3</sup>  
 For manly power, with craftis natural,  
 Fourmeth none fairer sith <sup>4</sup> the flode of Noy : <sup>5</sup>  
 London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

Gem of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,  
 Most mighty carbuncle of vertue and valour ;  
 Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie ;  
 Of royal cities rose and geraflour ;  
 Empress of townes, exalt in honour ;  
 In beautie berying <sup>6</sup> the crone imperial ;  
 Swete paradise precelling <sup>7</sup> in plasure :  
 London, thow art the flower of Cities all.

<sup>1</sup> Called.<sup>5</sup> Noah.<sup>2</sup> Standest.<sup>6</sup> Bearing.<sup>3</sup> King.<sup>7</sup> Excelling.<sup>4</sup> Since.

Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renown;  
Whose beryall stremys, pleasaunt and preclare,  
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,  
Where many a swan doth swym with wyngis  
fare;

Where many a barge doth sail, and row with  
are,  
Where many a ship doth rest with top-royal.  
O! town of towns, patron and not compare:  
London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brig of pylers<sup>1</sup> white  
Been<sup>2</sup> merchauntis full royall to behold;  
Upon thy stretis goeth many a semely knyht  
In velvet gownes and cheynes of gold.  
By Julius Cesar thy Tour founded of old  
May be the house of Mars Victoryall,  
Whose artillary with tongue may not be told:  
London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis;  
Wise be the people that within thee dwellis;  
Fresh is thy river with his lusty strandis;  
Blyth be thy churches, wele sownyng be thy  
bellis;  
Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that  
excellis;  
Fair be their wives, right lovesome, white and small;  
Clere<sup>3</sup> be thy virgins, lusty under kellis:<sup>4</sup>  
London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,  
With swerd of justice, thee rulith prudently.

<sup>1</sup> Pillars.

<sup>2</sup> Are.

<sup>3</sup> Fair.

<sup>4</sup> Caps.



No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce

In dignytie or honour goeth to him nye.

He is exampler, loode-star and guye;<sup>1</sup>

Principal patron and rose orygynalle,

Above all Maires as maister most worthy :

London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### NOW FAYRE, FAYREST OFF EVERY FAYRE

Sung at the marriage banquet of James IV. and Margaret Tudor, in Holyrood Palace, 8th August 1503. The music is also preserved in the MS. of the verses in the British Museum.

Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre,

Princess most pleasant and preclare,<sup>2</sup>

The lustyest one alyve that byne,<sup>3</sup>

Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

Young tender plant of pulcritud,

Descended of Imperyal blode ;

Fresh fragrant flower of fayrehede shene,<sup>4</sup>

Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

Swet lusty lusum<sup>5</sup> lady clere,<sup>6</sup>

Most myghty kynges dochter dere,

Born of a princess most serene,

Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

Welcum the Rose both red and whyte,

Welcum the flower of our delyte !

Our secret rejoysyng from the sone beine<sup>7</sup>

Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

<sup>1</sup> Guide.

<sup>2</sup> Famous.

<sup>3</sup> Is.

<sup>4</sup> Bright.

<sup>5</sup> Lovesome.

<sup>6</sup> Fair.

<sup>7</sup> To be.

## ANE BALLAT OF OUR LADY

Undoubtedly the finest extant example of internal rhyming, an accomplishment which the old "makaris" held in special esteem.

HAIL, sterne superne ! <sup>1</sup> Hail, in eterne,  
In Godis sicht <sup>2</sup> to shyne !

Lucerne in derne, for to discerne

Be <sup>3</sup> glory and grace devyne ;

Hodiern, modern, sempitern, <sup>4</sup>

Angelicall regyne !

Our tern inferne for to dispersn <sup>5</sup>

Help rialest rosyne. <sup>6</sup>

*Ave Maria, gratia plena !*

Hail, fresh flower femynyne !

Yerne us, <sup>7</sup> guberne, virgin matern,

Of reuth <sup>8</sup> baith rute and ryne. <sup>9</sup>

Hail, yhyng, <sup>10</sup> benyng, fresh flurising !

Hail, Alphais habitakle ! <sup>11</sup>

The dyng <sup>12</sup> ofspring made us to syng ;

Before his tabernakle ;

All thing maling we doun thring

Be sicht of his signakle ; <sup>13</sup>

Whilk <sup>14</sup> king us bring unto ryng <sup>15</sup>

Fro Dethe's dirk umbrakle. <sup>16</sup>

*Ave Maria, gratia plena !*

Hail, moder and maid but makle ! <sup>17</sup>

Bricht sign, gladyng our languissing,

Be <sup>18</sup> micht of the mirakle.

<sup>1</sup> High star.      <sup>2</sup> Sight.

<sup>3</sup> Lamp in darkness for discerning by means of, etc.

<sup>4</sup> Of to-day, now, and everlasting.

<sup>5</sup> Our infernal trouble to disperse.

<sup>6</sup> Rose.

<sup>7</sup> Influence us.      <sup>8</sup> Pity.

<sup>9</sup> Stem.

<sup>10</sup> Young.

<sup>11</sup> Abode.

<sup>12</sup> Worthy.

<sup>13</sup> Cast down by the sight of his cross.

<sup>14</sup> Which.

<sup>15</sup> Kingdom.

<sup>16</sup> Shadow.

<sup>17</sup> Without blemish.

<sup>18</sup> By.

Hail, bricht, be sicht, in Hevyn on hicht,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hail, day sterne orientale!  
 Our licht most richt, in clud of nycht,  
 Our dirknes for to scale:<sup>2</sup>  
 Hail, wicht,<sup>3</sup> in sicht, puttar to flicht  
 Of fendis in battale!  
 Hail plicht, büt sicht,<sup>4</sup> hail mekle of mycht!  
 Hail, glorious Virgin, hail!  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*  
 Hail, gentill nychttingale!  
 Way stricht, cler dicht, to wilsome wicht,<sup>5</sup>  
 That irke bene<sup>6</sup> in travale.

Hail, queen serene! Hail, most amene!<sup>7</sup>  
 Hail, Hevinlie hie empryss!  
 Hail schene, unseyne with carnal eyne,<sup>8</sup>  
 Hail, rose of paradyss!  
 Hail, clene, bedene, ay till conteyne!<sup>9</sup>  
 Hail, fair fresh flour-de-lyce!  
 Hail, grene daseyne!<sup>10</sup> Hail, fro the splene  
 Of Jesu genetrice!  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*  
 Thou bair the prince of pryss;  
 Our teyne<sup>11</sup> to meyne,<sup>12</sup> and ga betweyne,  
 Ane hevinle oratrice.<sup>13</sup>

Hail, more decore,<sup>14</sup> than of before,  
 And swetar be sic sevyne<sup>15</sup>  
 Our glore, forlore, for to restore,  
 Sen thou art quene of hevyne!

<sup>1</sup> High.<sup>2</sup> Scatter.<sup>3</sup> Strong.<sup>4</sup> Anchor unseen.<sup>5</sup> Way straight, clearly shown, to wilful man.<sup>6</sup> Weary is.<sup>7</sup> Gentle.<sup>8</sup> Eyes.<sup>9</sup> Pure, always to remain.<sup>10</sup> Daisy.<sup>11</sup> Misery.<sup>12</sup> Pity.<sup>13</sup> Intercessor.<sup>14</sup> Becoming.<sup>15</sup> Beyond compare.

Memore of sore,<sup>1</sup> stern in Aurore,<sup>2</sup>  
 Lovit with angellis stevyne,<sup>3</sup>  
 Implore, adore, thou indefore,<sup>4</sup>  
 To mak our oddis evyne.  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*  
 With lovingis loud ellevyn,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whyll store and hore, my youth devore,  
 Thy name I sall ay nevyne.<sup>6</sup>

Empryce of pryss,<sup>7</sup> imperatrice,  
 Brycht polist precious stane;  
 Victryce of vyce, hie genetrice  
 Of Jesu, lord soverayne:  
 Our wyss pavyss<sup>8</sup> fra enemyss,  
 Agayne the feyndis trayne;<sup>9</sup>  
 Oratrice, mediatrice, salvatrice  
 To God gret suffragane!  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*  
 Hail stern meridiane!  
 Spyce, flour-de-lice of paradyse,  
 That bair the gloryuss grayne.

Imperiall wall, place palestrall,  
 Of peirless pulcritud;  
 Tryumphale hall, hie tour royal  
 Of Godis celsitud;<sup>10</sup>  
 Hospital riall, the lord of all  
 Thy closet did include;

<sup>1</sup> Having memory of pain.<sup>2</sup> Praised with angel voices.<sup>3</sup> Extolled.<sup>4</sup> Empress of value, i.e. high Empress.<sup>5</sup> Snare.<sup>6</sup> Morning star.<sup>7</sup> Undefined.<sup>8</sup> Name.<sup>9</sup> Shield.<sup>10</sup> Might.

Bricht ball cristall rose virginall  
 Fulfillit of angell fude!  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*  
 Thy birth has with his blude,  
 Fra fall mortall originall  
 Us raunsound on the rude.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### DONE IS A BATTELL

DONE is a battell on the dragon blak,  
 Our campioun Chryst confoundit hes his force;  
 The yettis of Hell are brokin with a crak,  
 The sign triumphal rasit is of the croce,  
 The divillis trymmillis with hiddous voce,  
 The saulis are borrowit<sup>1</sup> and to the bliss can go,  
 Chryst with his blud our ransonis dois indoce:  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

Dungin<sup>2</sup> is the deidly dragon Lucifer,  
 The crewall serpent with the mortal stang;  
 The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whilk<sup>4</sup> in a wait hes lyne for us so lang,  
 Thinking to grip us in his clowss strang;  
 The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer so,  
 He made him for to felye of that fang:<sup>5</sup>  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

He for our sake that sufferit to be slane,  
 And like a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The souls are released.

<sup>2</sup> Defeated.

<sup>3</sup> Ajar.

<sup>4</sup> Who.

<sup>5</sup> Fail of that booty.

<sup>6</sup> Made ready.



Is like a lion rissin up agane,  
 And as gyane raxit him on hicht;<sup>1</sup>  
 Sprungin is Aurora radius<sup>2</sup> and bricht,  
 On loft is gone the glorius Apollo,  
 The blissful day departit fro the nycht:  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

The grit victour agane is rissin on hicht,  
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;  
 The sone that vox all pail<sup>3</sup> now shynis bricht,  
 And dirknes clerit, our faith is now refoundit;  
 The knell of mercy fra the hevin is soundit,  
 The Christin are deliverit of their wo,  
 The Jowis and their error are confoundit:  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

The foe is chasit, the battell is done ceiss,<sup>4</sup>  
 The presone brokin, the jevellouris fleit and  
 flemit;<sup>5</sup>  
 The weir<sup>6</sup> is gone, confermit is the peiss,  
 The fetteris lowsit<sup>7</sup> and the dungeon temit,<sup>8</sup>  
 The ransoun made, the presoneris redemit;  
 The feild is win, ourcumin is the foe,  
 Dispulit of the tresur that he yemit:<sup>9</sup>  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

<sup>1</sup> As a giant stretching him on high.

<sup>3</sup> Waxed all pale.

<sup>5</sup> The jailers fled and banished.

<sup>7</sup> Loosened.

<sup>8</sup> Emptied.

<sup>2</sup> Radiant.

<sup>4</sup> Has ended.

<sup>6</sup> War.

<sup>9</sup> Guarded.

## WHEN TAYIS BANK

This piece is supposed to celebrate Margaret Drummond, the favourite mistress of James iv., who died suddenly of poison in 1501. If that be so, it may have been written by Dunbar. It is in the old ballad stave, and the alliteration is very complete and elaborate.

WHEN Tayis bank wes blumit brycht  
 With blossoms blycht and bred,<sup>1</sup>  
 Be<sup>2</sup> that rever ran I doun rycht,  
 Undir the ryss<sup>3</sup> I red.  
 The merle melit<sup>4</sup> with all hir mycht,  
 And mirth in morning made,  
 Through solace sound and semely sicht,  
 Alswith<sup>5</sup> a sang I said.

Undir the bank whair bliss had bene  
 I bownit<sup>6</sup> me to abyde,  
 Ane holene<sup>7</sup> hevinly hewit grene  
 Rycht heyndly<sup>8</sup> did me hyd.  
 The sone shyne<sup>9</sup> our the shawis schene,<sup>10</sup>  
 Full semely me besyd,  
 In bed of blumes bricht besene,<sup>11</sup>  
 A sleip cowth me ourslyd.<sup>12</sup>

About all blomet wes my bower,  
 With blossoms brown and blue,  
 Ourfret<sup>13</sup> with mony fair fresh flower,  
 Helsum,<sup>14</sup> of hevinly hue,

<sup>1</sup> Bright and broad.

<sup>4</sup> Mavis sang.

<sup>7</sup> Holly.

<sup>10</sup> Beautiful woods.

<sup>13</sup> Embroidered.

<sup>2</sup> By.

<sup>5</sup> Forthwith.

<sup>8</sup> Opportunely.

<sup>11</sup> Provided.

<sup>14</sup> Health-giving.

<sup>3</sup> Brushwood.

<sup>6</sup> Made ready.

<sup>9</sup> Shone.

<sup>12</sup> Overtake.

With shakeris<sup>1</sup> of the schene dew shower,  
 Shining my courtenis shew,  
 Arrayit with a rich vardour,  
 Of natouris werkis new.

Rasing the birdis fra thair rest,  
 The reid<sup>2</sup> sone rais with rawis,<sup>3</sup>  
 The lark sang loud, whill licht mycht lest,<sup>4</sup>  
 A lay of luvis lawis;  
 The nythingall woik<sup>5</sup> off hir nest,  
 Singing, "The day updawis"<sup>6</sup>;  
 The mirthful maveis, mirriest,  
 Shill showttit throw the shawis.<sup>6</sup>

All flouris grew that firth within,  
 That man cowth haif in mind,  
 And in that flud<sup>7</sup> all fish with fin,  
 That creat<sup>8</sup> were be kynd;  
 Under the rise the ra did ryn<sup>9</sup>  
 Our ron, our rute, our rynd,<sup>10</sup>  
 The dun deir dansit with a dyn,  
 And herdis of hairt and hynd.

Wod<sup>11</sup> Winter, with his wallowand<sup>12</sup> wynd,  
 But weir<sup>13</sup> away wes went,  
 Brasit<sup>14</sup> about with wyld wodbynd  
 Wer bewis<sup>15</sup> on the bent;<sup>16</sup>  
 Allone under the lusty lynd<sup>17</sup>  
 I saw ane lusum lent,<sup>18</sup>  
 That fairly<sup>19</sup> war so fare to fynd  
 Undir the firmament.

<sup>1</sup> Drops.<sup>2</sup> Red.<sup>3</sup> Rays.<sup>4</sup> Last.<sup>5</sup> Woke.<sup>6</sup> Woods.<sup>7</sup> Stream.<sup>8</sup> Created.<sup>9</sup> Under the brushwood the roe did run.<sup>10</sup> Over branch, root, and trunk.<sup>11</sup> Wild.<sup>12</sup> Withering.<sup>13</sup> Without doubt.<sup>14</sup> Wrapt.<sup>15</sup> Boughs.<sup>16</sup> Field.<sup>17</sup> Lime tree.<sup>18</sup> Lovesome maiden.<sup>19</sup> Hardly.



Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,  
 Allone lent on a land,  
 And farest<sup>1</sup> figour be sic fyne,<sup>2</sup>  
 That evir in firth<sup>3</sup> I fand;  
 Hir comely colour to discryve<sup>4</sup>  
 I dar nocht tak on hand,  
 Moir womanly born of a wyfe  
 Was nevir, I dar warrand.

To creatur that wes in cair,  
 Or cauld<sup>5</sup> of cruelty,  
 A blicht blenk<sup>6</sup> of hir vesage, bair  
 Of baill,<sup>7</sup> his bute<sup>8</sup> mycht be.  
 Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair  
 Mycht havy hairtis uphie,<sup>9</sup>  
 So angelik under the air  
 Never wicht<sup>10</sup> I saw with e.<sup>11</sup>

The blosoms that were blycht<sup>12</sup> and brycht  
 By<sup>13</sup> hir wer blacht<sup>14</sup> and blew,  
 Scho gladit all the fowl of flicht  
 That in the forrest flew.  
 Scho mycht haif confort king or knyght,  
 That evir in cuntre I knew,  
 As waill<sup>15</sup> and well of warldly wicht,  
 In womanly vertew.

Hir cullour cleir, hir countenance,  
 Hir comely cristall ene,<sup>16</sup>  
 Hir portratour of most plesance,  
 All pictour did prevene;<sup>17</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fairest.	<sup>2</sup> By a great deal.	<sup>3</sup> Enclosed ground.
<sup>4</sup> Describe.	<sup>5</sup> Cold	<sup>6</sup> A bright glance.
<sup>8</sup> Remedy.	<sup>9</sup> Raise up.	<sup>10</sup> Person.
<sup>13</sup> Beside.	<sup>14</sup> Black.	<sup>15</sup> Choice.
		<sup>16</sup> Eyes.
		<sup>17</sup> Surpass
		<sup>7</sup> Sorrow.
		<sup>12</sup> Shining

Off every vertew to avance,  
 When ladeis praisit bene,  
 Rychttest in my remembrance  
 That rose is rutit grene.

This mild, meik, mansuet<sup>1</sup> Mergrit,  
 This pearl polist most whyt,  
 Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,  
 The dyamant of delyt,  
 Nevir formit wes to found<sup>2</sup> on feit  
 Ane figour moir perfyte,  
 Nor none on mold<sup>3</sup> that did hir meit  
 Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

This mirthful maid to meit I ment,<sup>4</sup>  
 And merkit furth on mold,<sup>5</sup>  
 Bot sone<sup>6</sup> within a wane<sup>7</sup> scho went,  
 Most hevinly to behold.  
 The bricht sone with his bemys blent<sup>8</sup>  
 Upoun the bertis<sup>9</sup> bold,  
 Farest<sup>10</sup> under the firmament  
 That formit wes on fold.

As parradyce that place but<sup>11</sup> peir  
 Wes plesand to my sicht,  
 Of forrest and of fresh reveir,  
 Of firth and fowl of flicht;  
 Of birdis bay<sup>12</sup> on bonk and breir<sup>13</sup>  
 With blumes brekand bricht,  
 As Hevin, in to this Erd<sup>14</sup> down heir,  
 Hertis to hald on hicht.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Gentle.<sup>2</sup> Go.<sup>3</sup> Earth.<sup>4</sup> Went.<sup>5</sup> Proceeded on my way.<sup>6</sup> Soon.<sup>7</sup> Dwelling.<sup>8</sup> Shone.<sup>9</sup> Foliage.<sup>10</sup> Fairest.<sup>11</sup> Without.<sup>12</sup> Abundant.<sup>13</sup> Bank and slope.<sup>14</sup> Earth.<sup>15</sup> High.

So went this womanly away  
 Amang thir<sup>1</sup> woddis wyd,  
 And I to heir thir birdis gay  
 Did in a bonk abyd,  
 Where ron and ryss<sup>2</sup> raiss in array,  
 Endlang the revir syd;  
 This hapnit me in a tyme in May,  
 In till<sup>3</sup> a morning tyd.

The rever throw the ryse<sup>4</sup> cowth rowt<sup>5</sup>  
 And roseris<sup>6</sup> raissis on a raw,<sup>7</sup>  
 The schene birdis full shill cowth showt  
 Into that semly shaw;<sup>8</sup>  
 Joy wes within and joy without  
 Under that unlonkest waw,<sup>9</sup>  
 Whair Tay ran down with stremis stout  
 Full strecht<sup>10</sup> undir Stobshaw.

*Anonymous.*

## ALL FOR ANE

From the Bannatyne MS.

ALL for ane  
 Is my mane,<sup>11</sup>  
 Bot<sup>12</sup> ane I can lufe.  
 War scho gane,  
 Than war nane  
 My name to remufe.

<sup>1</sup> Those.

<sup>4</sup> Undergrowth.

<sup>7</sup> Row.

<sup>10</sup> Straight.

<sup>2</sup> Bushes and branches.

<sup>5</sup> Tinkle.

<sup>8</sup> Beautiful wood.

<sup>11</sup> Mean.

<sup>3</sup> To.

<sup>6</sup> Arbours.

<sup>9</sup> Fairest bank.

<sup>12</sup> Only.

That I am tane<sup>1</sup>  
 With sic ane<sup>2</sup>  
 I thank God abuse;  
 And bot that ane  
 Will I nane  
 What panis I prufe.<sup>3</sup>

*Anonymous.*

## THERE IS NOCHT ANE WINCHE

From the Bannatyne MS.

THERE is nocht ane winche<sup>4</sup> that I see  
 Sall win ane wantage of me;  
 Be scho fals, I salbe sle,  
 And say to dispyt her;  
 Be scho trew, I will confyd;  
 Will scho remain, I sall abyd;  
 Will scho slip, I will bot slyd,  
 And so sall I quyt<sup>5</sup> hir.

Be scho constant and trew,  
 I sall evir hir persew;  
 Be scho fals, than adew!  
 No langer I tary.  
 Be scho faithful in mind,  
 I salbe to hir inclined;  
 Be scho strange and unkind,  
 I gif hir to fary.

Be scho haltand and he,<sup>6</sup>  
 Richt si sall scho find me;  
 Be scho lawly and fre,  
 The suth I sall say hir;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In love.

<sup>2</sup> Such a one.

<sup>3</sup> Whatever pains I endure.

<sup>4</sup> A wench.

<sup>5</sup> Discharge.

<sup>6</sup> Haughty and high.

<sup>7</sup> The truth I shall tell her.

Be scho secreit and wyiss,  
 I sall await on her scherwyiss;  
 Will scho glaik<sup>1</sup> and go nyiss,  
 I leif hir to play hir.

And I magyn my mailis,<sup>2</sup>  
 I sall feid hir with taillis;  
 Thocht my sayis<sup>3</sup> haif no seillis,  
 I sall leir hir to fan;<sup>4</sup>  
 Be scho wylie as ane tod,<sup>5</sup>  
 When scho winkis I sall nod;  
 Scho sall nocht beguile me, be God,  
 For ocht that scho can.

*Anonymous.*

### ANE DESCRIPTION OF PEDDER COFFEIS

This curious sketch of seven varieties of pedlar knaves, is by Sir David Lyndsay (1490-1555), who devoted his literary talents mainly to satirising the abuses in Church and State, but most of whose pieces are outside the scope of this book.

It is my purpose to discryve<sup>6</sup>  
 This holy perfyte genologie  
 Of pedder<sup>7</sup> knavis superlative,  
 Pretendand to awtoretie,  
 That wait<sup>8</sup> of nocht bot beggartie;  
 Ye burgess sonis, prevene thir lownis,<sup>9</sup>  
 That wold destroy nobilitie,  
 And baneiss it all borrow townis.  
 They are declairit in seven pairtis:  
 Ane scroppit cofe,<sup>10</sup> when he begynnis

<sup>1</sup> Befool.

<sup>2</sup> If I withhold my dues.

<sup>3</sup> Sayings.

<sup>4</sup> Teach her to trust.

<sup>5</sup> Fox.

<sup>6</sup> Describe.

<sup>7</sup> Pedlar.

<sup>8</sup> Know.

<sup>9</sup> Prevent those scoundrels.

<sup>10</sup> A petty dealer.



Sornand<sup>1</sup> all and sindry airtis<sup>2</sup>  
 For to buy hennis reidwod<sup>3</sup> he rynniss;  
 He lokis them up in to his innis<sup>4</sup>  
 Unto ane derth, and sellis their eggis  
 Regraitandly<sup>5</sup> on thame he wynniss,  
 And secondly his meit he beggis.  
 Ane swyngeour cofe<sup>6</sup> amangis the wyvis,  
 In landwart dwellis with subteill menis,<sup>7</sup>  
 Exponand<sup>8</sup> them auld sanctis lyvis,  
 And sanis<sup>9</sup> them with deid menis banis;<sup>10</sup>  
 Like Romerakaris<sup>11</sup> with awsterne granis,<sup>12</sup>  
 Speikand<sup>13</sup> curlyk ilk ane till udder,<sup>14</sup>  
 Peipand pearly<sup>15</sup> with peteous granis,  
 Lyk fenyeit Symmie and his bruder.<sup>16</sup>  
 Thir cur coffeis<sup>17</sup> that sailis our sone,<sup>18</sup>  
 And thretty sum about ane pak,<sup>19</sup>  
 With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld shone,<sup>20</sup>  
 And beir bonnokis<sup>21</sup> with them they tak;  
 Thay shamed shrewis,<sup>22</sup> God gif them lak!  
 At none<sup>23</sup> when merchantis makis gud cheir,  
 Steilis down and lyis behind ane pak,  
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.  
 Knaifatica coff<sup>24</sup> misknaiwis him sell,<sup>25</sup>  
 When he gettis on a furrir gown,  
 Grit Lucifer, maistir of Hell,  
 Is nocht sa helie<sup>26</sup> as that loun;<sup>27</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Searching.<sup>2</sup> Ways.<sup>3</sup> Stark mad.<sup>4</sup> House.<sup>5</sup> In a miserly fashion.<sup>6</sup> A sluggard merchant.<sup>7</sup> Means.<sup>8</sup> Expounding.<sup>9</sup> Blesses.<sup>10</sup> Men's bones.<sup>11</sup> Emissaries from Rome.<sup>12</sup> Austere groans.<sup>13</sup> Whining.<sup>14</sup> Speaking.<sup>15</sup> Each one to the other.<sup>16</sup> Whining.<sup>17</sup> (Two pretended begging friars, the heroes of an old poem.)<sup>18</sup> Those cur (in contempt merely) merchants.<sup>19</sup> Over sea.<sup>20</sup> Bale.<sup>21</sup> Mended shoes.<sup>22</sup> Barley scones.<sup>23</sup> Those shameful rascals.<sup>24</sup> Noon.<sup>25</sup> The thievish pedlar.<sup>26</sup> Misknows himself.<sup>27</sup> Proud.<sup>28</sup> Fellow.

As he cumis brankand <sup>1</sup> throw the town,  
 With his keis clynkand on his arm,  
 That calf, clovin futtit, fleid <sup>2</sup> castroun,  
 Will marry nane bot a burgess bairn.

Ane dyvour <sup>3</sup> coffe, that wirry hen,<sup>4</sup>  
 Distrois the honor of our natioun,  
 Takis gudis to frist <sup>5</sup> fra fremmit men,<sup>6</sup>  
 And brekis his obligatioun,  
 Whilk <sup>7</sup> dois the marchandis defamatioun.  
 They are reprevit <sup>8</sup> for that regratour,<sup>9</sup>  
 Therefore we give our declaratioun,  
 To hang and draw that commoun traitour.

Ane curlureous <sup>10</sup> coffe, that hege skraper,  
 He sittis at hame when that they bake,  
 The pedder brybour <sup>11</sup> that scheip keipar,  
 He tellis them ilk ane caik by caik ;  
 Syne <sup>12</sup> lokkis them up a faik <sup>13</sup>  
 Betuix his dowbelt and his jacket,  
 And citis them in the buith, that smaik,  
 God, that he mort in to ane rakkett !<sup>14</sup>

Ane cathedral coff, he is ovir rich,  
 And hes no hap <sup>15</sup> his gude to spend,  
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit <sup>16</sup> wretch,  
 And trestis nevir till <sup>17</sup> tak ane end ;  
 With falsheid evir dois him defend,  
 Proceeding still in avarice,  
 And levis his sawle na gude commend,  
 Bot <sup>18</sup> walkis ane wilsome way I guess.

<sup>1</sup> Prancing.    <sup>2</sup> Frightened.    <sup>3</sup> Bankrupt.    <sup>4</sup> Greedy person.  
<sup>5</sup> On credit.    <sup>6</sup> Foreigners.    <sup>7</sup> Which.    <sup>8</sup> Reproved.  
<sup>9</sup> Miser.    <sup>10</sup> Churlish.    <sup>11</sup> Beggar.    <sup>12</sup> Then.    <sup>13</sup> Number.  
<sup>14</sup> Died in torture.    <sup>15</sup> Chance.    <sup>16</sup> Worried.    <sup>17</sup> To.    <sup>18</sup> Duly.

I you exhort, all that is heir  
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it shaw  
 Unto the provost, and him requair  
 That he will geif thir coffeis the law,  
 And baness them the Burgess raw,<sup>1</sup>  
 And to the Scho streit ye them ken;<sup>2</sup>  
 Syne cut their luggis, that ye may know  
 Thir pedder knavis be burges men.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY.

### HENCE HEART

Alexander Scott (fl. 1547-1584), while the chief lyricist among the old Scots "makaris," was not surpassed as a metrist either by Dunbar or Montgomerie; and among British poets in the first half of the sixteenth century, he is the rival of Surrey in finish and grace.

HENCE heart, with her that must depart,  
 And hald thee with thy soverane,  
 For I had lever want ane<sup>3</sup> heart  
 Nor haif the heart that dois me pane;  
 Thairfoir go, with thy lufe remane,  
 And lat me leif<sup>4</sup> thus unmolest;  
 And see that thou come not agane,  
 But byd<sup>5</sup> with hir thou luvis best.

Sen scho that I haif schervit lang<sup>6</sup>  
 Is to depart so suddanly,  
 Address<sup>7</sup> thee now, for thou sall gang<sup>8</sup>  
 And beir thy lady company.

<sup>1</sup> Row.

<sup>2</sup> Convey.

<sup>3</sup> Rather want a.

<sup>4</sup> Live.

<sup>5</sup> Stay.

<sup>6</sup> Served long.

<sup>7</sup> Prepare.

<sup>8</sup> Go.



Fra scho begone,<sup>1</sup> heartless am I,  
 For why thou art with hir possesst ;  
 Thairfoir, my heart, go hence in hy,<sup>2</sup>  
 And byd with hir thou luvis best.

Thocht<sup>3</sup> this belappit<sup>4</sup> body heir  
 Be bound to schervitude and thrall,  
 My faithful heart is free inteir  
 And mind to serve my lady at all.  
 Wald God that I wer perigall,<sup>5</sup>  
 Under that redolent ross to rest !  
 Yit at the leist, my heart, thou sall  
 Abide with hir thou luvis best.

Sen in your garth<sup>6</sup> the lilly white  
 May not remain amang the laif,<sup>7</sup>  
 Adew, the flour of hail delyte !<sup>8</sup>  
 Adew the succour that may me saif !  
 Adew the fragrant balmē suaif,<sup>9</sup>  
 And lamp of ladeis lustiest !  
 My faithful heart scho sall it haif  
 To byd with hir it luvis best.

Deploir, ye ladeis cleir of hew,<sup>10</sup>  
 Hir absence, sen scho must depart,  
 And specially ye luvaris trew,  
 That woundit bene with luvis dart :  
 For some of yow sall want ane heart  
 Alsweill as I : thairfoir at last  
 Do go with mine, with mind inwart,  
 And byd with hir thow luvis best.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> From the time that she is gone.

<sup>4</sup> Burdened. <sup>5</sup> Worthy.

<sup>8</sup> Whole delight. <sup>9</sup> Suave, sweet.

<sup>2</sup> Haste.

<sup>6</sup> Garden.

<sup>7</sup> Others.

<sup>3</sup> Though

<sup>10</sup> Beautiful of complexion

## WHA IS PERFYTE

WHA is perfyte<sup>1</sup>  
 To put in wryt  
 The inwart murning and mischance,  
 Or to indyte  
 The grit delyte  
 Of lustie lufis observance,  
 Bot he that may certane  
 Patiently suffer pane,  
 To win his soverane  
 In recompancé.

Albeid I knaw  
 Of luvis law  
 The plesour and the panis smart,  
 Yit I stand aw<sup>2</sup>  
 For to furthshaw  
 The quyet secreitis of my heart;  
 For it may fortoun raith<sup>3</sup>  
 To do hir body skaith  
 Whilk wait<sup>4</sup> that of them baith  
 I am expert.

Scho wait my wo  
 That is ago;  
 Scho wait my weifair and remeid;<sup>5</sup>  
 Scho wait also  
 I lufe no mo<sup>6</sup>  
 Bot hir, the well of womanheid;

<sup>1</sup> Perfect.<sup>4</sup> Who knows.<sup>2</sup> All.<sup>5</sup> Remedy.<sup>3</sup> Anger.<sup>6</sup> More.

Scho wait withouttin faill  
 I am hir luvair laill ; <sup>1</sup>  
 Scho hes my hairt al haill  
 Till I be deid.

That bird of bliss  
 In beauty is  
 In erd <sup>2</sup> the only A per se,  
 Whais mouth to kiss  
 Is worth, I wiss, <sup>3</sup>  
 The warld full of gold to me ;  
 Is not in erd I cure,  
 Bot pleiss <sup>4</sup> my lady pure,  
 Syne <sup>5</sup> be hir scherviture  
 Unto I de.

Scho is my lufe ;  
 At hir behufe  
 My heart is subject, bound and thrall ;  
 For scho dois moif  
 My heart aboif,  
 To see hir proper persoun small.  
 Sen scho is wrought at will,  
 That natur may fulfill,  
 Gladly I gif hir till <sup>6</sup>  
 Body and all.

Thair is nocht wie <sup>7</sup>  
 Cane estimie  
 My sorrow and my sicingis sair, <sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Loyal.<sup>4</sup> I have no care on earth except to please.<sup>6</sup> To her.<sup>2</sup> Earth.<sup>7</sup> Wight, person.<sup>3</sup> I know.<sup>5</sup> Then.<sup>8</sup> Sighings sore.

For I am so  
 Done faithfullie  
 In favor with my lady fair,  
 That baith our hearts are ane,  
 Luknyt<sup>1</sup> in luvis chene,  
 And evirilk<sup>2</sup> greif is gane  
 For evir mair.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

## I WILL BE PLANE

I wilBE plane,  
 And lufe affane,<sup>3</sup>  
 For as I mene,<sup>4</sup>  
     So take me ;  
 Gif I refrane,<sup>5</sup>  
 For wo or pane,  
 Your lufe certane,  
     Forsake me.

Gif trew report  
 To you resort  
 Of my gud port,  
     So take me ;  
 Gif I exort  
 In evil sort,  
 Without confort,  
     Forsake me.

Gif diligens  
 In your presens  
 Shaw my pretens,  
     So take me ;

<sup>1</sup> Locked.   <sup>2</sup> Every single.   <sup>3</sup> Sincerely.   <sup>4</sup> Mean.   <sup>5</sup> Reject.

Gif negligens  
 In my absens  
 Shaw my offens,  
     Forsake me.

Your and no mo,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whair evir I go ;  
 Gif I so do,  
     So take me ;  
 Gif I flee fro,  
 And dois nocht so,  
 Evin as your fo,  
     Forsake me.

Gif I do prufe  
 That I you luf  
 Nixt God abuse,  
     So take me ;  
 Gif I remufe  
 Fra your behufe  
 Without excuss,  
     Forsake me.

Be <sup>2</sup> land or se,  
 Whair evir I be,  
 As ye find me,  
     So take me ;  
 And gif I le,  
 And from you fle,  
 Ay whill <sup>3</sup> I de,  
     Forsake me.

<sup>1</sup> No other's.<sup>2</sup> By.<sup>3</sup> Till.

It is bot waist <sup>1</sup>  
 Mo words to taist, <sup>2</sup>  
 Ye haif my laist, <sup>3</sup>  
     So take me ;  
 Gif ye our cast, <sup>4</sup>  
 My lyf is past ;  
 Even at the last  
     Forsake me.

My deir, adew,  
 Most cleir of hew,  
 Now on me rew,  
     And so take me ;  
 Gif I persew,  
 And beis nocht trew,  
 Cheris ye ane new,  
     And forsake me.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

## RYCHT AS THE GLASS

*In rime royal.*

Rycht as the glass been thirlit thrucht <sup>5</sup> with bemis  
     Of Phebus fair prefulgent visage bricht,  
 Or hornit Dyane with hir paly glemis,  
     Perssis the cluddis sabill in the nicht ;  
     And as the kocatrice keilis with hir sicht, <sup>6</sup>  
 Rycht so the beauty of my lady stounds,  
 Outthrowcht <sup>7</sup> my breist, unto my heart redounds.

Behaild how far crystal or diamant,  
     Jassink, jasp, ruby, jem, or criselleit,

<sup>1</sup> Waste.    <sup>2</sup> More words to try.    <sup>3</sup> Last.    <sup>4</sup> Throw me over.  
<sup>5</sup> Pierced through.    <sup>6</sup> Kills with her glance.    <sup>7</sup> Out through.

Carbunkile, emmerauld, pearl or athamant,  
 Turkas, topas, marble, or margareit,  
 Exceidis the barrat stonis in the streit ;  
 In lykwayis dois hir beauty undegraid <sup>1</sup>  
 Transcend all utheris—wyfe, wedow, or maid.

Espy richt so how far the rosy gowlis <sup>2</sup>  
 Passis the wallowit weidis in the vail ; <sup>3</sup>  
 Or sound of lark aboif the ravenous fowlis,  
 And somersday the nichtis hie mail ; <sup>4</sup>  
 Or as ane galay gayest undir sail  
 Bene plesandar nor taikles <sup>5</sup> boitis small ;  
 So is my lady lustiest of all.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

### UP, HELSUM HEART

The stave is formed by the addition of a couplet to the French octave of three rhymes.

UP, helsum <sup>6</sup> heart ! thy rutes rais, and lowp ; <sup>7</sup>  
 Exalt and climb within my breist in staige ; <sup>8</sup>  
 Art thou nocht wantoun, haill, <sup>9</sup> and in gude howp,  
 Fermit in grace and free of all thirlaige, <sup>10</sup>  
 Bathing in bliss and set in hie curaige ?  
 Braisit in joy, no fault may thee affray,  
 Having thy ladeis heart as heretaige  
 In blenche ferm <sup>11</sup> for ane sallat every May :  
 So neids thou nocht now sussy, <sup>12</sup> sytt, <sup>13</sup> nor  
 sorrow,  
 Sen thou art sure of solace evin and morrow.

<sup>1</sup> Matchless.

<sup>2</sup> Marigolds.

<sup>3</sup> Valley.

<sup>4</sup> Of winter.

<sup>5</sup> Tackleless.

<sup>6</sup> Joyful.

<sup>7</sup> Leap.

<sup>8</sup> By steps.

<sup>9</sup> Hale. <sup>10</sup> Bondage. <sup>11</sup> Tenure.

<sup>12</sup> Care.

<sup>13</sup> Grief.

Thou, Cupeid, rewardit me with this ;  
 I am thy awin trew liege without tressone ;  
 Thair levis no man in moir eiss, welth, and bliss ;  
 I knaw no sicing,<sup>1</sup> sadness, nor yit soun,<sup>2</sup>  
 Walking,<sup>3</sup> thought, langor, lamentation,  
 Dolor, dispair, weiping, nor jealousy ;  
 My breist is void and purgit of passoun ;<sup>4</sup>  
 I feill no pain, I haif no purgatorye,  
 Bot peirles, perfytt, paradisall plesour,  
 With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but<sup>5</sup> me-  
 soure.

My lady, lord, thou gaif me for to hird<sup>6</sup>  
 Within mine arms I nureiss on the nycht ;  
 Kissing, I say : " My bab, my tendir bird,  
 Sweit maistres, lady luffe, and lusty wicht,  
 Steir, rule, and guider of my senses richt."  
 My voice surmontis the sapheir cludis hie,  
 Thanking grit God of that tressour and  
 nicht ;  
 I coft<sup>7</sup> hir deir, bot scho fer derrer<sup>8</sup> me,  
 Whilk<sup>9</sup> hasard, honor, fame, in aventure,  
 Committing clene hir corse to me in cure.<sup>10</sup>

In oxsteris cloiss we kiss, and cossis<sup>11</sup> hearts,  
 Brynt in desyre of amouris play and sport ;  
 Meittand<sup>12</sup> oure lustis, spreitles we twa departs.  
 Prolong with lasar,<sup>13</sup> lord, I thee exhort,  
 Sic<sup>14</sup> time that we may boith take our  
 confort,

<sup>1</sup> Sighing.<sup>2</sup> Swoon, faintness.<sup>3</sup> Wakefulness.<sup>4</sup> Passion.<sup>5</sup> Without.<sup>6</sup> Tend.<sup>7</sup> Bought.<sup>8</sup> Dearer.<sup>9</sup> Who.<sup>10</sup> Care.<sup>11</sup> Interchange.<sup>12</sup> Satisfying.<sup>13</sup> Leisure.<sup>14</sup> Such.



First for to sleip, syne walk <sup>1</sup> without espyis.  
 I blame the cock, I plene <sup>2</sup> the nicht is short;  
 Away I went, my watch the cuschet cryis,  
 Wissing all luvaris leill <sup>3</sup> to haif sic chance  
 That they may haif us in remembrance.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

### LAMENT OF THE MAISTER ERSKYN

Supposed to have been written after the death of the Master of Erskine (lover of the Queen Regent) at the Battle of Pinkie in 1547.

DEPART, depart, depart!  
 Allace! I must depart  
 From her that hes my heart,  
 With heart full soir,  
 Aganis my will indeid,  
 And can find no remeid,  
 I wait <sup>4</sup> the pains of deid  
 Can do no moir.

Now must I go, allace!  
 From sicht of hir sweet face,  
 The grund of all my grace  
 And soverane;  
 What chance that may fall me,  
 Sall I never mirry be,  
 Unto the time I see  
 My sweit agane.

I go and wait nocht whair,  
 I wandir heir and thair,  
 I weip and sichis <sup>5</sup> rycht sair  
 With panis smart;

<sup>1</sup> Wake.

<sup>2</sup> Complain.

<sup>3</sup> Loyal.

<sup>4</sup> Know.

<sup>5</sup> Sigh.

Now must I pass away, away  
 In wilderness and wilsome way.  
 Allace ! this wofull day  
 We suld depart.

My spreit dois quake for dreid,  
 My thirlit<sup>1</sup> heart dois bleid,  
 My panis dois exceid—

What suld I say ?  
 I woful wicht alone,  
 Makand ane petouss mone,  
 Allace ! my heart is gone  
 For ever and ay.

Throw languor of my sweit,  
 So thirlit is my spreit,  
 My dayis are most compleit  
 Throw hir absence :  
 Christ sen scho knew my smert,  
 Ingravit in my hairt,  
 Because I must depairt  
 From hir presens.

Adew, my awin sweit thing,  
 My joy and conforting,  
 My mirth and sollesing  
 Of erdly gloir ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Fair weill, my lady bricht,  
 And my remembrance richt ;  
 Fair weill and haif gude nicht :  
 I say no moir.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> Pierced.

<sup>2</sup> Earthly glory.

## FAVOUR IS FAIR

FAVOUR is fair  
 In luvis lair,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yit freinship mair

Bene to commend;<sup>2</sup>  
 Bot whair despair  
 Bene adwersare,<sup>3</sup>  
 Nothing is thair  
 Bot wofull end;

Of men, I mene,<sup>4</sup>  
 In service bene  
 Of Venus quene,  
 But<sup>5</sup> comforting;  
 Be<sup>6</sup> thame, I wene,  
 That mon<sup>7</sup> sustene  
 The cairis kene  
 Of Cupeid king.

Continuance  
 In Cupeidis dance  
 But discrepance,<sup>8</sup>  
 Without remeid.  
 Sic<sup>9</sup> was my chance,  
 In observance,  
 But recompance  
 My life to leid.

<sup>1</sup> Learning.<sup>4</sup> Mean.<sup>7</sup> Must.<sup>2</sup> Is to be commended.<sup>5</sup> Without.<sup>8</sup> Without change.<sup>3</sup> Has to be encountered.<sup>6</sup> By.<sup>9</sup> Such.

Hir court he jo,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wherever they go,  
 The life is so  
     Scho dois thame len ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Where his hes wo  
 Withouttin ho,<sup>3</sup>  
 He is sic fo<sup>4</sup>  
     Till<sup>5</sup> faithful men.

I speik expart,  
 Suppois I smart  
 That scho hes gart<sup>6</sup>  
     Me thus lament.  
 Bot this same dart  
 May cause her hart,  
 Heir eftirwart,  
     Also repent.

Sen so I see,  
 To leif in le,<sup>7</sup>  
 At libertie,  
     Is weill but wo ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Happie is he,  
 I say for me,  
 When he is free,  
     Can hold him so.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> High joy.

<sup>2</sup> Lend.

<sup>3</sup> Stop.

<sup>4</sup> Such a foe.

<sup>5</sup> To.

<sup>6</sup> Made.

<sup>7</sup> Life in safety.

<sup>8</sup> Welfare without woe, i.e. complete happiness.

## TO LUVE UNLUVIT

To luv unluvit it is ane pane;  
 For scho that is my soverane,  
     Some wantoun man so he hes set her  
 That I can get no lufe agane,  
     But breks my heart, and nocht the bettir.

When that I went with that sweit may,<sup>1</sup>  
 To dance, to sing, to sport and play,  
     And oft times in my armis plet hir;  
 I do now murne both nicht and day,  
     And breks my heart, and nocht the bettir.

Whair I wes wont to see hir go,  
 Richt trimly passand to and fro,  
     With comely smylis when that I met hir;  
 And now I leif<sup>2</sup> in pane and wo,  
     And breks my heart, and nocht the bettir.

Whattane ane glaikit<sup>3</sup> fule am I  
 To slay myself with melancoly,  
     Sen weill I ken<sup>4</sup> I may nocht get hir!  
 Or what suld be the cause, and why,  
     To brek my heart, and nocht the bettir?

My heart, sen thou may nocht hir pleiss,  
 Adew, as gude lufe cumis as gaiss,<sup>5</sup>  
     Go choose ane udir and forget hir;  
 God gif him dolour and diseiss,  
     That breks thair heart, and nocht the bettir.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> Maid.

<sup>2</sup> Live.

<sup>3</sup> Silly.

<sup>4</sup> Know.

<sup>5</sup> Goes.

## A ROUNDEL OF LUVÉ

Lo! what it is to lufe  
 Learn ye, that list to prufe  
 Be<sup>1</sup> me, I say, that nae wayis may  
 The grund of greif remufe,  
 Bot still decay, both nicht and day :  
 Lo what it is to lufe.

Lufe is ane fervent fire  
 Kendillit without desire :  
 Short plesour, lang displesour ;  
 Repentance is the hire ;  
 Ane pure<sup>2</sup> tressour without mesour :  
 Lufe is ane fervent fire.

To lufe and to be wyiss,  
 To rege with<sup>3</sup> gud adwyiss,  
 Now thus, now than, so gois the game.  
 Incertane is the dyiss :  
 Thair is no man, I say, that can  
 Both lufe and to be wyiss.

Flee always from the snare ;  
 Learn at me to be ware ;  
 It is ane pain and double trane<sup>4</sup>  
 Of endless woe and care ;  
 For to refrain that denger plain,  
 Flee always from the snare.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> By.<sup>2</sup> Poor.<sup>3</sup> Rage at.<sup>4</sup> Lure.

## A COMPLAINT AGANIS CUPID

This piece is in the *rime coule* stave, which was revived by Sir Robert Sempill in *Habbie Simson*, and became the favourite stave of Burns.

WHOM sould I wyt<sup>1</sup> of my mischance  
But Cupeid, king of variance?  
Thy court, without considerance,  
When I it knew,  
Or evir made the observance,  
Sa far I rew.

Thou and thy law are instrumentis  
Of diverse inconvenientis;  
Thy service mony soir repentis,  
Knawing the quarrell,  
Where body, honor, and substance schentis<sup>2</sup>  
And saule<sup>3</sup> in perrell.

What is thy manrent<sup>4</sup> bot mischeif,  
Sturt,<sup>5</sup> angir, grunching,<sup>6</sup> ire, and greif,  
Evill life, and languor but<sup>7</sup> releif  
Of woundis wan,  
Displesour, pane, and he<sup>8</sup> repreif  
Of God and man.

Thou lovis thame that loudest leis,<sup>9</sup>  
And followis fastest on thame fleis;  
Thou lychtleis<sup>10</sup> all true properteis  
Of luv express,<sup>11</sup>  
And markis whair nevir styme<sup>12</sup> thou seis,  
Bot hittis be gaiss.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Blame.<sup>2</sup> Ruined.<sup>3</sup> Soul.<sup>4</sup> Homage.<sup>5</sup> Vexation.<sup>6</sup> Grumbling.<sup>7</sup> Without.<sup>8</sup> High.<sup>9</sup> Lies.<sup>10</sup> Slights.<sup>11</sup> Designedly.<sup>12</sup> Particle.<sup>13</sup> By guess.



Blynd buk ! <sup>1</sup> bot at the bound <sup>2</sup> thou shutis,  
 And thame forbeiris that thee rebutis ; <sup>3</sup>  
 Thou rivis <sup>4</sup> thair hearts ay fra the rutis,  
     Whilk <sup>5</sup> are thy awin,  
 And cureis <sup>6</sup> thame, caris nocht thre cutis  
     To be misknawin.

Thou art in freyndship with thy foe,  
 And fremit to <sup>7</sup> thy freynd also,  
 Thou flemis <sup>8</sup> all faithful men thee fro,  
     Of steidfast thocht ;  
 Regarding none bot thame ago <sup>9</sup>  
     That cure thee nocht.

Thou chirreiss thame that with thee chyddis,  
 And baneisis thame with thee abydis ;  
 Thou hess thy horn ay in thair sydis  
     That can nocht flee ;  
 Thay furdur werst <sup>10</sup> in thee confydis,  
     I say for me.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

### MY HEART IS HEICH ABOIF

This piece, from the Bannatyne MS., is unsigned, but is very similar in character to *Up, Helsum Heart* (p. 90), and is most probably by Scott, although he has no other example of this measure.

My heart is heich <sup>11</sup> aboif,  
 My body is full of bliss,  
 For I am set in lufe,  
 Als weill as I wald wiss ;

<sup>1</sup> Buck (familiarly). <sup>2</sup> At a venture. <sup>3</sup> Rejects.

<sup>4</sup> Which.

<sup>5</sup> Cares for.

<sup>7</sup> Estranged from.

<sup>4</sup> Tears.

<sup>8</sup> Banishest.

<sup>9</sup> Gone.

<sup>10</sup> Prosper worst.

<sup>11</sup> High.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

I lufe my lady pure,  
 And scho luvis me agane;  
 I am her serviture,  
 Scho is my soverane.

Scho is my very heart,  
 I am hir howp and heill;  
 Scho is my joy inwart,  
 I am hir luvair leill;  
 I am hir bound and thrall,  
 Scho is at my command;  
 I am perpetuall  
 Hir man, both fute and hand.

The thing that may hir pleiss  
 My body sall fulfill;  
 Whatever hir diseis,  
 It dois my body ill.  
 My bird,<sup>1</sup> my bony ane,  
 My tender bab venust,<sup>2</sup>  
 My lufe, my life allane,  
 My liking and my lust.

We interchange our hairtis  
 In uthiris<sup>3</sup> armis soft;  
 Spreitless we twa depairtis  
 Usand our luvis oft;  
 We murn when licht day dawis,<sup>4</sup>  
 We plene<sup>5</sup> the nicht is short,  
 We curse the cock that crawis,  
 That hinderis our disport.

<sup>1</sup> Lady.<sup>4</sup> Bright day dawns.<sup>2</sup> Delightful.<sup>3</sup> Each other's.<sup>5</sup> Complain.

I glowffin <sup>1</sup> up agast,  
When I hir miss on nicht,<sup>2</sup>  
And in my oxter fast  
I find the bowster richt;  
Then languor on me lies,  
Like Morpheus the mair,<sup>3</sup>  
Whilk caussis me uprise  
And to my sweit repair :

And then is all the sorrow  
Furth of remembrance,  
That ever I had a sorrow  
In luvis observance.  
Thus nevir I do rest,  
So lusty a life I leid;  
When that I list to test  
The well of womanheid.

Luvaris in pane, I pray;  
God send you sic remeid <sup>4</sup>  
As I haif nicht and day,  
You to defend from deid ; <sup>5</sup>  
Thairfoir be ever trew  
Unto your ladeis free,  
And they will on you rew,  
As mine hes done on me.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Waken up suddenly.  
<sup>3</sup> More.

<sup>4</sup> Such a remedy.

<sup>2</sup> During the night.  
<sup>5</sup> Death.

## ANE WELCUM TO EILD

Published from the Maitland MS. in Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786.

WHEN Phebus in the raine cloud  
 Oursylit had the bemis bricht ;  
 And all wes lowne,<sup>1</sup> before wes loud,  
 Causit be silence of the night ;  
 I saw sittand ane werë wicht,  
 Murning and making dreirie mone,  
 Whilk<sup>2</sup> full sobirlie sat and sicht :<sup>3</sup>  
 "Welcum eild, for youth is gone !"

In gaynis of my yeiris gent<sup>4</sup>  
 The flouris of my fresh youthheid ;  
 I wait<sup>5</sup> nocht how away is went,  
 And wallowit as the winter weid,<sup>6</sup>  
 My curage waxis deif, and deid ;  
 My rubie cheiks, wes reid as rone,<sup>7</sup>  
 Are leyn and lauchtane<sup>8</sup> as the leid :  
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone.

As shadow in the sonnis beme,  
 Or primroses in the winter shower ;  
 So all my days is bot ane dreime,  
 And haif the sleiping of an hour !  
 For my plesance of paramour,  
 This proverb now I mon propone,  
*Exempil is said als sweit as sour :*  
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone.

<sup>1</sup> Calm.<sup>2</sup> Who.<sup>3</sup> Sighed.<sup>4</sup> Comely.<sup>5</sup> Wot.<sup>6</sup> Herbage.<sup>7</sup> Red as the rose.<sup>8</sup> Dull in colour.

Ane nap is nurisand eftir none,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ane fire is fosterand for my feit ;  
 With dowbil sokkis for my shone,  
 And mittans for my handis meit ;  
 At lufis lair<sup>2</sup> I list nocht leit :<sup>3</sup>  
 I like best when I lig alone.  
 Now all is sour befor wes sweet :  
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone !

My curland hair, my crystal ene,<sup>4</sup>  
 Are beld, and bleird, as all may see ;  
 My bak, that sumtime brent<sup>5</sup> hes bene,  
 Now crukis like ane cramok tree ;  
 Be<sup>6</sup> me your sampill ye may see ;  
 For so said wourthy Salomon ;  
*Elding is end of earthly gle :*  
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone.

O fresh youtheid of yearis grene !  
 O tendir plant of hie curage,  
 As thou art now, so have I bene ;  
 Als plesand, and of sic parage.<sup>7</sup>  
 Youthheid, have thou mind on age,  
 And deid<sup>8</sup> that closis all in stone ;  
 Sen heir lestis none heretage,  
 Welcum eild, for youth is gone.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Noon.

<sup>5</sup> Straight.

<sup>2</sup> Learning.

<sup>6</sup> By.

<sup>3</sup> Listen.

<sup>7</sup> Quality.

<sup>4</sup> Eyes.

<sup>8</sup> Death.

## OUR GUDEMAN

The two following pieces are taken from *The Gude and Godly Ballates*, a volume much used in the services of the early Scottish Reformers, and consisting partly of hymns translated from the German, partly of parodies of popular ditties, most of which have now perished. The two following examples evidently retain very much of the form and manner of the old songs which suggested them.

"Till<sup>1</sup> our gudeman,<sup>2</sup> till our gudeman,  
Keip faith and lufe till our gudeman."

For our gudeman in Hevin dois ring<sup>3</sup>  
In gloir and bliss without ending,  
Where angellis singis ever ofan  
In laude and praise of our gudeman.

Our gudeman desyris three thingis,  
Ane heart where fra contritioun ringis,  
Syne<sup>4</sup> lufe him best our saullis that wan,  
When we war loist fra our gudeman.

And our gudeman, that ever was kind,  
Requyris of us ane faithful mind,  
Syne cheritable be with everie clan,  
For lufe only of our gudeman.

Yit our gudeman requiris moir,  
To give na creature his gloir;  
And gif we do, do what we can,  
We sall be loist for our gudeman.

And our gudeman he promised sure  
To everie faithfull creature  
His greit mercy, that now or than  
Will call for grace at our gudeman.

<sup>1</sup> To.<sup>2</sup> Husband.<sup>3</sup> Reign.<sup>4</sup> Then.

Adam, that our foirfather was,  
 He loist us all for his trespas ;  
 Whais brukkil <sup>1</sup> banis we may sair ban,<sup>2</sup>  
 That gart <sup>3</sup> us lois our awin gudeman.

Yet our gudeman, gracious and gude,  
 For our salvation shed his blude  
 Upon the croce, where than began  
 The mercifulneess of our gudeman.

This is the blude did us refresh,  
 This is the blude that mon us wesh <sup>4</sup>—  
 The blude that from his heart forthran  
 Made us free airis <sup>5</sup> till our gudeman.

Now let us pray, baith day and hour,  
 Till Christ our onlie mediatour  
 Till save us on the day that whan  
 We sall be judgeit be our gudeman.  
*Anonymous.*

## ALL MY LUF, LEIF ME NOT

ALL my Luf, leif me not,  
 Leif me not, leif me not !  
 All my Luf, leif me not !  
 Thus mine alone ;  
 With ane burding on my back,  
 I may not beir it I am sa waik,  
 Luf, this burden from me tak,  
 Or ellis I am gone.

<sup>1</sup> Brittle.<sup>4</sup> Must us wash.<sup>2</sup> Sorely curse.<sup>5</sup> Heirs.<sup>3</sup> Made.



With sinnis I am ladin soir,

Leif me not, leif me not !

With sinnis I am ladin soir,

Leif me not alone !

I pray thee, Lord, thairfoir,

Keip not my sinnis in stoir,

Lowfe<sup>1</sup> me, or I be forloir,<sup>2</sup>

And leif me not alone !

With thy handis thou hes me wrocht,

Leif me not, leif me not !

With thy handis thou hes me wrocht,

Leif me not alone !

I was sauld, and thou me bocht,

With thy blood tho hes me coft,<sup>3</sup>

Now am I hidder socht

To thee, Lord, alone.

I cry and I call to thee

To leif me not, to leif me not,

I cry and I call to thee

To leif me not alone.

All they that ladin be,

Thou biddis thame come to thee ;

Then sall they savit be

Throw thy mercy alone.

Thou savis all the penitent,

And leifis them not, and leifis them not,

Thou savis all the penitent,

And leifis them not alone.

All that will their sinnis repent,

None of them salbe schent,<sup>4</sup>

Suppose thy bow be reddy bent,

Of them thou killis none.

<sup>1</sup> Love.

<sup>2</sup> Forlorn.

<sup>3</sup> Bought.

<sup>4</sup> Destroyed.

Faith, Hope, and Charitie,  
 Leif me not, leif me not !  
 Faith, Hope, and Charitie,  
 Leif me not alone !  
 I pray the Lord grant me  
 Thir <sup>1</sup> godly giftis three,  
 Than sall I savit be,  
 Doubt have I none.

To the Father be all gloir,  
 That leivis us not, leivis us not,  
 To the Father be all gloir,  
 That leivis us not alone.  
 Sone and Haily Gaist, ever moir,  
 As it was of befoir ;  
 Throw Christ our Saviour,  
 We are saif every one.

*Anonymous.*

## SATIRE ON THE TOUN LADYES

Sir Richard Maitland (1496-1586), the most famous and respected Scottish judge of his time, was struck with blindness about 1561, and from that time devoted his leisure mainly to literature and poetry, his eldest daughter assisting him as reader and amanuensis. His verses are mainly of interest for their social and political references, but they are by no means wanting in vigour and wit.

SOME wyfis of the burrows-toun  
 Sa wondir <sup>2</sup> vane are and wantoun,  
 In warld they wat <sup>3</sup> not what to weir,  
 On claythis <sup>4</sup> they wair <sup>5</sup> mony a croun ;  
 And all for newfangilnes <sup>6</sup> of geir.

<sup>1</sup> Those.

<sup>4</sup> Clothes.

<sup>2</sup> Wondrous.

<sup>5</sup> Spend.

<sup>3</sup> Know.

<sup>6</sup> Novelty.

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Their bodies bravelie they attyir,  
Of carnal lust to eik<sup>1</sup> the fyir;  
I fairlie<sup>2</sup> why they have na feir  
To gar men deime<sup>3</sup> what that they desire;  
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Their gouns are coistlie, and trimlie traillis,  
Barrit with velvous, sleif, nek, and taillis;  
And then foirs skirt of silkis seir<sup>4</sup>  
Of fynest camroche their fuk sailis;<sup>5</sup>  
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

And of fine silk their furrit cloikis,  
With hingand<sup>6</sup> sleivis, like geill poikis;<sup>7</sup>  
Na preiching will gar them forbeir  
To weir all thing that sin provoikis;  
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Their wylecoats man<sup>8</sup> weill be hewit,<sup>9</sup>  
Broudirit richt braid,<sup>10</sup> with pasmentis sewit;<sup>11</sup>  
I trow, wha wald the matter speir,<sup>12</sup>  
That their gudmen had cause to rew it  
That evir their wyfis weir sic geir.<sup>13</sup>

Their wovin hois of silk are shawin  
Barrit abone with tasteis<sup>14</sup> drawin;  
With gartens of ane new maneir,  
To gar<sup>15</sup> their courtliness be knawin;  
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

<sup>1</sup> Feed.

<sup>2</sup> Marvel.

<sup>3</sup> Make men judge.

<sup>4</sup> Various.

<sup>5</sup> Foc'sles.

<sup>6</sup> Hanging.

<sup>7</sup> Jelly-bags.

<sup>8</sup> Under-petticoats must.

<sup>9</sup> Coloured.

<sup>10</sup> Broad.

<sup>11</sup> Sewed with pieces of silk.

<sup>12</sup> Inquire into.

<sup>13</sup> Such raiment.

<sup>14</sup> Tassels.

<sup>15</sup> Make.

Sometime they will beir up thair gown,  
 To shaw their wylecot hingeand down;  
     And sometime bayth they will upbeir,  
 To shaw their hois of black or brown;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hals beidis,<sup>1</sup>  
 With velvet hats heicht <sup>2</sup> on their heidis,  
     Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir,<sup>3</sup>  
 Brouderit about with goldin threidis;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Their schone <sup>4</sup> of velvet, and their muillis! <sup>5</sup>  
 In kirk are not content of stuillis,  
     The sermon when they sit to heir;  
 Bot caryis cuschingis lyik vain fuillis;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

I mein <sup>6</sup> of them their honour dreidis;  
 Why sould they nocht have honest weidis,  
     To their estate doand effeir? <sup>7</sup>  
 I mein of them their state exceidis;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

For sometimes wyfis sa grave hes bein,  
 Lyik gigarets,<sup>8</sup> cled wald nocht be sein.  
     Of burgess wyfis thocht I speik heir,  
 Think weill <sup>9</sup> of all wemen I mein,  
     On vaniteis that waistis geir.

<sup>1</sup> Necklaces and throat beads.<sup>2</sup> High.<sup>3</sup> Young swell.<sup>4</sup> Shoes.<sup>5</sup> Sandals.<sup>6</sup> Lament.<sup>7</sup> What is fit.<sup>8</sup> Young girls.<sup>9</sup> Be assured.

They say wyfis are so delicat  
 In feiding, feisting, and bankat,  
 Some not content are with such cheir  
 As weill may suffice thair estate ;  
 For newfangilnes of cheir and geir.

And some will spend mair, I heir say,  
 In spyce and droggis on ane day  
 Than wald thair mothers in ane year ;  
 Whilk <sup>1</sup> will gar mony pak <sup>2</sup> decay,  
 When they sa vainly waste their geir.<sup>3</sup>

Therefor young wyfis speciallie,  
 Of all sic <sup>4</sup> faultis hald you frie,  
 And moderatly to leif now leir <sup>5</sup> ;  
 In meit and clayth <sup>6</sup> accordinglie ;  
 And nocht sa vainlie waste your geir.

Use not to skift athort the gait,<sup>7</sup>  
 Nor na mum chairtis,<sup>8</sup> air <sup>9</sup> nor lait ;  
 Be na dainser, nor this daingeir  
 Of you be tane an ill consaitt  
 That ye are abill to waist geir.

Hant <sup>10</sup> ay in honest companie  
 And all suspicious places flie ;  
 Let never harlot come you neir,  
 That wald you leid to lecherie,  
 In houp to get therefor some geir.

<sup>1</sup> Who.<sup>2</sup> Make many fortune.<sup>3</sup> Possessions.<sup>4</sup> Such.<sup>5</sup> Learn.<sup>6</sup> Dress.<sup>7</sup> To skip across the street.<sup>8</sup> Playing cards.<sup>9</sup> Early.<sup>10</sup> Haunt.

My counsell I geve generallie  
 To all wemen, whatever they be,  
 This lesson for to quin perqueir,<sup>1</sup>  
 Syne<sup>2</sup> keip it weill continuallie  
 Better nor onye warldlie geir.

Leif,<sup>3</sup> burgess men, or all be loist,  
 On your wyfis to mak sic cost,  
 Whilk<sup>4</sup> may gar<sup>5</sup> all your bairnis bleir :<sup>6</sup>  
 Scho that may not want wyne and roist  
 Is abill for to waist sum geir.

Betwene thame and nobillis of blude  
 Na difference bot ane velvous huid !  
 Their camroche curcheis<sup>7</sup> are als deir ;  
 Their uther claythis are als guid ;  
 And they als costlie in uther geir.

Bot, wald grit ladyis tak gud heid  
 To their honour, and find remeid,  
 They suld thole<sup>8</sup> na sic wyfis to weir,  
 Like lordis wyfis, ladyis<sub>2</sub> weid,  
 As dames of honour in their geir.

I speik for na despyt trewlie,  
 (Myself am nocht of faultis frie,)  
 Bot that ye sould nocht perseveir  
 Into sic folische vanitie,  
 For na newfangilnes of geir.

<sup>1</sup> Con by heart.<sup>4</sup> Which.<sup>7</sup> Cambric kerchiefs.<sup>2</sup> Then.<sup>5</sup> Make.<sup>8</sup> Suffer.<sup>3</sup> Cease.<sup>6</sup> Lament.



Of burgess wyfis thoch I speik plain,  
 Some landwart ladyis are als vain,  
 As be<sup>1</sup> their clathing may appeir;  
 Werand<sup>2</sup> gayer nor them may gain:  
 On our<sup>3</sup> vain claythis waistand geir.<sup>4</sup>

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

### AGANIS THE THEIVIS OF LIDDISDAILL

The thieves referred to are the Border raiders.

Of Liddisdaill the commoun theifis  
 Sa pertlie<sup>5</sup> steillis now and reiffis,  
 That nane may keip  
 Horse, nolt, nor sheip,  
 Nor yit dar sleip  
 For their mischeifis.

They plainlie throw the countrie rydis;  
 I trow the meikill<sup>6</sup> devill them gydis;  
 Where they onset  
 Ay in their gait<sup>7</sup>  
 There is na yett<sup>8</sup>  
 Nor dure them bydis.<sup>9</sup>

They leif richt nocht;<sup>10</sup> wherever they ga  
 There can nothing be hid them fra;  
 For, gif men wald  
 Thair housis hald,  
 Than wax they bald  
 To burn and slay.

<sup>1</sup> By.

<sup>2</sup> Wearing.

<sup>3</sup> Too.

<sup>4</sup> Money.

<sup>5</sup> Impudently.

<sup>6</sup> Big.

<sup>7</sup> Path.

<sup>8</sup> Gate.

<sup>9</sup> Withstands.

<sup>10</sup> Nothing.



They<sup>1</sup> theifis have neirhand herreit hail<sup>2</sup>  
 Ettrick forest and Lauderdale;  
 Now are they gane  
 In Lothiane,  
 And sparis nane  
 That they will wail.<sup>3</sup>

They landis are with stouth sa socht,<sup>4</sup>  
 To extreme povertie are brocht;  
 They wicked schrowis<sup>5</sup>  
 Has laid<sup>6</sup> the plowis,  
 That nane or few is  
 That are left ocht.<sup>7</sup>

By commoun taking of blak-mail,  
 They that had flesh and breid and aill,  
 Now are sa wraikit,<sup>8</sup>  
 Made puir and naikit,  
 Fane to be staikit<sup>9</sup>  
 With water-caill.<sup>10</sup>

They theifis that steillis and luris<sup>11</sup> hame,  
 Ilk<sup>12</sup> ane of them hes ane to-name:<sup>13</sup>  
 Will of the Lawis,  
 Hab of the Shawis;  
 To mak bare wawis,<sup>14</sup>  
 They think na shame.

They spuiye<sup>15</sup> puir men of their pakis;<sup>16</sup>  
 They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;

<sup>1</sup> Those.<sup>2</sup> Almost wholly harried.<sup>3</sup> Choose.<sup>4</sup> So wasted with theft.<sup>5</sup> Villains.<sup>6</sup> Stopped.<sup>7</sup> Aught.<sup>8</sup> Wretched.<sup>9</sup> Satisfied.<sup>10</sup> Broth without beef.<sup>11</sup> Carries off.<sup>12</sup> Each.<sup>13</sup> By-name.<sup>14</sup> Walls.<sup>15</sup> Spoil.<sup>16</sup> Substance.

Bayth hen and cok,  
 With reill and rok,<sup>1</sup>  
 The landis Jok,  
 All with him takis.

They leif not spendill, spoon, nor speit,  
 Bed, bowster, blanket, sark,<sup>2</sup> nor sheit :

John of the Park  
 Rypis kist<sup>3</sup> and ark ;  
 For all sic wark<sup>4</sup>  
 He is richt meit.

He is weill kend, John of the Syd ;  
 A gretar theif did nevar ryde :

He never tyris  
 For to brek byris ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Our<sup>6</sup> muir and myris<sup>7</sup>  
 Our<sup>8</sup> gude ane gyide.

Thair is ane, callit Clement's Hob,  
 Fra ilk puir wyfe reiffis hir wob,<sup>9</sup>

And all the laif,<sup>10</sup>  
 Whatever they haif :  
 The devil resave  
 Therefoir his gob !

To sic grit stouth<sup>11</sup> wha-eir wald trow it,  
 But gif<sup>12</sup> some greit man it allowit ?

Richt sair<sup>13</sup> I rew,  
 Thocht it be trew,  
 There is sa few  
 That dar avow it.

<sup>1</sup> Reel and distaff.

<sup>4</sup> Such work.

<sup>7</sup> Mosses.

<sup>11</sup> Such great stealing.

<sup>2</sup> Shirt.

<sup>5</sup> Cowhouses.

<sup>8</sup> Web.

<sup>12</sup> Unless.

<sup>3</sup> Explores chest.

<sup>6</sup> Over.

<sup>10</sup> Others.

<sup>13</sup> Sorely.

Of some grit men they have sic gait<sup>1</sup>  
 That redy are them to debait<sup>2</sup>  
 And will up weir<sup>3</sup>  
 Their stolin geir<sup>4</sup>  
 That nane dar steir<sup>5</sup>  
 Them, air<sup>6</sup> nor lait.

What causis theifis us our-gang<sup>7</sup>  
 Bot want of justice us amang?  
 Nane takis cair  
 Thocht all forfair:<sup>8</sup>  
 Na man will spair  
 Now to do wrang.

Of stouth thocht now they come gude speid  
 That nother of men nor God hes dreid,  
 Yit, or I de,  
 Some sall them se  
 Hing on a tre  
 Whill<sup>9</sup> they be deid.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

## THE BANKIS OF HELICON

Alexander Montgomerie (1545?-1606?), the last of the old Scots "makaris," was specially accomplished as a metrist. He is supposed to have invented the stave of *The Bankis of Helicon*, which he made use of for his longest poem, *The Cherry and the Slae*, and he is the only one of the Scots "makaris" who made use of the sonnet.

DECLARE, ye bankis of Helicon,  
 Pernassus hillis and daillis ilkon,<sup>10</sup>  
 And fontain Cabellein,

<sup>1</sup> Means.

<sup>2</sup> Defend.

<sup>3</sup> Guard.

<sup>4</sup> Stuff.

<sup>5</sup> Meddle with.

<sup>6</sup> Early.

<sup>7</sup> Oppress.

<sup>8</sup> Though all perish.

<sup>9</sup> Uptil.

<sup>10</sup> Each one.

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Gif ony of your Muses all,  
 Or nymphes may be peregall<sup>1</sup>  
 Unto my lady schein?<sup>2</sup>  
 Or if the ladyis that did lave  
 Their bodies by your brim  
 So seimlie war or yit so suave,  
 So beautiful or trim?  
 Contempill, exempill  
 Tak be hir proper port,  
 Gif onye sa bonye  
 Amang you did resort.

No, no. Forsuith was never none  
 That with this perfyte paragon  
 In beautie nicht compair:  
 The Muses would have given the grië<sup>3</sup>  
 To her as to the Aperse  
 And peirles pearl preclair,<sup>4</sup>  
 Thinking with admiration  
 Her person so perfyte.  
 Nature, in hir creatioun,  
 To form her tuik delyte.  
 Confess then, express then  
 Your nymphs and all their trace,  
 For beautie, of dutie,  
 Sould yield and give her place.

Apelles—wha did sa decoir<sup>5</sup>  
 Dame Venus face and breist befoir,  
 With colouris exquiseit,  
 That nane nicht be compared theretill<sup>6</sup>  
 Nor yit na painter had ye skill  
 The body to compleit—

<sup>1</sup> Equal.

<sup>4</sup> Illustrious.

<sup>2</sup> Bright.

<sup>5</sup> Adorn.

<sup>3</sup> Prize.

<sup>6</sup> Thereto.

War he this lyvelie goddess grace  
And beautie to behauld,  
He wald confess his craft and face  
Surpast a thousand fauld :  
Not abill, in tabill,  
With colours competent,  
So quicklie or likelie  
A form to represent.

Or had my ladye been alyve,  
When the thrie goddesses did stryve,  
And Paris wes made judge,  
False Helene, Menelaus maik,<sup>1</sup>  
Had ne'er caused King Priamus wraik<sup>2</sup>  
In Troy, nor had refudge;  
For ather scho the prys had wone  
As weill of womanheid;  
Or ellis with Paris, Priam's sone,  
Had gone in Helen's steid;  
Esteemèd and demèd  
Of colour twyis so cleir;  
Far swetar, and metar  
To have bein Paris feir.<sup>3</sup>

As Phebus tress her hair and breeis,<sup>4</sup>  
With angel hew and cristal eeis,  
And tounge most eloquent;  
Her teith as pearl in curall set;  
Her lypis and cheikis pumice fret;  
As rose maist redolent;

<sup>1</sup> Partner.<sup>2</sup> Companion.<sup>2</sup> Wreck.<sup>4</sup> Eyebrows.

With yvoire nek and pomellis<sup>1</sup> round  
 And comlie intervall;  
 Her lillie lyire<sup>2</sup> so soft and sound,  
 And proper memberis all;  
 Bayth brichter and tichter  
 Than marbre poleist clein;  
 Perfyter and whyter  
 Than Venus, luiffes quein.

Her angel voice in melodie  
 Dois pass the hevenlie harmonie,  
 And Sirens' song most sweet;  
 For to behauld her countenance,  
 Her gudellie grace and governance,  
 It is a joy compleit;  
 Sa wittie, verteous, and wyis,  
 And prudent but<sup>3</sup> compair;  
 Without all wickedness and vyce,  
 Maist douce and debonair;  
 In vesture and gesture  
 Maist seimlie and modest;  
 With wourdis and bourdis<sup>4</sup>  
 To solace the opprest.

Na thing thair is in her at all  
 That is not supernatural,  
 Maist proper and perfyte;  
 So fresh, so fragrant and so fair,  
 As Deës<sup>5</sup> and dame Beauties air,<sup>6</sup>  
 And dochter of delyte;

<sup>1</sup> Breasts.<sup>4</sup> Jokes.<sup>2</sup> Skin.<sup>5</sup> Goddesses.<sup>3</sup> Without.<sup>6</sup> Heir.

With qualeteis and form devine,  
 Be<sup>1</sup> nature sa decoird,<sup>2</sup>  
 As goddes of all feminine,  
 Of men to be adoid:  
 Sa blissted that wissed<sup>3</sup>  
 Scho is in all men's thocht,  
 As rarest and fairest  
 That ever Nature wrocht.

Her luikis, as Titan radiant,  
 Wald pers ane heart of adamant,  
 And it to love alluire;  
 Her birning beautie dois embrayis  
 My breist, and all my mind amayis,  
 And bodye hail combuire.<sup>4</sup>  
 I have no shift bot to resing<sup>5</sup>  
 All power into her handis;  
 And willingly my hait to bring,  
 To bind it in her bandis.  
 To langwiss in angwiss,  
 Soir woundit and opprest,  
 Forleitit,<sup>6</sup> or treitit,<sup>7</sup>  
 As scho sall think it best.

I houp sa peirless pulchritud  
 Will not be void of mansuetude,<sup>8</sup>  
 Nor cruellie be bent;  
 Sa, ladye, for thy courtesie,  
 Have pitie on my miserie,  
 And lat nie not be schent;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By.<sup>4</sup> Completely consume.<sup>7</sup> Petted.<sup>2</sup> Decorated.<sup>5</sup> Resign.<sup>8</sup> Gentleness.<sup>3</sup> Desired.<sup>6</sup> Forsaken.<sup>9</sup> Undone.



What prayis have ye to be seveir,  
 Or cruellie to kill  
 Your woful woundit prisonier,  
 All youldin in<sup>1</sup> your will;  
 Ay preising but<sup>2</sup> ceising  
 Maist humlie for to serve?  
 Then pruf me, and luif me,  
 As deidis sall deserve.

And gif<sup>3</sup> ye find dissait in me,  
 Or ony quent consait in me,  
 Your bontie till<sup>4</sup> abuse,  
 My dowbill deling be<sup>5</sup> disdaine  
 Acquyt, and pay me hame againe  
 And flatlie me refuse;  
 Bot sen I mein sinceritie  
 And trew luif from my heart,  
 To quyt<sup>6</sup> me with austeritie  
 Forsuith war not your part;  
 Or trap me, or wrap me  
 Maist wrangfullie in wo,  
 Forsaiking and wraiking<sup>7</sup>  
 Your servand as your foe.

Alace! let not trew amitie  
 Be quyite<sup>8</sup> with so greit crueltie,  
 Nor service be<sup>5</sup> disdain;  
 Bot rather, heart, be reuthful,  
 And ye sall find me treuthful,  
 Constant, secreit and plain:

<sup>1</sup> Yielded to.<sup>4</sup> To.<sup>7</sup> Ruining.<sup>2</sup> Without.<sup>5</sup> By.<sup>8</sup> Required.<sup>3</sup> If.<sup>6</sup> Requite.

In sorrow lat me not consome,  
 Nor langer dölour drie,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bot suddanlie pronounce the dome  
 Gif<sup>2</sup> I sall leif or die:  
 That having my craving,  
 Mirthful I may remain,  
 Or speid sone the deid<sup>3</sup> sone,  
 And put me out of pain.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

### ADIEU TO HIS MAISTRES

ADIEU, O daisy of delyt;  
 Adieu, most plesand and perfyte;  
 Adieu, and haif gude nicht:  
 Adieu, thou lustiest on lyve;  
 Adieu, sweet thing superlatyve;  
 Adieu, my lamp of licht!  
 Like as the lissard does indeid  
 Leiv by the manis face,  
 Thy beäutie likewise suld me feid,  
 If we had time and space.  
 Adieu now; be true now,  
 Sen that we must depart.  
 Forget not, and set not  
 At licht my constant heart.

Albeit my body be absent,  
 My faithful heart is vigilant  
 To do you service true;  
 Bot when I hant into<sup>4</sup> the place  
 Where I wes wont to sie that face,  
 My dölour does renew.

<sup>1</sup> Suffer.

<sup>2</sup> If.

<sup>3</sup> Death.

<sup>4</sup> Frequent.

Then all my plesur is bot pain,  
 My cairis they do increas;  
 Until I sie your face again  
 I live in heavynes.  
 Sair weeping, but <sup>1</sup> sleeping  
 The nichtis I ouerdryve;<sup>2</sup>  
 Whylis<sup>3</sup> murning, whylis turning,  
 With thoghtis pensivitye.

Sometime Good Hope did me comfort,  
 Saying, the time suld be bot short  
 Of absence to endure.  
 Then curage quickins so my spreit,  
 When I think on my lady sweet,  
 I hald my service sure.  
 I can not plaint<sup>4</sup> of my estait,  
 I thank the gods above;  
 For I am first in her consait,  
 Whom both I serve and love.  
 Her freindis ay weindis<sup>5</sup>  
 To cause her to revoke;  
 Scho bydis, and slydis  
 No more than does a rok.

O lady, for thy constancie,  
 A faithful servand sall I be,  
 Thine honour to defend;  
 And I sall surelie, for thy sake,  
 As doth the turtle for her maik,<sup>6</sup>  
 Love to my lysis end.

<sup>1</sup> Without.<sup>2</sup> Spend.<sup>3</sup> Now.<sup>4</sup> Complain.<sup>5</sup> Try insinuatingly.<sup>6</sup> Mate.

No pene nor travell, feir nor dreid,  
 Sall cause me to desist.  
 Then ay when ye this letter reid,  
 Remember how we kist;  
 Embracing with lacing,  
 With others teiris sweet,  
 Sic blissing in kissing  
 I quyt<sup>1</sup> till we twa meit.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

### THE NICHT IS NEIR GONE

Founded on an older song, which is also parodied in *The Gude and Godly Ballates*.

HAY ! now the day dauis,<sup>2</sup>  
 The jolie cok crauis,  
 Now shroudis the shauis<sup>3</sup>  
 Throu Nature anone.  
 The thissell-cok.<sup>4</sup> cryis  
 On lovers wha lyis,  
 Now skaillis<sup>5</sup> the skyis:  
 The night is neir gone.

The feildis ouerflouis  
 With gouans<sup>6</sup> that grouis  
 Where lilies like lou<sup>7</sup> is,  
 Als rid as the rone.<sup>8</sup>  
 The turtill that treu is,  
 With notes that renewis,  
 Her partie perseuis:  
 The night is neir gone.

<sup>1</sup> Leave.

<sup>5</sup> Clears.

<sup>2</sup> Dawns.

<sup>6</sup> Wild daisies.

<sup>3</sup> Woods.

<sup>7</sup> Flame.

<sup>4</sup> The male thrush.

<sup>8</sup> Rowanberry.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

Now Hartis with Hyndis,  
 Conform to their kyndis,  
 Hie tursis their tyndis,<sup>1</sup>

On grund where they grone.

Now Hurchonis,<sup>2</sup> with Hairis,  
 Ay passis in pairis;  
 Whilk<sup>3</sup> deuly declaris

The night is neir gone.

The sesone excellis  
 Thruh sweetness that smellis;  
 Now Cupid compellis

Our heartis echone.

On Venus wha waikis,  
 To muse on our maikis,<sup>4</sup>  
 Syn<sup>5</sup> sing, for their saikis:

“The night is neir gone.”

All curageous knichtis  
 Aganis the day dichtis<sup>6</sup>  
 The breist plate that bright is,  
 To fecht<sup>7</sup> with their fone.<sup>8</sup>

The stonèd steed<sup>9</sup> stampis  
 Through courage and crampis,<sup>10</sup>  
 Syn<sup>11</sup> on the land lampis:<sup>12</sup>

The night is neir gone.

The freikis<sup>13</sup> on feildis  
 That wight wapins weildis  
 With shining bright shieldis  
 As Titan in trone;<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Toss their horns.    <sup>2</sup> Hedgehogs.    <sup>3</sup> Which.    <sup>4</sup> Mates.  
<sup>5</sup> Then.    <sup>6</sup> Scour.    <sup>7</sup> Fight.    <sup>8</sup> Foes.    <sup>9</sup> Stallion.  
<sup>10</sup> Rears.    <sup>11</sup> Then.    <sup>12</sup> Gallops.    <sup>13</sup> Men.    <sup>14</sup> Throne.

Stiff speiris in reistis,  
 Ouer cursoris cristis,<sup>1</sup>  
 Are brok on their breistis :  
     The night is neir gone.

So hard are their hittis,  
 Some sweyis,<sup>2</sup> some sittis,  
 And some perforce flittis  
     On grund whill they grone.  
 Syn<sup>3</sup> groomis that gay is,  
 On blonkis<sup>4</sup> that brayis,  
 With swordis assayis :  
     The night is neir gone.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

## SONNET

TO HIS MAISTRES

This form of sonnet—abba, abba, ccd, eed—which avoids the use of the final couplet, Montgomerie got from Ronsard.

BRYHT amorous ee<sup>5</sup> whare Love in ambush lyes,  
 Cleir crystal tear distilde at our depairt,<sup>6</sup>  
 Sweet secreit sigh more peircing nor a dairt,  
 Inchanting voice, bewitcher of the wyes,  
 White ivory hand whilk<sup>7</sup> thrust my fingers pryse :—  
 I challenge you, the causers of my smart,  
 As homicideis, and murthereis of my heart,  
 In Resone's court to suffer ane assyse.  
 Bot oh ! I fear, yea rather wot<sup>8</sup> I weill,  
 To be repledgt ye plainly will appeill

<sup>1</sup> Crests.

<sup>4</sup> White coursers.

<sup>7</sup> Which.

<sup>2</sup> Sway.

<sup>5</sup> Eye.

<sup>8</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Then.

<sup>6</sup> Departure.

To Love, whom Resone never culd command :  
 Bot since I can not better mine estate,  
 Yit whill I live, at leist I sall regrate  
 Ane ee, a teir, a sigh, a voce, a hand.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

# SONNET

## TO THE SAME

Written in the Spenserian form, of which Montgomerie was without doubt the inventor.

So swete a kiss yistrene <sup>1</sup> fra thee I reft,  
 In bouing down thy body on the bed,  
 That even my life within thy lippis I left ;  
 Sensyne <sup>2</sup> from thee my spirit wald never  
 shed ;  
 To folou thee it from my body fled,  
 And left my corps as cold as ony kie.<sup>3</sup>  
 But when the danger of my death I dred,  
 To seik my spreit I sent my heart to thee ;  
 But it was so inamored with thine ee,<sup>4</sup>  
 With thee it mindit <sup>5</sup> likewise to remain :  
 So thou hes keepit captive all the thrie,  
 More glaid to byde <sup>6</sup> then to return again.  
 Except thy breath their places had supplait,<sup>7</sup>  
 Even in thine arms there doubtless had I deit.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

<sup>1</sup> Last night.

<sup>5</sup> Wished.

<sup>2</sup> Since then.

<sup>6</sup> Stay.

<sup>3</sup> Key.

<sup>7</sup> Supplied.

<sup>4</sup> Eye.



## O WALY, WALY

This is a very old song, and has probably some connection with *Willow, Willow, Willow*, the song which occurs in Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 3. A parody occurs in a MS. of possibly as early a date as 1620, and the song itself is contained in the Percy folio MS. 1650.

O WALY, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly by yon burnside  
 Where I and my Love wont to gae.  
 I lent my back against an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd and syne<sup>1</sup> it brak:  
 Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly, but love is bonny  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld  
 And fades awa' like morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk<sup>2</sup> my head?  
 O wherefore should I kame my hair?  
 For my true Love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,  
 The sheets sall ne'er be prest by me;  
 Saint Anton's Well sall be my drink,  
 Since my true Love's forsaken me.  
 Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I am wearie.

<sup>1</sup> Then.<sup>2</sup> Adorn.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,  
 'Tis not sic <sup>1</sup> cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town  
 We were a comely sight to see :  
 My Love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,  
 That love had been sae ill <sup>2</sup> to win,  
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd  
 And pinn'd it with a siller <sup>3</sup> pin.  
 And O ! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysell were dead and gane,  
 And the green grass growing over me !

*Anonymous.*

### THE GABERLUNZIE MAN<sup>4</sup>

This admirably humorous piece was first published in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724, with the signature I. Bishop Percy printed it with the statement : " Tradition informs us that the author of this song was King James v. of Scotland." Probably he was so informed by Lord Hailes, but the tradition is too vaguely supported to be accepted as evidence, and is sufficiently refuted by the rhythm.

THE pawky auld carle <sup>5</sup> cam o'er the lea  
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to me,  
 Saying, " Gudewife, for your courtesie,  
 Will you lodge a silly poor man ? "

<sup>1</sup> Such.

<sup>2</sup> Difficult.

<sup>3</sup> Silver.

<sup>4</sup> The man with the wallet, *i.e.* the beggarman.

<sup>5</sup> Fellow.

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
 My dochter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo' he, "were I as free  
 As first when I saw this countrie,  
 How blyth and merry wad I be!"

And I wad nevir think lang."<sup>1</sup>

He grew canty, and she grew fain,<sup>2</sup>  
 But little did her auld minny ken<sup>3</sup>  
 What thir<sup>4</sup> twa togither were say'n

When wooing they were sa thrang.

"And O!" quo' he, "an' ye were as black  
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,  
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa' wi' me thou sould gang."

"And O!" quo' she, "an' I were as white  
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
 I'd clead me braw<sup>5</sup> and lady-like,

And awa' wi' thee I would gang."

Between the twa was made a plot;  
 They raise a wee before the cock,  
 And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent<sup>6</sup> are gane.

Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
 And at her leisure put on her claise,  
 Syne<sup>7</sup> to the servant's bed she gaes,

To speer<sup>8</sup> for the silly poor man.

<sup>1</sup> Weary.

<sup>2</sup> Fond.

<sup>3</sup> Mother know.

<sup>4</sup> Those.

<sup>5</sup> Fine.

<sup>6</sup> Moorland.

<sup>7</sup> Then.

<sup>8</sup> Ask.

She gaed<sup>1</sup> to the bed where the beggar lay,  
 The strae was cauld, he was away;  
 She clapt her hand, cried "Waladay!  
 For some of our gear<sup>2</sup> will begane."  
 Some ran to coffers and some to kist,<sup>3</sup>  
 But nought was stown, that could be mist;  
 She danced her lane,<sup>4</sup> cried "Praise be blest,  
 I have lodg'd a leal<sup>5</sup> poor man."

"Since naething's awa' as we can learn,  
 The kirk's<sup>6</sup> to kirk and milk to earn;  
 Gae but the house,<sup>7</sup> lass, and waken<sup>8</sup> my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben."<sup>9</sup>  
 The servant gaed<sup>10</sup> where the dochter lay,  
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
 And fast to her goodwife did say,  
 "She's aff<sup>11</sup> with the Gaberlunzie man."

"O fy gar<sup>12</sup> ride and fy gar rin,  
 And haste ye find these traitors again;  
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie man."  
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran afit,  
 The wife was wud,<sup>13</sup> and out of her wit:  
 She could na gang,<sup>14</sup> nor yet could she sit,  
 But ay she curs'd and she bann'd."

Mean time far 'hind out o'er the lea,  
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,  
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Went.<sup>2</sup> Stuff.<sup>3</sup> Chests.<sup>4</sup> Alone.<sup>5</sup> Loyal<sup>6</sup> Churn.<sup>7</sup> Go to the kitchen.<sup>8</sup> Awake.<sup>9</sup> Into the parlour.<sup>10</sup> Went.<sup>11</sup> Away.<sup>12</sup> Make.<sup>13</sup> Mad.<sup>14</sup> Go.<sup>15</sup> Large piece.

The priving<sup>1</sup> was gude, it pleas'd them baith,  
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
 Quo' she, "To leave thee I will be laith,  
 My winsome Gaberlunzie man."

"O kend my minny<sup>2</sup> I were wi' you,  
 Ill-fardly<sup>3</sup> wad she crook her mou';  
 Sic<sup>4</sup> a poor man she'd never trow,  
 After the Gaberlunzie man."

"My dear," quo' he, "ye're yet o'er young,  
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,  
 To follow me frae town to town,  
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on."

"Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk<sup>5</sup> is a gentle trade indeed,  
 To carry the Gaberlunzie on."

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout o'er my ee;  
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
 While we shall be merry and sing."

*Anonymous.*

### THE JOLLIE BEGGAR

First published by Herd (1766). It may or may not derive from a black letter English ballad, *The Jovial Beggar Man*, or they may both have a common original; but in any case the evidence for the James v. authorship is still flimsier and more improbable than it is in the case of *The Gaberlunzie Man*. The chorus suggested Byron's *So we'll go no more a-roving*.

THERE was a jollie beggar,  
 And a-begging he was boun',  
 And he took up his quarters  
 Into a landart<sup>6</sup> town:

<sup>1</sup> Tasting.  
<sup>4</sup> Such.

<sup>2</sup> Knew my mother.  
<sup>5</sup> Which.

<sup>3</sup> Ill-favouredly.  
<sup>6</sup> Inland.



He wadna lie into the barn,  
Nor wad he in the byre,<sup>1</sup>  
But in ahint the ha' door,  
Or else afore the fire.  
And we'll go no more a-roving,  
A-roving in the night;  
We'll go no more a-roving,  
Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,  
Wi' gude clean straw and hay,  
And in ahint the ha' door  
'Twas there the beggar lay.  
Up gat the gudeman's daughter,  
All for to bar the door,  
And there she saw the beggar-man  
Standing on the floor.  
And we'll go no more a-roving,  
A-roving in the night,  
Though maids be e'er so loving,  
And the moon shine e'er so bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,  
Fast to the bed he ran:  
"O hoolie,<sup>2</sup> hoolie wi' me, sir,  
Ye'll waken<sup>3</sup> our gudeman."  
The beggar was a cunning loon,<sup>4</sup>  
And ne'er a word he spak,  
But lang afore the cock had cawn,  
Thus he began to crack:  
"And we'll go no more a-roving,  
A-roving in the night,  
Save when the moon is moving,  
And the stars are shining bright.

<sup>1</sup> Cowhouse.<sup>2</sup> Softly.<sup>3</sup> Awake.<sup>4</sup> Rascal.

"Have ye ony dogs about this toun,  
Maiden, tell me true?"

"And what wad ye do wi' them,  
My hinney and my dow?"<sup>1</sup>

"They'll rive a' my meal-powks,  
And do me mickle<sup>2</sup> wrang."

"O dool for the doing o't,  
Are ye the poor man?"

And we'll go no more a-roving,  
A-roving in the night,  
Nor sit a sweet maid loving  
By coal or candle light.

Then up she gat the meal-powks  
And flung them o'er the wa' :

"The Deil gae wi' the meal-powks,  
My maiden fame and a' :

I took ye for some gentleman,  
At least the laird o' Brodie ;

O dool for the doing o't,  
Are ye the poor bodie?"<sup>3</sup>

And we'll go no more a-roving,  
A-roving in the night,

Although the moon is moving,  
And stars are shining bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,  
And gae her kisses three,

And four-and-twenty hunder merk  
To pay the nurse's fee :

He took a wee horn frae his side,  
And blew baith loud and shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights  
Came skipping o'er the hill.

<sup>1</sup> Dove.

<sup>2</sup> Much.

<sup>3</sup> Creature.



And we'll go no more a-roving,  
 A-roving in the night,  
 Nor sit a sweet maid loving  
 By coal or candle light.

And he took out his little knife,  
 Loot a' his duddies<sup>1</sup> fa',  
 And he was the braivest<sup>2</sup> gentleman  
 That was amang them a'.

The beggar was a clever loon,  
 And he lap shoulder height:

"O ay for sicken<sup>3</sup> quarters  
 As I got yesternight!

And we'll ay gang a-roving,  
 A-roving in the night,  
 For then the maids are loving,  
 And stars are shining bright."

*Anonymous.*

### GENERAL LESLIE'S MARCH TO LONGMARSTON MOOR

This was General David Leslie, Lord Newark, and the battle—in which Leslie acted perhaps a more effectual part than Cromwell—was fought on 2nd July 1644. On this old song Sir Walter Scott modelled his *March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale*.

MARCH, march,  
 Why the Devil do ye na march?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads,  
 Fight in good order;  
 Front about, ye musketeers all,  
 Till ye come to the English border:

<sup>1</sup> Rags.

<sup>2</sup> Finest.

<sup>3</sup> Such.

Stand till't,<sup>1</sup> and fight like men,  
 True gospel to maintain,  
 The parliament's blyth to see us a' coming.  
 When to the kirk we come,  
 We'll purge it ilka<sup>2</sup> room,  
 Frae Popish relics, and a' sic<sup>3</sup> innovations,  
 That a' the world may see  
 There's nane i' the right but wee,  
 Of the auld Scottish nation.  
 Jenny shall wear the hood,  
 Jocky the sark<sup>4</sup> of God;  
 And the kist fou of whistles,<sup>5</sup>  
 That make sic a cleiro,  
 Our pipers braw,  
 Shall hae them a',  
 Whate'er come on it;  
 Busk up<sup>6</sup> your plaids, my lads,  
 Cock up your bonnets.  
 March, march,  
 Why the Devil do ye na march?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads,  
 Fight in good order.

*Anonymous.*

## FOR THE LOVE OF JEAN

Published in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, where it is marked as old.

Jocky said to Jeany, "Jeany, wilt thou do't?"  
 "Ne'er a fit,"<sup>7</sup> quo' Jeany, "for my tocher-good,<sup>8</sup>  
 For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee."  
 "E'en's ye like," quo' Johnny, "ye may let it be.

<sup>1</sup> To it.    <sup>2</sup> Every.    <sup>3</sup> All such.    <sup>4</sup> Shirt, *i.e.* the surplice.  
<sup>5</sup> The organ.    <sup>6</sup> Arrange.    <sup>7</sup> Foot.    <sup>8</sup> Marriage dowry.

"I hae gowd and gear,<sup>1</sup> I hae land eneugh,  
I hae seven good owsen ganging<sup>2</sup> in a pleugh,  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lea,  
And gin<sup>3</sup> ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

"I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,<sup>4</sup>  
A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin'<sup>5</sup> fire,  
I'll make a rantin' fire, and merry shall we be :  
And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be."

Jeany said to Jocky : "Gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell.  
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
Ye're welcomer to tak' me than to let me be."

*Anonymous.*

### TODLEN BUTT<sup>6</sup> AND TODLEN BEN<sup>7</sup>

Published in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. Burns refers to it as "the first bottle song that ever was composed."

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka<sup>8</sup> town,  
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang<sup>9</sup> by ;  
O ! poverty parts good company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
Couldna my loove come todlen hame ?*

Fair fa'<sup>10</sup> the goodwife, and send her gude sale,  
She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,

<sup>1</sup> Gold and possessions.

<sup>2</sup> Going.

<sup>3</sup> If.

<sup>4</sup> Cowhouse.

<sup>5</sup> Merry.

<sup>6</sup> Trotting into the kitchen.

<sup>7</sup> Into the parlour.

<sup>8</sup> Every.

<sup>9</sup> Go.

<sup>10</sup> Good befall.

Syne<sup>1</sup> if that her tippeny chance to be sma',  
 We'll tak' a good scour o't and ca't awa':  
*Todlen hame, todlen hame,*  
*As round as a neep<sup>2</sup> come todlen hame.*

My kimmer<sup>3</sup> and I lay down to sleep,  
 And twa pint stoups at our bed's feet;  
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:  
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?  
*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,*  
*Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.*

Leez me<sup>4</sup> on liquor, my todlen dow,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ye're ay sae good-humoured, when weeting your  
 mou';  
 When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,  
 That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,  
*When todlen hame, todlen hame,*  
*When round as a neep you come todlen hame.*  
*Anonymous.*

## SCORNFU' NANSY

From Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, where it is marked as old.

NANSY's to the Greenwood gane,  
 To hear the gowdspink<sup>6</sup> chatt'ring,  
 And Willie he has followed her,  
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:  
 But a' that he could say or do,  
 She geck'd<sup>7</sup> and scorned at him;  
 And ay when he began to woo,  
 She bid him mind<sup>8</sup> wha gat him.

<sup>1</sup> Then.

<sup>5</sup> Dove.

<sup>2</sup> Turnip.

<sup>6</sup> Goldfinch.

<sup>3</sup> Gossip.

<sup>7</sup> Flouted.

<sup>4</sup> Blessings.

<sup>8</sup> Remember.

"What ails ye at my dad," quoth he,

"My minny or my aunty?

With crowdy mowdy<sup>1</sup> they fed me,

Lang-kail<sup>2</sup> and ranty-tanty:<sup>3</sup>

With bannocks<sup>4</sup> of gude barley-meal,

Of thae<sup>5</sup> there was right plenty,

With chapped stocks<sup>6</sup> fou buttered well;

And was not that right dainty?

"Although my father was nae laird,

'Tis daffin<sup>7</sup> to be vaunty,

He keepit ay a good kail-yaird,

A ha' house and a pantry:

A good blew bonnet on his head,

An owrlay<sup>8</sup> 'bout his cragy;<sup>9</sup>

And ay until the day he died,

He rade on gude shanks naggy."<sup>10</sup>

"Now wae and wander on your snout!

Wad ye hae bonny Nansy?

Wad ye compare yoursell to me,

A docken till a tansie?<sup>11</sup>

I have a wooer of my ain,

They ca' him souple<sup>12</sup> Sandy,

And well I wat<sup>13</sup> his bonny mou'

Is sweet like sugar-candy."

"Wow, Nansy, what needs a' this din?

Do I not ken<sup>14</sup> this Sandy?

I'm sure the chief of a' his kin

Was Rob the beggar' randy:<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A thick mixture of oatmeal and water or milk. <sup>2</sup> Colewort.

<sup>3</sup> Sorrel. <sup>4</sup> Soft cakes. <sup>5</sup> Those. <sup>6</sup> Cabbage. <sup>7</sup> Folly.

<sup>8</sup> Cravat. <sup>9</sup> Neck. <sup>10</sup> Was his own nag, i.e. walked.

<sup>11</sup> To a lily. <sup>12</sup> Supple. <sup>13</sup> Guess. <sup>14</sup> Know. <sup>15</sup> Scoundrel.



His minny Meg upo' her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy : <sup>1</sup>  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack <sup>2</sup>  
 To me your winsome Willy ?

"My gutcher <sup>3</sup> left a good braid-sword,  
 Though it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may tak' it on my word,  
 It is baith stout and trusty ;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be right uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my lugs <sup>4</sup> in pawn,  
 That he shall get a heezy."

Then Nansy turn'd her round about,  
 And said : "Did Sandy hear ye,  
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;  
 I ken he disna fear ye :  
 Sae haud your tongue and say nae mair,  
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;  
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore, <sup>5</sup>  
 Ye never shall get Nansy."

*Anonymous.*

## YOUNG LASS CONTRA AULD MAN

From William Thomson's *Orpheus*, 1724—but of course much older. It was altered by Ramsay, but I give the original version.

THE carle <sup>6</sup> he came o'er the craft,  
 And his beard new shav'n,  
 He glowr'd <sup>7</sup> at me's gin <sup>8</sup> he'd been daft,  
 The carle trows that I'll hae him.

<sup>1</sup> Brother.

<sup>2</sup> Lot.

<sup>3</sup> Grandfather.

<sup>4</sup> Ears.

<sup>5</sup> Alive.

<sup>6</sup> Old fellow.

<sup>7</sup> Stared.

<sup>8</sup> As if.

Hoot awa', I winna hae him !  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !  
 New hose and his new shoon,  
 And his beard new shav'n.

He gae to me a pair of shoon,  
 And his beard new shav'n,  
 He bad me dance till they were done ;  
 The carle trows that I'll hae him.

He gae to me a pair of gloves,  
 And his beard new shav'n,  
 He bad me stretch them on my loofs ;  
 The carle trows that I'll hae him.

He gae to me an ell of lace,  
 And his beard new shav'n,  
 He bad me wear the Highland dress ;  
 The carle trows that I'll hae him.

He gae to me a harn sark,<sup>1</sup>  
 And his beard new shav'n,  
 He said he'd kiss me in the dark,  
 For that he trows that I'll hae him.

Hoot awa', I maun<sup>2</sup> hae him !  
 I, forsooth, I'll een hae him !  
 New hose and his new shoon,  
 And his beard new shav'n.

*Anonymous.*

### JENNY NETTLES

An old song altered by Allan Ramsay.

Saw ye Jenny Nettles,  
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles :  
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles,  
 Coming frae the market ?

<sup>1</sup> Shirt of coarse cloth.

<sup>2</sup> Must.



Bag and baggage on her back,  
 Her fee and bountith in her cap;  
 Bag and baggage on her back,  
 And a babie in her oxters?<sup>1</sup>

I met ayont the Kairney,  
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,  
 Singing till<sup>2</sup> her bairny,  
 Robin Rattle's bastard;  
 To flee the dool upo' the stool<sup>3</sup>  
 And ilka<sup>4</sup> ane that mocks her,  
 She round about seeks Robin out  
 To stap it in his oxters.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,  
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;  
 Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,  
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly.  
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,  
 And without mair debate o't  
 Tak' hame your wean, make Jenny fain  
 The leel and leesome gate<sup>5</sup> o't.

*Anonymous.*

## JOCKY FOU<sup>6</sup> AND JENNY FAIN<sup>7</sup>

An old song something altered by Ramsay.

Jocky fou, Jenny fain,  
 Jenny was nae ill<sup>8</sup> to gain;  
 She was couthy, he was kind,  
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind:

<sup>1</sup> Armpit. <sup>2</sup> To. <sup>3</sup> Escape the sorrow on the stool of repentance.

<sup>4</sup> Every.

<sup>5</sup> Loyal and lovesome way.

<sup>6</sup> Drunk.

<sup>7</sup> Fond.

<sup>8</sup> Difficult.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

"Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,  
Gie me love at ony price;  
I winna prig<sup>1</sup> for red or white,  
Love alane can gie delight.

"Others seek they kenna<sup>2</sup> what,  
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;  
Give me love, for her I court;  
Love in love makes a' the sport.

"Colours mingl'd unco<sup>3</sup> fine,  
Common motives lang sin syne,<sup>4</sup>  
Never can engage my love  
Until my fancy first approve.

"It is na meat, but appetite,  
That makes our eating a delight;  
Beauty is at best deceit;  
Fancy only kens<sup>5</sup> nae cheat."

*Anonymous.*

THE COCK LAIRD<sup>6</sup>

An old song altered by Ramsay.

A cock laird fow cadgie,<sup>7</sup>  
With Jenny did meet,  
He haws'd<sup>8</sup> her, he kiss'd her,  
And ca'd her his sweet:  
"Wilt thou gae alang  
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?  
Thou'se be my ain lemman,"  
To Jenny, quoth he.

<sup>1</sup> Haggle.

<sup>2</sup> Know not.

<sup>3</sup> Exceedingly.

<sup>4</sup> Since that time.

<sup>5</sup> Knows.

<sup>6</sup> Small proprietor.

<sup>7</sup> Full cheerful.

<sup>8</sup> Embraced.

"If I gae along wi' ye,  
Ye maunna<sup>1</sup> fail

To feast me with caddels  
And good hacket-kail."

"The Deel's in your nicety,  
Jenny," quoth he;

"Mayna bannocks of bear-meal  
Be as gude for thee?"

"And I maun hae pinnars,<sup>2</sup>  
With pearling set round,

A skirt of puddy,  
And a waistcoat of brown!"

"Awa' with sic<sup>3</sup> vanities,  
Jenny," quoth he,

"For kurchis and kirtles<sup>4</sup>  
Are fitter for thee.

"My lairdship can yield me  
As meikle<sup>5</sup> a year

As had<sup>6</sup> us in pottage  
And good knockit bear :<sup>7</sup>

But having nae tenants,

O Jenny, Jenny!

To buy ought I ne'er have  
A penny," quoth he.

"The borrowstoun merchants  
Will sell ye on tick,

For ye maun hae braw<sup>8</sup> things,  
Albeit they should break.

<sup>1</sup> Mustn't.

<sup>2</sup> Must have caps (with lappets).

<sup>3</sup> Such.

<sup>4</sup> Napkins and upper petticoats.

<sup>5</sup> Much.

<sup>6</sup> Hold.

<sup>7</sup> Knocked barley.

<sup>8</sup> Fine.

When broken, frae care  
 The fools are set free,  
 When we make them lairds  
 In the Abbey,"<sup>1</sup> quoth she.

*Anonymous.*

### ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN<sup>2</sup>

From the *Tea Table Miscellany*. Altered from a coarser old song.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth<sup>3</sup> was she,  
 Blyth was she butt and ben;<sup>4</sup>  
 And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.<sup>5</sup>  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawing-free;<sup>6</sup>  
 But cunning carling<sup>7</sup> that she was,  
 She gart<sup>8</sup> me birle my bawbie.<sup>9</sup>

We loo'd the liquor well enough;  
 But wae's my heart, my cash was done  
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd<sup>10</sup> our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck<sup>10</sup> ben,  
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted broon;

<sup>1</sup> The Abbey at Holyrood, anciently a debtors' place of refuge.

<sup>2</sup> Gun for shooting hares.

<sup>3</sup> In kitchen and parlour.

<sup>4</sup> A bottle in the shape of a ben for holding claret.

<sup>5</sup> Promised to supply me without charge.

<sup>6</sup> Gossip.

<sup>7</sup> Made.

<sup>8</sup> Spend my money,

<sup>9</sup> Emptied.

<sup>10</sup> Cheese.

Weel does the canny kimmer ken<sup>1</sup>  
 They gar<sup>2</sup> the scuds gae glibber<sup>3</sup> doon.  
 We ca'd the bicker<sup>4</sup> aft about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,<sup>5</sup>  
 And ay the cleanest drinker out  
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxters<sup>6</sup> sat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw  
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

*Anonymous.*

### THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE

This, the oldest version of *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie*, is taken from Ramsay's *Ten Table Miscellany*.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,<sup>7</sup>  
 Cries, "Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae."  
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang:  
 "The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudman.

"The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;  
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught<sup>8</sup> in;  
 They winna bught in tho' I should die,  
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me."

<sup>1</sup> Prudent gossip know.

<sup>4</sup> Passed the cup.

<sup>6</sup> Armpit.

<sup>2</sup> Make.

<sup>5</sup> Moved from our seat.

<sup>7</sup> Knoll.

<sup>3</sup> Smoother.

<sup>8</sup> Go into the fold.

The goodwife cries butt the house,<sup>1</sup> "Jenny, come  
ben,<sup>2</sup>

The cheese is to mak', and the butter's to kirn."<sup>3</sup>  
"Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' should sour,  
I'll crack<sup>4</sup> and kiss wi' my love ae<sup>5</sup> half-hour:  
It's ae half-hour, and we's e'en mak' it three,  
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be."

*Anonymous.*

### RARE WILLY DROWN'D IN YARROW

This, the simplest, shortest, and by far the finest version of the  
Yarrow song, is taken from the *Tea Table Miscellany*.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,  
And Willy's wondrous bonny;  
And Willy hegt<sup>6</sup> to marry me  
Gin<sup>7</sup> e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
This night I'll make it narrow;  
For a' the live-lang winter night  
I lie twin'd<sup>8</sup> of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side,  
Pou'd you the rose or lily?  
Or came you by yon meadow green?  
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow;  
Syne<sup>9</sup> in the cleaving of a craig<sup>10</sup>  
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Mistress cries from the kitchen.    <sup>2</sup> In.

<sup>3</sup> One.    <sup>4</sup> Promised.    <sup>5</sup> If.    <sup>6</sup> Bereft.

<sup>7</sup> Churn.    <sup>8</sup> Talk.

<sup>9</sup> Then.    <sup>10</sup> Rock.



## ETTRICK BANKS

*From the Tea Table Miscellany.*

ON Ettrick Banks in a summer's night,  
 At glowming when the sheep drave hame,  
 I met my lassie, braw<sup>1</sup> and tight,  
 Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane :<sup>2</sup>  
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang  
 My arms about her lily neck,  
 And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang ;  
 My words they were na mony feck.<sup>3</sup>

I said : " My lassie, will ye go  
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn ?  
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,  
 When ye come to the brigg<sup>4</sup> of Earn.  
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,<sup>5</sup>  
 And herrings at the Broomy Law ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,  
 There's gear<sup>7</sup> to win we never saw.

" All day when we have wrought enough,  
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when you sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :  
 And thus the weary night will end,  
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring  
 Our pleasant summer back again.

<sup>1</sup> Finely dressed.<sup>2</sup> All alone.<sup>3</sup> Many in number.<sup>4</sup> Bridge.<sup>5</sup> Trouble yourself.<sup>6</sup> (The port of Glasgow.)<sup>7</sup> Wealth.



“Syne<sup>1</sup> when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent<sup>2</sup> o’er ilka<sup>3</sup> field,  
 I’ll meet my lass among the broom,  
 And lead you to my summer-shield.<sup>4</sup>  
 Then far frae a’ their scornfu’ din,  
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
 We’ll laugh and kiss and dance and sing,  
 And gar<sup>5</sup> the langest day seem short.”

*Anonymous.*

## THE EPITAPH OF HABBIE SIMSON

PIPER OF KILBARCHAN

By Sir Robert Sempill (1595?–1660?) of Beltrees, Renfrewshire. Of interest not merely for its picture of the olden time, but because of its influence in the revival of Scottish vernacular poetry, its stave being adopted more or less by all the later vernacular poets, and especially by Fergusson and Burns.

KILBARCHAN now may say alas!  
 For she hath lost her game and grace,  
 Both *Trisie* and *The Maiden Trace*;<sup>6</sup>  
 But what remead?<sup>7</sup>  
 For no man can supply his place:  
 Hab Simson’s dead.

Now who shall play *The Day it Dawis*,<sup>6</sup>  
 Or *Hunts Up*,<sup>6</sup> when the cock he craws?  
 Or who can for our kirk-town cause  
 Stand us in stead?  
 On bagpipes (now) nobody blaws  
 Sen Habbie’s dead.

<sup>1</sup> Then.

<sup>2</sup> Wild daisies sparkle.

<sup>3</sup> Every.

<sup>4</sup> Summerhouse. <sup>5</sup> Make. <sup>6</sup> Names of old tunes. <sup>7</sup> Remedy.

Or who will cause our shearers shear?  
 Wha will bend up the brags of weir,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bring in the bells, or good play-meir<sup>2</sup>  
     In time of need?  
 Hab Simson could, what needs you speir,<sup>3</sup>  
     But (now) he's dead.

So kindly to his neighbours neast  
 At Beltan and St. Berchan's feast  
 He blew, and then held up his breast,  
     As he were weid;<sup>4</sup>  
 But now we need not him arrest,  
     For Habbie's dead.

At fairs he play'd before the spear-men,  
 All gaily graithed<sup>5</sup> in their gear,<sup>6</sup> man:  
 Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords so clear then  
     Like ony bead:  
 Now wha will play before such weir-men<sup>7</sup>  
     Sen Habbie's dead?

At clark-plays when he wont to come,  
 His pipe played trimly to the drum;  
 Like bikes<sup>8</sup> of bees he gart<sup>9</sup> it hum,  
     And tun'd his reed:  
 Now all our pipers may sing dumb,  
     Sen Habbie's dead.

And at horse races many a day,  
 Before the black, the brown, the gray,

<sup>1</sup> Bear up the boasts of war.

<sup>2</sup> The pastime of the bells or good play-mare.

<sup>3</sup> Ask.

<sup>4</sup> Mad.

<sup>5</sup> Clad.

<sup>6</sup> Accoutrements.

<sup>7</sup> War-men.

<sup>8</sup> Hives.

<sup>9</sup> Made.

He gart his pipe, when he did play,  
     Baith skirl and skreed :  
 Now all such pastime's quite away  
     Sen Habbie's dead.

He counted was a weild wight-man,<sup>1</sup>  
 And fiercely at football he ran :  
 At every game the gree<sup>2</sup> he wan  
     For pith and speed.  
 The like of Habbie was na than,  
     But now he's dead.

And then, besides his valiant acts,  
 At bridals he wan many placks ;<sup>3</sup>  
 He bobbed ay behind folk's backs  
     And shook his head.  
 Now we want many merry cracks<sup>4</sup>  
     Sen Habbie's dead.

He was a convoyer of the bride,  
 With Kittock hanging at his side ;  
 About the kirk he thought a pride  
     The ring<sup>5</sup> to lead :  
 But now we may gae but<sup>6</sup> a guide,  
     For Habbie's dead.

So well's he kept his decorum,  
 And all the stots of Whip-meg-morum ;  
 He slew a man, and wae's me for him,  
     And bure the feud !  
 But yet the man wan hame before him,  
     And was not dead.

<sup>1</sup> Choice strong-man.<sup>2</sup> Prize.<sup>3</sup> Halfpennies.<sup>4</sup> Jokes.<sup>5</sup> The bridal procession round the church.<sup>6</sup> Go without.

And when he play'd, the lasses leugh  
 To see him teethless, auld, and tough.  
 He wan his pipes besides Barcleugh,  
     Withouten dread !  
 Which after wan him gear<sup>1</sup> eneugh ;  
     But now he's dead.

Ay when he play'd the gaitlings gedder'd,  
 And when he spake the carl bleddered,<sup>2</sup>  
 On Sabbath days his cap was fedder'd,  
     A seemly weid ;<sup>3</sup>  
 In the kirk-yard his mare stood tedder'd,  
     Where he lies dead.

Alas ! for him my heart is sair,  
 For of his spring I gat a skair,  
 At every play, race, feast, or fair,  
     But<sup>4</sup> guile or dread ;  
 We need not look for piping mair,  
     Sen Habbie's dead.

### THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL

First published in Watson's *Choice Collection* (1706), but in all likelihood it had already appeared as a broadside. It has been attributed to Francis Sempill (1605?-1680?), son of the author of *Habbie Simson*, but none of his other pieces show the same breadth of humour, and if either of them is the author, it is most probably the father.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liting there ;  
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden<sup>5</sup> hair.

<sup>1</sup> Money.

<sup>4</sup> Without.

<sup>2</sup> Old man gossiped.

<sup>5</sup> Golden.

<sup>3</sup> Piece of dress.

And there will be lang-kail<sup>1</sup> and pottage,  
 And bannocks<sup>2</sup> o' barley meal;  
 And there'll be gude saut herrin'  
 To relish a cog<sup>3</sup> o' gude ale.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,<sup>4</sup>  
 And Will wi' the meikle mou';<sup>5</sup>  
 And there will be Tam the blutter,<sup>6</sup>  
 With Andrew the tinker, I trow;  
 And there will be bow-legged Robbie,  
 With thumbless Katy's gudeman;  
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,  
 And Lawrie the laird<sup>7</sup> of the land.

And there will be sow-libber<sup>8</sup> Patie,  
 And pluiky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
 Caper-nosed Francie and Gibbie,  
 That wins<sup>9</sup> in the how<sup>10</sup> of the hill;  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,  
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,  
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.<sup>11</sup>

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,<sup>12</sup>  
 And coft<sup>13</sup> him grey breeks to his arse,  
 Who after was hangit for stealing,  
 Great mercy it happened na warse!  
 And there will be glee<sup>14</sup> Geordy Janners,  
 And Kirsh wi' the lilly-white leg,  
 Wha gade<sup>15</sup> to the south for manners,  
 And danced the daft dance in Mons-meg.

<sup>1</sup> Colewort.<sup>4</sup> Shoemaker.<sup>8</sup> Castrater.<sup>12</sup> Stephen.<sup>2</sup> Soft cakes.<sup>5</sup> Big mouth.<sup>9</sup> Dwells.<sup>13</sup> Bought.<sup>3</sup> A wooden drinking vessel.<sup>6</sup> The blunderer. <sup>7</sup> Proprietor.<sup>10</sup> Hollow. <sup>11</sup> Repentance stool.<sup>14</sup> Squinting. <sup>15</sup> Went.



And there will be Judan Maclawrie,  
 And blinkin',<sup>1</sup> daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flae-lugged<sup>2</sup> sharney<sup>3</sup>-fac'd Lawrie,  
 And shangy-mou'd<sup>4</sup> haluket<sup>5</sup> Meg.  
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,  
 And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Madie and fat-hippit Grisy,  
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn<sup>6</sup>-again-Gibbie,  
 With his glaikit<sup>7</sup> wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misle-skin'd Mungo Macapie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsell.  
 There lads and lasses in pearlins  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows,<sup>8</sup> and rifarts,<sup>9</sup> and carlings,<sup>10</sup>  
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges<sup>11</sup> and brachan,<sup>12</sup>  
 With fowth<sup>13</sup> of gude gabbocks<sup>14</sup> of skate,  
 Powswody,<sup>15</sup> and drammock,<sup>16</sup> and crowdy,<sup>17</sup>  
 And cauler nowt-feet<sup>18</sup> in a plate:  
 And there will be partans<sup>19</sup> and buckies,<sup>20</sup>  
 And whitens and speldings anew,<sup>21</sup>  
 With singed sheep-heads and a haggis,  
 And scadlips<sup>22</sup> to sup till ye spew.

<sup>1</sup> Leering.    <sup>2</sup> Excitable.    <sup>3</sup> Cow dung.    <sup>4</sup> Twisted-mouthed.

<sup>5</sup> Light-headed.    <sup>6</sup> Grin.    <sup>7</sup> Frivolous.    <sup>8</sup> Young onions.

<sup>9</sup> Radishes.    <sup>10</sup> Pease.    <sup>11</sup> Coarse rolls.

<sup>12</sup> A soup formed of oatmeal and water, flavoured with onions and pounded cheese.    <sup>13</sup> Abundance.    <sup>14</sup> Mouthfuls.

<sup>15</sup> Ramhead soup.

<sup>16</sup> Raw meal and water.

<sup>17</sup> A thick mixture of meal and water with butter, or a thick mixture of meal and milk.    <sup>18</sup> Fresh ox-feet.    <sup>19</sup> Crabfish.

<sup>20</sup> Whelks.

<sup>21</sup> Dried fish enough.

<sup>22</sup> Hot water sprinkled with barley.

And there will be lapper'd <sup>1</sup>-milk kebbocks,<sup>2</sup>  
 And sowens and farls <sup>3</sup> and baps,<sup>4</sup>  
 With swats <sup>5</sup> and weel-scraped painches,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caps : <sup>6</sup>  
 And there will be meal-kail <sup>7</sup> and castocks,<sup>8</sup>  
 With skink <sup>9</sup> to sup till ye rive,<sup>10</sup>  
 And roasts to roast on a brander  
 Of flowks <sup>11</sup> that were taken alive.

Scrap haddocks, wilks,<sup>12</sup> dulse and tangle,  
 And a mill of good snishing <sup>13</sup> to prie ; <sup>14</sup>  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.  
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liltin there ;  
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

*Anonymous.*

## KILLIECRANKIE

Originally published as a broadside, and included in *Herd's Scottish Songs* (1776). It forms the model of various other humorous or satirical songs on the Jacobite battles.

CLAVERS and his highlandmen  
 Came down upon the raw,<sup>15</sup> man ;  
 Who, being stout, gave mony a shout ;  
 The lads began to claw, then.

<sup>1</sup> Curdled.

<sup>2</sup> Cheeses.

<sup>3</sup> Thin oatmeal cakes.

<sup>4</sup> Oatmeal scones.

<sup>5</sup> Small ale.

<sup>6</sup> Wooden drinking vessels.

<sup>7</sup> Meal-broth.

<sup>8</sup> Mashed cabbage.

<sup>9</sup> Strong beef soup without vegetables.

<sup>10</sup> Burst.

<sup>11</sup> Flounders.

<sup>12</sup> Whelks.

<sup>13</sup> Snuff.

<sup>14</sup> Taste.

<sup>15</sup> The row or line of Mackay's troops.



Wi' sword and targe into their hand,  
 Wi' which they were na slaw, man;  
 Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh  
 The lads began to claw, then.

Ower bush, ower bank, ower ditch, ower stank,  
 She flung amang them a', man;  
 The butter-box<sup>1</sup> got mony knocks;  
 Their riggings paid for a', then.  
 They got their paiks<sup>2</sup> wi' sudden straits,  
 Which to their grief they saw, man;  
 Wi' clinkum-clankum ower their crowns,  
 The lads began to fa', then.

Her<sup>3</sup> leap'd about, her skipp'd about,  
 And flang amang them a', man;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 Their crowns were cleaved in twa, then;  
 The durk and dour made their last hour,  
 And proved their final fa', man;  
 They thocht the Devil had been there,  
 That play'd them sic<sup>4</sup> a pa', man.

The Solemn League and Covenant  
 Cam' whigging up the hill, man,  
 Thocht<sup>5</sup> Highland trews durst not refuse  
 For to subscribe their bill, then:  
 In Willie's name, they thocht nae ane  
 Durst stop their course at a', man;  
 But Her-nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,  
 Cried: "Furich Whigs, awa', man."

<sup>1</sup> Head (containing the brains).

<sup>2</sup> Whippings.

<sup>3</sup> A mock allusion to the highlanders, who have only one pronoun, and it resembles the English "her."

<sup>4</sup> Such.

<sup>5</sup> Thought.

Sir Evan Dhu<sup>1</sup> and his men true  
 Cam' linking up the brink, man ;  
 The Hogan Dutch, they feared such,  
 They bred a horrid stink, then.  
 The true MacLean and his fierce men  
 Cam' in amang them a', man ;  
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand ;  
 A' fled and ran awa', then.

*Och on a righ ! och on a righ !*  
 Why should she lose King Shames, man ?  
*Och rig in di ! och rig in di !*  
 She shall break a' her banes, then.  
 With *furichinich*, and stay awhile,  
 And speak a word or twa, man ;  
 She's gie ye a straik out ower the neck,  
 Before ye win awa', then.

Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane !  
 Her-nain-sell's won the day, man.  
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,  
 Because they ran awa', then.  
 Had they bent their bows like Highland trews,  
 And made as lang a stay, man,  
 They'd saved their king, that sacred thing,  
 And Willie'd run awa', then.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Sir Evan the Black (Cameron of Lochiel).

## FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL

The version here adopted is that given in Chambers' *Scottish Songs*.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,  
Where night and day on me she cries;  
Oh that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee!  
Oh, Helen fair, beyond compare,  
I'll mak' a garland o' thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I dee.

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt and spoke nae mair?  
She sank, and swoon'd wi' mickle care  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

Curst be the heart that thocht the thocht,  
And curst the hand that shot the shot,  
When in my arms burd<sup>1</sup> Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me.

As I went down the water-side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee;

I lichtit down, my sword did draw,  
I hackit him in pieces sma',  
I hackit him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

Oh that I were where Helen lies!  
Nicht and day on me she cries,  
Out of my bed she bids me rise:  
"Oh come, my love, to me!"

<sup>1</sup> Maiden.

Oh Helen fair ! oh Helen chaste !  
If I were with thee I were blest,  
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish my grave were growin' green,  
A windin' sheet drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;  
Nicht and day on me she cries ;  
I'm sick of all beneath the skies,  
Since my love died for me.

*Anonymous.*

### GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

From Herd's Collection (1776).

AND the barrin' o' our door weil, weil, weil,  
And the barrin' o' our door weil.

It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was than,  
When our gudewife had puddin's to mak',  
And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind blew cauld frae south to north,  
It blew into the floor ;  
Says our gudeman to our gudewife :  
"Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfe skep,<sup>1</sup>  
 Gudeman, as ye may see ;  
 An<sup>2</sup> it shouldna be barr'd this hunner year,  
 It's no' be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure,  
 The first that spak' the foremost word  
 Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen  
 At twelve o'clock at nicht ;  
 And they could neither see house nor ha',  
 Nor coal nor candle-light.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
 Or whether is this a pair ?"  
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,  
 For the barrin' o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddin's,  
 And syne<sup>3</sup> they ate the black ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And muckle thocht<sup>5</sup> our gudewife to hersell,  
 But never a word she spak'.

Then said the tane unto the tother :  
 "Hae, man, take ye my knife ;  
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,  
 And I'll kiss the gudewife."

<sup>1</sup> Household affairs.

<sup>2</sup> If.

<sup>3</sup> Then.

<sup>4</sup> The black puddings are those made with the blood of the animal.

<sup>5</sup> Much thought.



"But there's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do than?"

"What ails ye at<sup>1</sup> the puddin' broo  
That boils into the pan?"

O up then startit our gudeman,  
And an angry man was he:

"Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,  
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree?"

Then up and startit our gudewife,  
Gied three skips on the floor:

"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,  
Get up and bar the door."

*Anonymous.*

### MAGGIE LAUDER

From Herd's Collection (1776). It has been attributed to Francis Sempill (1600?-1680?), but apparently the claim rests merely on a reference to Habbie Simson, whom his father, Robert Sempill, celebrated; and apart from the difficulty of crediting him with the authorship of such a brilliant piece of realism, the fact that the scene is laid in Fife seems sufficient to dispose of his claim. Tradition points out the site of Maggie's house in Anstruther, but such traditions are generally unreliable.

WHA wadna be in love  
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?

A piper met her gaun<sup>2</sup> to Fife,  
And spier'd<sup>3</sup> what was't they ca'd her:

Richt scornfully she answered him,  
"Begone, you hallanshaker!"

Jog on your gate,<sup>5</sup> you bletherskyte!<sup>6</sup>  
My name is Maggie Lauder."

<sup>1</sup> What is your objection to.

<sup>2</sup> Going.

<sup>3</sup> Asked.

<sup>4</sup> Mischievous practical joker.

<sup>5</sup> Way.

<sup>6</sup> A squirter of blethers or nonsense.

"Maggie!" quoth he; "and, by my bags,  
 I'm fidgin' fain<sup>1</sup> to see thee!  
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird;  
 In troth I winna steer<sup>2</sup> thee.  
 For I'm a piper to my trade;  
 My name is Rob the Ranter:  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "hae ye your bags,  
 Or is your drone in order?  
 If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you:  
 Live you upo' the Border?  
 The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard o' Rob the Ranter:  
 I'll shake my foot wi' richt gudewill  
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter!"

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed;  
 About the drone he twisted:  
 Meg up and wallop'd<sup>3</sup> ower the green;  
 For brawly<sup>4</sup> could she frisk it!  
 "Weel done!" quo' he. "Play up!" quo' she.  
 "Weel bobb'd!" quo' Rob the Ranter;  
 "It's worth my while to play, indeed,  
 When I hae sic<sup>5</sup> a dancer!"

"Weel hae ye play'd your part!" quo' Meg;  
 "Your cheeks are like the crimson!  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Sin<sup>6</sup> we lost Habbie Simson."

<sup>1</sup> Impatiently glad.

<sup>3</sup> Kicked out.

<sup>6</sup> Habbie the piper in Kilbarchan, celebrated by Sir Robert Sempill (see p. 148).

<sup>2</sup> Disturb.

<sup>4</sup> Finely.

<sup>5</sup> Such.



I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 This ten years and a quarter;  
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,  
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder."

*Anonymous.*

### ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT

From Herd's Collection (1769). The bridge over the Tay at Perth was demolished by a flood in 1621, and notwithstanding agitations for its rebuilding, especially during the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., the work was not undertaken until 1766.

GUDE day, now, bonnie Robin,  
 How lang hae ye been here?  
 I've been a bird about this bush  
 This mair than twenty year.

But now I am the sickest bird  
 That ever sat on brier;  
 And I wad mak' my testament,  
 Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

Gar<sup>1</sup> tak' this bonnie neb<sup>2</sup> o' mine,  
 That picks upon the corn;  
 And gie't to the Duke o' Hamilton,  
 To be a hunting horn.

Gar tak' thae<sup>3</sup> bonnie feathers o' mine,  
 The feathers o' my neb;  
 And gie to the Lady Hamilton  
 To fill a feather bed.

Gar tak' this gude richt leg of mine,  
 And mend the brig o' Tay;  
 It will be a post and pillar gude,  
 It will neither bow nor sway.

<sup>1</sup> Cause.

<sup>2</sup> Beak.

<sup>3</sup> Those.

And tak' this other leg of mine,  
And mend the brig o' Weir;  
It will be a post and pillar gude,  
It will neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,  
The feathers o' my tail;  
And gie to the lads o' Hamilton  
To be a barn-flail.

And tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,  
The feathers o' my breast;  
And gie them to the bonnie lad  
Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there cam' my Lady Wren,  
Wi' mony a sigh and groan:  
O what care I for a' the lads,  
If my ain lad be gone!

Then Robin turn'd him round about,  
E'en like a little king;  
"Gae pack ye out at my chamber-door,  
Ye little cutty <sup>1</sup>-quean."

*Anonymous.*

## HERE AWA', THERE AWA'

From Herd's Collection (1769). The original of Burns's  
*Wandering Willie*.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie!  
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame!  
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee;  
Now I have gotten my Willie again.

<sup>1</sup> A common name for a loose woman.

164      A LITTLE BOOK OF

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie ;  
 Through the lang muir I have followed him  
                   hame.  
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;  
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie !  
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame !  
 Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases, when Willie's at hame.  
*Anonymous.*

SAW YE MY FATHER

*From Herd's Collection (1769).*

" O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,  
     Or saw ye my true love John ?"  
 " I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
     But I saw your true love John.  
  
 " It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,  
     And the bells they ring ding dong ;  
 He's met with some delay, that canseth him to stay,  
     But he will be here ere long."  
  
 The surly auld carle<sup>1</sup> did naething but snarl,  
     And Johnnie's face it grew red ;  
 Yet, though he often sighed, he ne'er a word  
     replied,  
 Till all were asleep in bed.

<sup>1</sup> Fellow.

Up Johnnie rose, and to the door he goes,  
 And gently tirl'd at the pin.<sup>1</sup>  
 The lassie taking tent,<sup>2</sup> unto the door she went,  
 And she opened and let him in.

"And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast?  
 And is my Johnnie true?"  
 "I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysell,  
 Sae long sall I love you."

"Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,  
 And craw whan it is day:  
 Your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gowd,  
 And your wings of the silver grey."

The cock proved fause, and untrue he was;  
 For he crew an hour ower<sup>3</sup> sune.  
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love  
 away,  
 And it was but a blink<sup>4</sup> o' the mune.

*Anonymous.*

## THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

From Herd's Collection (1769).

My love he's built a bonnie ship, and set her on  
 the sea,  
 With seven score guid mariners to bear her companie.  
 There's three score is sunk, and three score dead  
 at sea;  
 And the Lowlands of Holland hae twined my love  
 and me.

<sup>1</sup> Sounded the rasping pin—a notched rod of iron with a ring attached.

<sup>2</sup> Notice.

<sup>3</sup> Too.

<sup>4</sup> Glance.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the  
main,

And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame;  
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began  
to route;

My love then, and his bonnie ship, turned wither-  
shins<sup>1</sup> about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor kame  
come in my hair;

There shall neither coal nor candle-light come in  
my bouir mair;

Nor will I love another man until the day I dee,  
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd  
in the sea.

O haud your tongue, my mother dear, be still and  
be content;

There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need na sair<sup>2</sup>  
lament.

O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a'  
for me;

For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd  
in the sea.

*Anonymous.*

### WERE NA MY HEART LICHT

By Lady Grizzel Baillie (1665-1746), only one other example—  
*The Erve Buchtin's Bonnie*—of whose verses survives, and it is a  
mere fragment.

THERE was ance<sup>3</sup> a may,<sup>4</sup> and she loo'd na men:

She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen;

But now she cries dool! and well-a-day!

Come down the green gate,<sup>5</sup> and come here away.

<sup>1</sup> Right round.    <sup>2</sup> Sorely.    <sup>3</sup> Once.    <sup>4</sup> Maiden.    <sup>5</sup> Road.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,  
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
He hecht<sup>1</sup> me baith rings and monie braw<sup>2</sup> things,  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty<sup>3</sup> that loo'd na me,  
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;  
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be;  
The wife took a dwam,<sup>4</sup> and lay down to dee;  
She main'd<sup>5</sup> and she graned out o' dolour and pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?  
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,  
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the chaff,  
Nor pickles<sup>6</sup> o' meal rins through the mill-e'e:  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,  
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;  
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;  
Believe your ain een<sup>7</sup> an<sup>8</sup> ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;  
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;

<sup>1</sup> Promised, <sup>2</sup> Fine.

<sup>3</sup> Sister.

<sup>4</sup> Sudden illness.

<sup>5</sup> Moaned.

<sup>6</sup> Small quantities.

<sup>7</sup> Own eyes.

<sup>8</sup> If.



But now he lets 't wear ony gate<sup>1</sup> it will hing,<sup>2</sup>  
 And cast himself dowie<sup>3</sup> upon the corn-bing,<sup>4</sup>  
 And now he gaes daundrin<sup>5</sup> about the dykes,<sup>6</sup>  
 And a' he dow<sup>7</sup> do is to hund the tykes:<sup>8</sup>  
 The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks<sup>9</sup> his e'e:  
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.  
 Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
 We should hae been gallopin' down on yon<sup>10</sup> green,  
 And linkin' it ower the lily-white lea;  
 And wow! gin<sup>11</sup> I were but young for thee!

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

### WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG

By William Hamilton (1665?-1751) of Gilbertfield, who under the designation "Wanton Willie" engaged in an epistolary correspondence with Allan Ramsay. He also modernised Blind Harry's *Wallace*, and wrote *The Last Words of Bonny Heck*, modelled on Sempill's *Habbie Simson*. This admirable sketch of a rustic gallant was suggested by the old English song, *O Willy was so blythe a Lad*.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,  
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 At bridals still he bore the brag,<sup>12</sup>  
 An' carried aye the gree<sup>13</sup> awa'.  
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,  
 And wow! but Willie he was braw,  
 And at his shoulder hung a tag,  
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

<sup>1</sup> Way.

<sup>2</sup> Hang.

<sup>3</sup> Dejected.

<sup>4</sup> Heap.

<sup>5</sup> Goes listlessly.

<sup>6</sup> Stone fences.

<sup>7</sup> Can.

<sup>8</sup> Give orders to the dogs.

<sup>9</sup> Shuts.

<sup>10</sup> Yonder.

<sup>11</sup> If.

<sup>12</sup> Boast.

<sup>13</sup> Prize.



He was a man without a clag,<sup>1</sup>  
 His heart was frank without a flaw;  
 And aye whatever Willie said,  
 It still was hauden<sup>2</sup> as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weapon schaw;  
 Upon the green none durst him brag,  
 The ne'er a ane amang them a'.

And wasna Willie weel worth gowd?  
 He wan the love o' great and sma';  
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
 He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.  
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd<sup>3</sup>  
 When by the hand he led them a',  
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd  
 By virtue of a standing law.

And wasna Willie a great loun,<sup>4</sup>  
 As shyre a lick<sup>5</sup> as e'er was seen;  
 When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,  
 The bridegroom speir'd<sup>6</sup> where he had been.  
 Quoth Willie: "I've been at the ring,  
 Wi' bobbing baith my shanks<sup>7</sup> are sair;  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For Willie he dow<sup>8</sup> do nae mair."

"Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring;"  
 But, shame light on his souple snout,  
 He wanted Willie's wanton fling.

<sup>1</sup> Failing.<sup>4</sup> Rascal.<sup>7</sup> Legs.<sup>2</sup> Observed.<sup>5</sup> As smart a fellow.<sup>8</sup> Can.<sup>3</sup> Rolled.<sup>6</sup> Asked.

Then straught he to the bride did fare,  
Says : " Weels me on your bonnie face ;  
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,  
And I'm come out to fill his place."

" Bridegroom," she says, " ye'll spoil the dance,  
And at the ring ye'll aye be lag,<sup>1</sup>  
Unless like Willie ye advance :  
O ! Willie has a wanton leg ;  
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,<sup>2</sup>  
And foremost aye bears up the ring ;  
We will find nae sic<sup>3</sup> dancing here,  
If we want Willie's wanton fling."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

### ELEGY ON LUCKY WOOD

Allan Ramsay (1686-1757) was the chief reviver of the old vernacular poetry, both as author and publisher, and shares with Robert Fergusson the honour of supplying Burns with his chief poetic models in the vernacular. Many of his cleverest comic pieces are, however, unsuitable for general reading.

O CANONGATE ! <sup>4</sup> poor elritch hole,  
What loss, what crosses dost thou thole ! <sup>5</sup>  
London <sup>6</sup> and death gar <sup>7</sup> thee look dool,<sup>8</sup>  
And hing <sup>9</sup> thy head ;  
Wow, but thou e'en hast a cauld coal  
To blaw indeed !

<sup>1</sup> Slow.

<sup>2</sup> Move about quickly.

<sup>3</sup> Such.

<sup>4</sup> A street in Edinburgh where Lucky (or Mistress) Wood kept an alehouse.

<sup>5</sup> Suffer.

<sup>6</sup> After the Union many of the aristocracy who resided in the Canongate removed to London.

<sup>7</sup> Make.

<sup>8</sup> Glum.

<sup>9</sup> Hang.

Hear me, ye hills, and every glen,  
 Ilk craig,<sup>1</sup> ilk cleugh,<sup>2</sup> and hollow den<sup>3</sup>  
 And echo shrill, that a' may ken<sup>4</sup>  
     The waefou thud  
 By rackless Death, wha cam' unseen  
     To Lucky Wood.

She's dead, o'er<sup>5</sup> true! she's dead and gane!  
 Left us and Willie<sup>6</sup> 'hind alane,  
 To bleer and greet,<sup>7</sup> to sob and mane,  
     And rugg our hair,  
 Because we'll ne'er see her again  
     For ever mair!

She gaed as feat<sup>8</sup> as a new preen,<sup>9</sup>  
 And kept her housie snod and bien,<sup>10</sup>  
 Her pewther glanc'd upo' your een<sup>11</sup>  
     Like siller<sup>12</sup> plate;  
 She was a sonsie<sup>13</sup> wife and clean,  
     Without debate.

It did ane good to see her stools,  
 Her boord, fireside, and facing-tools;<sup>14</sup>  
 Rax, chandlers, tangs, and fire-shools,  
     Basket wi' bread.  
 Poor facers<sup>15</sup> now may chew pea-hools  
     Since Lucky's dead.

<sup>1</sup> Rock.<sup>2</sup> Cleft.<sup>3</sup> Glen.<sup>4</sup> Know.<sup>5</sup> Too.<sup>6</sup> William, her husband.<sup>7</sup> Weep with cries.<sup>8</sup> Went as clean.<sup>9</sup> Pin.<sup>10</sup> Neat and comfortable.<sup>11</sup> Eyes.<sup>12</sup> Silver.<sup>13</sup> Good-tempered.<sup>14</sup> Drinking vessels.<sup>15</sup> An association of drinkers who were under obligation to throw all that they left in their cups in their own faces.

She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor stoups a' froath aboon the hause,<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor kept dow'd tip<sup>3</sup> within her waws,  
     But reaming swats.<sup>4</sup>  
 She ne'er ran sour jute, because  
     It gees the batts.<sup>5</sup>

She had the gate<sup>6</sup> sae well to please,  
 With gratis beef, dry fish, or cheese,  
 Which kept our purses ay at ease,  
     And health in tift,  
 And lent her fresh nine gallon trees  
     A hearty lift.

She gae us oft hale legs o' lamb,  
 And did na hain<sup>7</sup> her mutton ham;  
 Then aye at Yule<sup>8</sup> whene'er we cam',  
     A braw<sup>9</sup> goose-pye:  
 And was na that good belly-baum?  
     Nane dare deny.

The writer-lads fow<sup>10</sup> well may mind<sup>11</sup> her,  
 Furthy<sup>12</sup> was she, her luck designed her  
 Their common mither; sure nane kinder  
     Ever brake bread;  
 She has na left her mak<sup>13</sup> behind her,  
     But now she's dead.

To the sma' hours<sup>14</sup> we aft sat still,  
 Nick'd round our toasts and snishing-mill;<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> False reckoning.<sup>4</sup> New ale.<sup>7</sup> Spare.<sup>10</sup> Full.<sup>13</sup> Peer.<sup>2</sup> Neck.<sup>5</sup> Gives the colic.<sup>8</sup> Christmas.<sup>11</sup> Remember.<sup>14</sup> Till one o'clock.<sup>3</sup> Stale liquor.<sup>6</sup> Way.<sup>9</sup> Fine.<sup>12</sup> Pleasant.<sup>15</sup> Snuff-box.

Good cakes we wanted ne'er at will,  
     The best of bread ;  
 Which aften cost us mony a gill  
     To Aikenhead.<sup>1</sup>

Could our saut tears like Clyde down rin,  
 And had we cheeks like Corra's lin,<sup>2</sup>  
 That a' the warld might hear the din  
     Rair frae ilk <sup>3</sup> head !  
 She was the wale <sup>4</sup> of a' her kin,  
     But now she's dead.

O Lucky Wood ! 'tis hard to bear  
 The loss. But oh ! we maun <sup>5</sup> forbear :  
 Yet sall thy memory be dear  
     While blooms a tree ;  
 And after-ages' bairns will spear <sup>6</sup>  
     'Bout thee—and me.

## EPITAPH

Beneath this sod  
 Lies Lucky Wood,  
 Whom a' men might put faith in ;  
     Wha was na sweer,<sup>7</sup>  
     While she winn'd <sup>8</sup> here,  
 To cram our wames <sup>9</sup> for naething.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

<sup>1</sup> The porter at the Nether Bow who had to unlock the gates to allow them to pass to the parts of the city outside the walls.

<sup>2</sup> On the Clyde.

<sup>3</sup> Roar from each.

<sup>4</sup> Choice.

<sup>5</sup> Must.

<sup>6</sup> Ask.

<sup>7</sup> Reluctant.

<sup>8</sup> Dwelt.

<sup>9</sup> Stomachs.

## THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE

Twa cats ance <sup>1</sup> on a cheese did light,  
 To which baith had an equal right;  
 But disputes, sic <sup>2</sup> as aft arise,  
 Fell out a-sharing of the prize.  
 "Fair play," said ane, "ye bite o'er <sup>3</sup> thick,  
 Thae <sup>4</sup> teeth of yours gang <sup>5</sup> wonder quick!  
 Let's part it, else lang or the moon  
 Be chang'd, the kebbuck will be doon."  
 But wha's to do't? They're parties baith,  
 And ane may do the other skaith; <sup>6</sup>  
 Sae with consent away they trudge,  
 And laid the cheese before a judge,—  
 A monkey with a campsho face,  
 Clerk to a justice-of-the-peace.  
 A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,  
 When he his master's chair had fill'd.  
 Now umpire chosen for division  
 Baith sware to stand by his decision.  
 Demure he looks; the cheese he pales;  
 He prives—it's good; ca's for the scales;  
 His knife whops throw't, in twa it fell;  
 He puts ilk haff <sup>7</sup> in either shell.  
 Said he: "We'll truly weigh the case,  
 And strictest justice shall have place."  
 Then lifting up the scales, he fand  
 The tane <sup>8</sup> bang up, the other stand;  
 Syne <sup>9</sup> out he took the heaviest haff,  
 And eat a knoost <sup>10</sup> o't quickly aff;

<sup>1</sup> Once.<sup>2</sup> Such.<sup>3</sup> Too.<sup>4</sup> Those.<sup>5</sup> Go.<sup>6</sup> Harm.<sup>7</sup> Each half.<sup>8</sup> One.<sup>9</sup> Then.<sup>10</sup> Piece.



And try'd it syne :—it now proved light.  
 " Friend cats," said he, " we'll do ye right !"  
 Then to the ither haff he fell,  
 And laid till't<sup>1</sup> teughly tooth and nail ;  
 Till, weigh'd again, it lightest prov'd.  
 The judge, wha this sweet process lov'd,  
 Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,  
 Till clients baith were weary grown ;  
 And tenting<sup>2</sup> how the matter went,  
 Cry'd, " Come, come, sir, we're baith content !"  
 " Ye fools," quoth he, " and justice too  
 Man<sup>3</sup> be content as well as you."  
 Thus grumbled they, thus he went on,  
 Till baith the halves were near-hand<sup>4</sup> done.  
 Poor Pousies now the daffin<sup>5</sup> saw,  
 Of gawn<sup>6</sup> for nignyes<sup>7</sup> to the law ;  
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad please  
 To give them the remaining cheese.  
 To which his worship grave reply'd :  
 " The dues of court man<sup>8</sup> first be paid.  
 Now, justice pleas'd,<sup>9</sup> what's to the fore<sup>10</sup>  
 Will but right scrimply clear your score ;  
 That's our decret : gae hame and sleep,  
 And thank us ye're win aff sae cheap !"

ALLAN RAMSAY.

### THE WIDOW

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
 And mony braw<sup>11</sup> things the widow can do,  
 Then have at the widow, my laddie :

<sup>1</sup> To it.

<sup>5</sup> Absurdity.

<sup>9</sup> Satisfied.

<sup>2</sup> Noticing.

<sup>6</sup> Going.

<sup>10</sup> Left.

<sup>3</sup> Must.

<sup>7</sup> Decision.

<sup>11</sup> Fine.

<sup>4</sup> Nearly.

<sup>8</sup> Must.



With courage attack her baith early and late;  
 To kiss her and clap her ye manna be blate:<sup>1</sup>  
 Speak well, and do better; for that's the best gate<sup>2</sup>  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never a hair  
 The waur<sup>3</sup> of the wearing, and has a good share  
 Of everything lovely; she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow the bonniest toast in the town,  
 With nathing but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till<sup>4</sup> her, and kill her with courtesy dead,  
 Tho' stark<sup>5</sup> love and kindness be all ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed  
 With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het,<sup>6</sup> if ye'd have it to wald;<sup>7</sup>  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless<sup>8</sup> and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

## MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING

From the *Gentle Shepherd*. Partly founded on an older song.

My Peggy is a young thing,  
 Just enter'd in her teens,  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay.

<sup>1</sup> Must not be slow.

<sup>2</sup> Way.

<sup>3</sup> Worse.

<sup>4</sup> To.

<sup>5</sup> Mere.

<sup>6</sup> Hot.

<sup>7</sup> Weld.

<sup>8</sup> Listless.

My Peggy is a young thing,  
 And I'm not very auld,  
 Yet well I like to meet her at  
 The wauking of the fauld.<sup>1</sup>

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
 Whene'er we meet alane,  
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.  
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
 To a' the lave<sup>2</sup> I'm cauld;  
 But she gars<sup>3</sup> a' my spirits glow,  
 At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown.  
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 It makes me blyth and bauld;  
 And naething gies me sic<sup>4</sup> delight  
 As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 When on my pipe I play,  
 By a' the rest it is confest,—  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are tauld,  
 With innocence, the wale<sup>5</sup> o' sense,  
 At wauking o' the fauld.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

<sup>1</sup> Walking to gather the sheep into the fold.

<sup>2</sup> Others.

<sup>3</sup> Makes.

<sup>4</sup> Such.

<sup>5</sup> The pick.

## THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

By Robert Crawford (1690-1733), and, like all his other lyrics,  
more English than Scottish both in manner and language.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,  
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;  
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
Alas ! she ne'er believes me.  
My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
Unheeded, never move her ;  
At the bonnie bush aboon Traquair,  
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,  
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I tried to soothe my amorous flame  
In words that I thought tender ;  
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
The fields we then frequented ;  
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its sweets I'll aye remember ;  
But now her frowns make it decay,  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?

Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me;  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

### THE BRAES OF YARROW

This beautiful fantasia on the old song, *Fair Willie drown'd in Yarrow*, is by William Hamilton of Bangour (1704-1754), all whose other pieces are strictly English.

“BUSK<sup>1</sup> ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?  
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?”  
 “I gat her where I darena weel be seen,  
 Pouing the birks<sup>2</sup> on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride,  
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!  
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
 Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?  
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
 And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen  
 Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?”

<sup>1</sup> Adorn.

<sup>2</sup> Pulling the birches.

"Langmaun<sup>1</sup> she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen  
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint<sup>2</sup> her lover, lover dear,  
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow,  
And why yon melancholious weeds  
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?  
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!"  
"'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
And weep around in waeiful wise,  
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,  
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

<sup>1</sup> Must.

<sup>2</sup> Lost.



“Did I not warn thee not to lo’e,  
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;  
O’er rashly bauld, a stronger arm  
Thou met’st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows  
the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow’s bank the gowan,<sup>1</sup>  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

“Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows  
Tweed,  
As green its grass, its gowans as yellow,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

“Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,  
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;  
Though he was fair and well beloved again,  
Than me he never lo’ed thee better.

“Busk ye, then busk my bonny, bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,  
How can I busk a winsome marrow,  
How lo’e him on the banks of Tweed  
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

“O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain,  
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
For there was basely slain my love,  
My love, as he had not been a lover.

<sup>1</sup> Wild daisy.

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"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,  
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd,<sup>1</sup>  
He was in there to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,  
But e'er the to-fall of the night  
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoiced that waeiful, waeiful day;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning,  
But long ere night the spear was flown  
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My lover's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud;  
With cruel and ungentle scoffin'  
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes  
My lover nailèd in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,  
And strive with threatening words to move me;  
My lover's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,  
With bridal sheets my body cover;  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband lover.

<sup>1</sup> Knew.



"But who the expected husband, husband is?  
 His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.  
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?"

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
 Take aff, take aff the bridal weeds,  
 And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,  
 O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
 Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,  
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,  
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
 And lie all night between my breasts,  
 No youth shall ever lie there after."

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,  
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow;  
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,  
 He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

### THE BRIDAL O'T

By Alexander Ross (1699-1784).

THEY say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 For he grows brawer <sup>1</sup> ilka <sup>2</sup> day;  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:  
 For yester-night, nae farther gane,  
 The back house at the side-wa' o't,

<sup>1</sup> More finely dressed.

<sup>2</sup> Every.

He there wi' Meg was mirdin'<sup>1</sup> seen ;  
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,  
An we had but a bridal o't,  
We'd leave the rest unto good luck,  
Although there might betide ill o't.  
For bridal days are merry times,  
And young fouk like the coming o't,  
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,  
And pipers play the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,  
The lasses like a bridal o't ;  
Then brows maun<sup>2</sup> be in rank and file,  
Although that they should guide ill o't.  
The boddom of the kist<sup>3</sup> is then  
Turn'd up into the inmost o't ;  
The end that held the keeks sae clean  
Is now become the teemest<sup>4</sup> o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,  
The bangster at the threshing o't,  
Afore it comes is fidgin' fain<sup>5</sup>  
And ilka<sup>6</sup> day's a clashing o't.<sup>7</sup>  
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,  
His linder for another o't ;  
And ere he want to clear his shot  
His sark<sup>8</sup> 'll pay the tother o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,

<sup>1</sup> Courting.

<sup>4</sup> Emptiest.

<sup>7</sup> Talking about it.

<sup>2</sup> Must.

<sup>5</sup> Unrestingly keen.

<sup>8</sup> Shirt.

<sup>3</sup> Chest.

<sup>6</sup> Every.

Can smell a bridal unco<sup>1</sup> far,  
 And like to be the middlers o't.  
 Fan<sup>2</sup> thick and three-fauld they convene,  
 Ilk<sup>3</sup> ane envies the tother o't,  
 And wishes nane but him alane  
 May ever see another o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 For dancing they gae to the green,  
 And aiblins<sup>4</sup> to the beatin' o't:  
 He dances best that dances fast,  
 And louns<sup>5</sup> at ilka reesing<sup>6</sup> o't,  
 And claps his hands frae hough to hough,  
 And furls about the freezing o't.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

### THE WHITE COCKADE

A Jacobite song from Herd's Collection (1769). There is a slightly different set current in the chapbooks. The song was modified by Burns for Johnson's *Museum*. A garbled version is given in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.

My love was born in Aberdeen,  
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;  
 O he is forced frae me to gae  
 Over the hills and far away.

O he's a ranting, roving laddie!  
 O he's a brisk and bonnie laddie!  
 Betide what will, I'll get me ready,  
 And follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.

<sup>1</sup> Uncommonly.

<sup>2</sup> When.

<sup>3</sup> Each.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps.

<sup>5</sup> Leaps.

<sup>6</sup> Every rising.

I'll sell my rock,<sup>1</sup> my reel, my tow,  
 My gude grey mare and hacket cow,  
 To buy my love a tartan plaid,  
 Because he is a roving blade.

O he's a ranting, roving laddie!  
 O he's a brisk and bonnie laddie!  
 Betide what will, I'll get me ready,  
 And follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.  
*Anonymous.*

### LOGIE O' BUCHAN

Said by Peter Buchan to have been written by Peter Halkett (d. 1756), schoolmaster of Rathen, Aberdeenshire, but none of the authenticated pieces of Halkett display any similar poetic merit.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie, the laird,  
 They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that delved in the yaird;  
 He play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma';  
 They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

He said: "Think na lang,<sup>2</sup> lassie, though I  
 gang awa';"

He said: "Think na lang, lassie, though I  
 gang awa';"

For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
 And I'll come back and see thee in spite o'  
 them a'."

O, Sandie has owsen, and siller, and kye,<sup>3</sup>  
 A house and a haddin,<sup>4</sup> and a' things forbye,<sup>5</sup>  
 But I wad hae Jamie, wi's bonnet in's hand,  
 Before I'd hae Sandie wi' houses and land.

<sup>1</sup> Distaff.

<sup>2</sup> Don't weary.

<sup>3</sup> Money and cows.

<sup>4</sup> Holding.

<sup>5</sup> Besides.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;  
 But daddie and minnie although that they be,  
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

I sit on my creepie,<sup>1</sup> and spin at my wheel,  
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;  
 He had but ae<sup>2</sup> sixpence—he brak it in twa,  
 And he gied<sup>3</sup> me the hauf o't when he gaed<sup>4</sup> awa'.  
     Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide<sup>5</sup> na awa',  
     Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';  
     Simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
     And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

*Anonymous.*

### HERE'S TO THE KING

From an MS. in the Advocates' Library, written before 1705.  
 It is mainly of interest from its rude vigour, and as an example  
 of an authentic Jacobite song, set to the old air, *Hey tutti, taitie*,  
 to which Burns wrote his first version of *Scots Wha Hae*. There  
 is a garbled version in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.

WEEL may ye a' be,  
 Ill may ye never see;  
 God save the king  
 And the gude company:  
     Fill, fill a bumper high,  
     Drain, drain your barrels dry;  
     Out upon him, fie, fie,  
     That winna do't again.

Here's to the king—  
 Ye ken<sup>6</sup> wha I mean—  
 And to ilka<sup>7</sup> honest boy  
 That will do't again.

<sup>1</sup> Stool.

<sup>5</sup> Stay.

<sup>2</sup> One.

<sup>6</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Gave.

<sup>7</sup> Each.

<sup>4</sup> Went.



Here's to the chieftains  
Of the gallant Scotch clans;  
They have done twice and ance,  
And they'll do't again.

When the pipes begin to play  
Tutti, taiti, to the drum,  
Out claymore and down the gun,  
And to the rogues again:  
Fill, fill a bumper high,  
Drain, drain your barrels dry;  
Out upon him, fie, fie,  
That winna do't again.

*Anonymous.*

### THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

From Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. iii. (1790). Modelled on a black-letter broadside, *Eustace Comines, the Irish Evidence, his Farewell to England* (1683), which begins:—

Be me shoul and shalvation,  
O hone! O hone!  
I'll go to my own nation,  
O hone! O hone!

A similar song, *The Clans are Coming*, is included in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*.

THE Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!  
The Campbells are coming, O-ho!  
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven!  
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;  
Upon the Lomonds I lay;

I lookit doun to bonnie Lochleven,  
 And saw three perches play.  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !  
 The Campbells are coming to bonnie  
 Lochleven !  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho,  
 O-ho !

Great Argyle he goes before ;  
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar ;  
 With sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum ;  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,  
 With banners rattling in the wind ;  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

*Anonymous.*

### LITTLE WAT<sup>1</sup> YE WHA'S COMING

From Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. vi. (1803). It has reference to the '45.

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming :  
 Jock and Tam and a's coming !

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,  
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,  
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,  
 Alister and a's coming !

<sup>1</sup> Guess.



## A LITTLE BOOK OF

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming :  
Jock and Tam and a's coming !

Borland and his men's coming,  
The Cameron and Maclean's coming,  
The Gordon and Macgregor's coming,  
A' the Duniewastle's coming !

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming :  
Macgilvray o' Drumglass is coming !

Winton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,  
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,  
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,  
Withrington and Nairn's coming !

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming :  
Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

The Laird o' Macintosh is coming,  
Macrabie and Macdonald's coming,  
The Mackenzie's and Macpherson's coming  
A' the wild MacCraw's coming !

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming :  
Donald Gun and a's coming !

They gloom, they glow'r,<sup>1</sup> they look sae big,  
 At ilka<sup>2</sup> stroke they'll fell a Whig;  
 They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds;  
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming:  
 Mony a buttock bare's coming.

*Anonymous.*

### JOHNNIE COPE

By Adam Skirving (1719-1803), farmer at Garleton, near Haddington, who also wrote another ballad on the Battle of Prestonpans, modelled on the older ballad of *Killiecrankie*.

HEY Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking<sup>3</sup> yet?  
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?  
 If ye were wauking I would wait  
 To gang to the coals in the morning.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar:  
 "Come, Charlie, meet me an<sup>4</sup> ye daur,  
 And I'll learn you the art of war,  
 If you'll meet me in the morning."

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
 "Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,  
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.

"Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,  
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,

<sup>1</sup> Stare.

<sup>2</sup> Each.

<sup>3</sup> Awake.

<sup>4</sup> If.

And dinna flee awa' like a frightened bird  
That's chased frae its nest in the morning."

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss  
To hae a horse in readiness  
To flee awa' i' the morning.

Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin:  
The Highland bagpipes make a din,  
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
They speer'd <sup>1</sup> at him, "Where's a' your men?"  
"The Deil confound me gin I ken,<sup>2</sup>  
For I left them a' i' the morning."

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,<sup>3</sup>  
To come with the news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic <sup>4</sup> a strait  
So early in the morning."

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg <sup>5</sup>  
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;  
If I face them again, Deil break my legs,  
So I wish you a very good morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?  
Or are your drums a-beating yet?  
If ye were wauking I would wait  
To gang to the coals in the morning.

ADAM SKIRVING.

<sup>1</sup> Asked.

<sup>2</sup> If I know.

<sup>3</sup> Shy.

<sup>4</sup> Such.

<sup>5</sup> Scare.

# THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST (FIRST VERSION)

This, the earlier of the two modern versions of *The Flowers of the Forest*, is by Mrs. Alison Cockburn (1712-1794), one of the most brilliant Edinburgh hostesses of her time. It is founded on an old ballad on Flodden, which has not been preserved.

I've seen the smiling  
Of Fortune beguiling;  
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;  
Sweet was its blessing,  
Kind its caressing;  
But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest  
Adorned the foremost  
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;  
Sae bonnie was their blooming!  
Their scent the air perfuming!  
But now they are withered and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning  
With gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;  
I've seen Tweed's silver stream,  
Shining in the sunny beam,  
Grow drumly<sup>1</sup> and dark as he rowed<sup>2</sup> on his way.

O fickle Fortune!  
Why this cruel sporting?  
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,  
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;  
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

ALISON COCKBURN.

<sup>1</sup> Turbid.

<sup>2</sup> Rolled.

# THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST (SECOND VERSION)

This version, which is much more Scottish than that of Mrs. Cockburn, both in language and manner, is by Miss Jane Elliot (1727-1805), second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second baronet of Minto, and sister of the poetical third baronet.

I've heard the liltin' at our yowe<sup>1</sup>-milking,  
Lasses a-liltin' before the dawn o' day;  
But now they are moaning in ilka<sup>2</sup> green loaning:<sup>3</sup>  
"The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

At buchts,<sup>4</sup> in the morning, nae blythe lads are  
scorning;  
The lasses are lonely, and dowie,<sup>5</sup> and wae;<sup>6</sup>  
Nae daffin',<sup>7</sup> nae gabbin',<sup>8</sup> but sighing and sabbing:<sup>9</sup>  
Ilk<sup>10</sup> ane lifts her leglen,<sup>11</sup> and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,  
The bandsters are lyart,<sup>12</sup> and runkled and grey;  
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching:<sup>13</sup>  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming,<sup>14</sup> nae swankies<sup>15</sup> are  
roaming  
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle<sup>16</sup> to play,  
But ilk<sup>17</sup> ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie:  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

<sup>1</sup> Ewe.<sup>4</sup> Sheep folds.<sup>7</sup> Romping.<sup>10</sup> Each.<sup>13</sup> Flattering.<sup>16</sup> Hide-and-seek.<sup>2</sup> Every.<sup>5</sup> Drooping.<sup>8</sup> Chatting.<sup>11</sup> Milk-pail.<sup>14</sup> Twilight.<sup>17</sup> Each.<sup>3</sup> Avenue.<sup>6</sup> Sad.<sup>9</sup> Sobbing.<sup>12</sup> Faded.<sup>15</sup> Smart young fellows.



Dule<sup>1</sup> and wae for the order sent our lads to the  
 Border;  
 The English, for ance, by guile won the day;  
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the  
 foremost,  
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the yowe-milkin',  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;<sup>2</sup>  
 Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loanin':  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.  
 JANE ELLIOT.

### THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

This beautiful song has been claimed for Jean Adams (1710-1765) and for William Julius Mickle (1734-1788), but no sufficient evidence has been adduced for either claim. According to Burns, it "came first on the streets as a ballad" about 1771 or 1772. It is included in Herd's Collection (1776). Stanza vi. is the work of Dr. Beattie.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a';  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

And are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark?  
 Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.  
 Is this a time to think o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Rax<sup>3</sup> me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.

<sup>1</sup> Sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> Sad.

<sup>3</sup> Reach.

And gie to me my bigonnet,  
 My bishop-satin gown,  
 For I maun<sup>1</sup> tell the bailie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My turkey slippers maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue;  
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
 Put on the muckle<sup>2</sup> pot;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday coat;  
 And mak' their shoon<sup>3</sup> as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman:  
 He likes to see them braw.<sup>4</sup>

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,<sup>5</sup>  
 Been fed this month and mair;  
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare.  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka<sup>6</sup> thing look braw,<sup>7</sup>  
 For wha can tell how Colin fared  
 When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like cauler air;  
 His very foot has music in't  
 As he comes up the stair.

<sup>1</sup> Must.      <sup>2</sup> Big.  
<sup>5</sup> Roosting beam.

<sup>3</sup> Shoes.  
<sup>6</sup> Make each.

<sup>4</sup> Well dressed.  
<sup>7</sup> Fine.



And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy with the thought:  
In troth, I'm like to greet.<sup>1</sup>

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That thirl'd<sup>2</sup> through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my head?  
It may be far awa';  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to make him blest,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.<sup>3</sup>  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Cry.

<sup>2</sup> Thrilled.

<sup>3</sup> Others.

## TULLOCHGORUM

The author of this most genially humorous production (written to the old dance tune) was the Rev. John Skinner (1721-1807), Episcopal minister at Longside, Aberdeenshire, who, had he more sedulously cultivated his poetic gifts, would probably have ranked at least next to Fergusson among the Scottish poets of the revival. As it is, he has achieved another classic in *The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn*, which in humorous sympathy is scarce excelled by Burns's *Poor Mailie*.

"COME gie's a sang," Montgomery cried,

"And lay your disputes all aside ;

What signifies't for folk to chide

For what's been done before them ?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Let Whig and Tory all agree

To drop their Whig-mig-morum.

Let Whig and Tory all agree

To spend this night in mirth and glee,

And cheerfu' sing, alang wi' me,

The reel of Tullochgorum.

"O, Tullochgorum's my delight,

It gars<sup>1</sup> us a' in one unite ;

And ony sumph that keeps up spite,

In conscience I abhor him.

Blythe and cheery we's be a',

Blythe and cheery, blythe and cheery,

Blythe and cheery we's be a',

And mak' a happy quorum.

Blythe and cheery we's be a'

As lang as we hae breath to draw,

And dance, till we be like to fa',

The reel of Tullochgorum.

<sup>1</sup> Makes.

"There needna be sae great a fraise  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys

For half a hundred score o' 'em.

They're douff and dowie <sup>1</sup> at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,

They canna please a Highland taste,  
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

"Let warldly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fears of want, and double cess,  
 And sullen sots themselves oppress

Wi' keeping up decorum:

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Sour and sulky shall we sit

Like old philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 Nor ever try to shake a fit <sup>2</sup>

To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

"May choicest blessings aye attend  
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,

And a' that's good watch o'er him;

May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 Peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a great store o' them;

<sup>1</sup> Pithless and spiritless.

<sup>2</sup> Foot.

May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,  
 And may he never want a groat,  
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum !

" But for the sullen, frumpish fool,  
 That loves to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy know his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him ;  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow ;  
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And nane say, ' Waes me for him ! '   
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
 The reel o' Tullochgorum ! "

JOHN SKINNER.

## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN

Oh, were I able to rehearse  
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.  
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn !  
 A' that kend <sup>1</sup> her would hae sworn  
 Sic <sup>2</sup> a ewie ne'er was born  
 Hereabouts nor far awa'.

<sup>1</sup> Knew.

<sup>2</sup> Such.

I never needit tar nor keel  
To mark her upo' hip or heel;  
Her crookit hornie did as weel  
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,  
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot;  
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,  
Was never sweir<sup>1</sup> to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,  
Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd;  
For, silly thing, she never miss'd  
To hae ilk<sup>2</sup> year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I gae to Jock,  
To be to him a kind o' stock;  
And now the laddie has a flock  
Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I gae to Jean; and now  
The bairn's sae braw,<sup>3</sup> has faulds sae fu',  
That lads sae thick come her to woo,  
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld nor hunger never dang<sup>4</sup> her,  
Wind or rain could never wrang her;  
Ance she lay an ouk<sup>5</sup> and langer  
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,  
And ate the kale for<sup>6</sup> a' the tyke,<sup>7</sup>  
My ewie never play'd the like,  
But teezed about the barn wa'.

<sup>1</sup> Reluctant.

<sup>2</sup> Every.

<sup>3</sup> Finely dressed.

<sup>4</sup> Harmed.

<sup>5</sup> Week.

<sup>6</sup> Notwithstanding.

<sup>7</sup> Dog.

I lookit aye at even for her,  
 Lest mishanter<sup>1</sup> should come ower her,  
 Or the foumart<sup>2</sup> micht devour her,  
 Gin<sup>3</sup> the beastie bade<sup>4</sup> awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,  
 (Wha can tell o't without greeting<sup>5</sup>?)  
 A villain cam', when I was sleeping,  
 Staw<sup>6</sup> my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair<sup>7</sup> upon the morn,  
 And down aneath a bush o' thorn  
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,  
 But my ewie was awa'.

O gin I had the loon<sup>8</sup> that did it,  
 I hae sworn as weel as said it,  
 Although the laird himsell forbid it,  
 I sall gie his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn  
 As this sin ever I was born:  
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
 Silly ewie, stown awa'.

O! had she died o' croup or cauld,  
 As ewies do when they grow auld,  
 It wad na been, by mony fauld,  
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.

For<sup>9</sup> a' the claith that we hae worn,  
 Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,

<sup>1</sup> Mishap.<sup>2</sup> Polecat.<sup>3</sup> If.<sup>4</sup> Stayed.<sup>5</sup> Weeping.<sup>6</sup> Stole.<sup>7</sup> Anxiously.<sup>8</sup> Rascal.<sup>9</sup> Notwithstanding.



The loss o' her we could hae borne,  
Had fair strae-death <sup>1</sup> ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life  
Aneath a bluidy villain's knife,  
I'm really fleyt <sup>2</sup> that our gudewife  
Will never win aboon't ava.

O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,  
Call your muses up and mourn  
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Stown frae's, and fell'd <sup>3</sup> and a'!  
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn!  
Wha had kend her might hae sworn  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born  
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

JOHN SKINNER.

### LEWIE GORDON

This one of the best of the almost contemporary Jacobite songs is by Rev. Alexander Geddes, D.D. (1737-1802), otherwise known as an accomplished Catholic scholar. Geddes has also been credited with the inimitably droll *Wee Wifukie*, but his authorship of the latter is doubtful.

Och hon! my Highland man,  
Och, my bonny Highland man;  
Weel would I my true love ken <sup>4</sup>  
Among ten thousand Highland men.

Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,  
And the lad I daurna name;  
Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'!

<sup>1</sup> Death on straw.

<sup>2</sup> Feared.

<sup>3</sup> Killed.

<sup>4</sup> Know.



Oh! to see his tartan trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh<sup>1</sup>-heel'd shoes;  
 Philabeg aboon his knee,  
 That's the lad that I'll gang<sup>2</sup> wi'!

The princely youth of whom I sing  
 Is fitted for to be a king;  
 On his breast he wears a star;  
 You'd tak' him for the god of war.

Oh to see this princely one  
 Seated on a royal throne!  
 Disasters a' would disappear,  
 Then begins the jub'lee year!

Och hon! my Highland man,  
 Och, my bonny Highland man;  
 Weel would I my true love ken  
 Among ten thousand Highland men.

ALEXANDER GEDDES.

### THE WEE WIFUKIE<sup>3</sup>

THERE was a wee bit wifukie, was comin' frae the fair,  
 Had got a wee bit drappukie that bred her meikle<sup>4</sup>  
                   care,  
 It gaed<sup>5</sup> about the wifie's heart, and she began to  
                   spew;  
 "Oh!" quo' the wee wifukie, "I wish I binna  
                   fou."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Low.

<sup>2</sup> Go.

<sup>3</sup> (Such diminutives are common in Aberdeenshire.)

<sup>4</sup> Much.

<sup>5</sup> Went.

<sup>6</sup> Be not drunk.

I wish I binna fou," quo' she, "I wish I  
binna fou.

O!" quo' the wee wifukie, "I wish I  
binna fou.

"If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll  
claw my skin;

But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before that I gae in."

Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,

By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

"Wi' a little pack," quo' she, "wi' a little  
pack,

By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack."

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae  
lang;

He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks,<sup>1</sup> and fast  
awa' he ran:

And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,

"Oh!" quo' the wee wifukie, "this is nae me.

This is nae me," quo' she, "this is nae me;

Somebody has been felling<sup>2</sup> me, and this is nae  
me.

"I met with kindly company, and birl'd my  
bawbee!<sup>3</sup>

And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain  
wi' me.

But I will look the pursie nooks,<sup>4</sup> see gin the  
cunyie be:<sup>5</sup>

There's neither purse nor plack about me! This  
is nae me!

<sup>1</sup> Halfpennies.

<sup>4</sup> Corners.

<sup>2</sup> Killing.

<sup>5</sup> If the coin remain.

<sup>3</sup> Spent my money.

"This is nae me," quo' she, "this is nae me ;  
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae  
me."

"I have a little housukie, but and a kindly man ;  
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie ; if this be me  
he'll fawn ;

And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly  
welcome gie,

And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance if  
this be me.

"This is nae me," quo' she, "this is nae me ;  
Somebody has been felling me, and this is  
nae me."

The night was late, and dang out weet,<sup>1</sup> and oh but  
it was dark !

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark ;  
O when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' <sup>2</sup> it  
was he ;

"O weel ken ye, Doussie," quo' she, "this is nae  
me."

"This is nae me," quo' she, "this is nae me ;  
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae  
me."

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the  
door he ran :

"Is that you, Bessukie ?" "Wow na man !

Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat <sup>3</sup> ye be ;

And fareweel, Johnnie," quo' she, "this is nae me !

"This is nae me," quo' she, "this is nae me ;  
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae  
me."

<sup>1</sup> Pelted wet.

<sup>2</sup> Knowing.

<sup>3</sup> May.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end :  
 "I've gotten sic<sup>1</sup> a fright, sir, I fear I'll never  
     mend ;  
 My wife's came home without a head, crying out  
     most piteously :  
 'Oh fareweel, Johnnie,' quo' she, 'this is nae me !  
     This is nae me,' quo' she, 'this is nae me ;  
     Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae  
     me.'"

"The tale you tell," the parson said, "is wonder-  
     ful to me,  
 How that a wife without a head could hear, or  
     speak, or see !  
 But things that happen hereabout so strangely  
     altered be,  
 That I could maist, wi' Bessie, say 'tis neither you  
     nor she.  
     Neither you nor she," quo' he, "neither  
     you nor she ;  
     Wow na Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor  
     she."

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and oh ! but he  
     was fain<sup>2</sup>

To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.  
 He got her sitting on a stool, wi' Tibbuk on her knee,  
 "Oh ! come awa', Johnnie," quo' she, "come awa'  
     to me ;

For I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now me.  
     This is now me," quo' she, "this is now me ;  
     I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now  
     me."

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Such.

<sup>2</sup> Glad.

## THE TURNIMSPIKE

This clever skit on the Highlandman is by Dougal Graham (1724-1779), who, besides writing a *Metrical History of the Rebellion*, is the author of many prose chapbooks, printed also by himself in the Saltmarket, Glasgow.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,  
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;  
And many alterations seen  
Among te Lawland whig, man.

First when her to the Lawlands came,  
Nainsell was driving cows, man ;  
There was nae laws about him's nerse,  
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philibeg,  
The plaid prick't on her shoulder ;  
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,  
De pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,  
Wherewith him's nerse be lockit,  
Ochon ! that e'er she saw the day,  
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every ting in de Highlands now  
Pe turn'd to alteration ;  
The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,  
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland pe turnt a Ningland now,  
An' laws pring on de cager ;  
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,  
But och ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,  
Me never saw de like, man ;  
They make a lang road on the crund,  
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow she pe a ponnie road,  
Like Loudon corn-riggs, man ;  
Where twa carts may gang on her,  
An' no preak ither's legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka <sup>1</sup> horse,  
(In troth they'll no pe sheaper ;)  
For naught put gaun <sup>2</sup> upo' the crund,  
And they gie me a paper.

They tak' the horse then by te head,  
And tere tey mak' her stan', man ;  
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day  
Tey had na sic comman', man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun <sup>3</sup> draw her purse,  
And pay him what him likes, man ;  
I'll see a shudgement on his toor,  
Tat filthy Turnimspike man.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,  
Where teil a ane <sup>4</sup> dare turn her,  
And no' come near to your Turnimspike  
Unless it pe to purn her !

DOUGAL GRAHAM.

<sup>1</sup> Each.

<sup>2</sup> Going.

<sup>3</sup> Must.

<sup>4</sup> Devil a one.



## O WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW

Said by Burns to be by John Ewen (1741-1821), an Aberdeen merchant, but undoubtedly suggested by an older song.

O WEEL may the boatie row,  
And better may she speed !  
And weel may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread !  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed ;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wishes her to speed !

I cuist<sup>1</sup> my line in Largo Bay,  
And fishes I caught nine ;  
There's three to boil, and three to fry,  
And three to bait the line.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed ;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wishes her to speed !

O weel may the boatie row,  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleads<sup>2</sup> us a' frae head to feet,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed ;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,  
And wan frae me my heart,

<sup>1</sup> Cast.

<sup>2</sup> Clothes.



O muckle <sup>1</sup> lighter grew my creel!

He swore we'd never part.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel;

And muckle lighter in the lade,

When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch <sup>2</sup> I put upon my head,

An' dressed mysel' fu' braw; <sup>3</sup>

I trow my heart was dowf <sup>4</sup> and wae <sup>5</sup>

When Jamie gaed <sup>6</sup> awa'.

But weel may the boatie row,

And lucky be her part;

And lightsome be the lassie's care

That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janettie

Are up and gotten lear, <sup>7</sup>

They'll help to gar the boatie row,

And lighten a' our care.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel;

And lightsome be her heart that bears

The murlain <sup>8</sup> and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,

And hirpling <sup>9</sup> round the door,

They'll row to keep us hale and warm,

As we did them before.

Then weel may the boatie row,

That wins the bairns' bread;

And happy be the lot of a'

That wish the boatie speed.

*Anonymous.*

<sup>1</sup> Much.

<sup>2</sup> Matron's head-dress.

<sup>3</sup> Finely.

<sup>4</sup> Hopeless.

<sup>5</sup> Sad.

<sup>6</sup> Went.

<sup>7</sup> Learning.

<sup>8</sup> A fish basket.

<sup>9</sup> Hobbling.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY

By Lady Anne Lindsay (1750-1825) of Balcarres, afterwards Lady Anne Barnard. Written to an old Scottish air: *The Bridegroom greits when the sun gae down*. She afterwards wrote a continuation—to secure a happy ending.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye's a'  
     at hame,  
 And a' the world to rest are gane;  
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
 Unkent by my gudeman,<sup>1</sup> wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for  
     his bride,  
 But saving a crown, he had naething else beside;  
 To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed<sup>2</sup> to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound, they were baith  
     for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,  
 When my faither brak' his arm, and the cow was  
     stown away;  
 My mither she fell sick—my Jamie at the sea;  
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My faither couldna work, and my mither couldna  
     spin;  
 I toil'd day and nicht, but their bread I couldna  
     win:  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in  
     his ee,  
 Said: "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no' marry  
     me?"

<sup>1</sup> Unknown by my husband.

<sup>2</sup> Went.

My heart it said Na, and I looked for Jamie back ;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship it was a wrack ;  
The ship was a wrack : why didna Jamie dee ?  
Or why am I spared to cry, " Wae is me " ?

My faither urged me sair, my mither didna speak,  
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to  
break ;  
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea ;  
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,  
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,  
Till he said : " I'm come hame, love, to marry  
thee."

Oh ! sair, sair did we greet,<sup>1</sup> and mickle <sup>2</sup> say of a' ;  
I gied him a kiss, and bade him gang <sup>3</sup> awa' ;  
I wished that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee :  
For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young, wae's me ! <sup>4</sup>

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin ;  
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For oh ! Robin Gray he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

<sup>1</sup> Weep.

<sup>2</sup> Much.

<sup>3</sup> Go.

<sup>4</sup> Alas.

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## BRAID CLAITH

Robert Fergusson (1750-1774), only second to Burns among the poets of the revival, gave promise of much better things than he lived to fulfil; but his sketches of various phases of Edinburgh life at the close of the eighteenth century are admirably realistic and humorous, without any suggestion of caricature, or any taint of grossness. *Braid Claith*, a sort of anticipation of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, is in the five line stave in *rime couée*, which was afterwards Burns's favourite stave.

YE wha are fain to hae your name  
Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,  
Let Merit nae pretension claim  
To laurel'd wreath,  
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,<sup>1</sup>  
In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells of this ma' fa',<sup>2</sup>  
An' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,  
Bids bauld to bear the gree<sup>3</sup> awa'  
Wi' a' this graith,<sup>4</sup>  
When bienly<sup>5</sup> clad wi' shell fu' braw<sup>6</sup>  
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck<sup>7</sup> for him wha has nae feck<sup>8</sup> o't,  
For he's a gowk<sup>9</sup> they're sure to geck at,  
A chiel<sup>10</sup> that ne'er will be respeckit  
While he draws breath,  
Till his four quarters are bedeckit  
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

<sup>1</sup> Belly.<sup>4</sup> Accoutrement.<sup>8</sup> Amount.<sup>2</sup> Chance to possess.<sup>5</sup> Comfortably.<sup>9</sup> Dolt.<sup>3</sup> Prize.<sup>6</sup> Fine.<sup>10</sup> Fellow.<sup>7</sup> Alas.

On Sabbath-days, the barber spark,  
 Whan he has done wi' scrapin' wark,  
 Wi' siller broachie in his sark,<sup>1</sup>  
     Gangs trigly,<sup>2</sup> faith!  
 Or to the Meadows or the Park,  
     In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,  
 That they to shave your haffits<sup>3</sup> bare,  
 Or curl an' sleek a pickle<sup>4</sup> hair,  
     Would be right laith;<sup>5</sup>  
 When pacing wi' a gawsy<sup>6</sup> air  
     In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettld stirrah green<sup>7</sup>  
 For favour frae a lady's een,<sup>8</sup>  
 He maunna<sup>9</sup> care for bein' seen  
     Before he sheath  
 His body in a scabbard clean  
     O' gude Braid Claith.

For gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,  
 A feg for him she winna care,  
 But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair,  
     An' scauld<sup>10</sup> him baith:  
 Wooers should ay their travel spare  
     Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk<sup>11</sup> an unco heeze,<sup>12</sup>  
 Mak's mony kail-worms butterflies,

<sup>1</sup> Shirt.<sup>4</sup> Small quantity.<sup>7</sup> Fellow wish.<sup>10</sup> Scold.<sup>2</sup> Neatly.<sup>5</sup> Loth.<sup>8</sup> Eyes.<sup>11</sup> Folk.<sup>3</sup> Temples.<sup>6</sup> Joyous and conceited.<sup>9</sup> Mustn't.<sup>12</sup> Remarkable assistance.

Gies mony a doctor his degrees,  
 For little skaith;<sup>1</sup>  
 In short, you may be what you please  
 Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For tho' ye had as wise a snout on  
 As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,  
 Your judgment fouk wou'd hae a doubt on,  
 I'll tak' my aith,  
 Till they could see ye wi' a suit on  
 O' gude Braid Claith.

ROBERT FERGUSON.

## HALLOW FAIR

The stave of this piece is a modification of that of *Chrystis Kirk*.  
 Here the octave is built on four rhymes.

AT Hallowmas, when nights grow lang,  
 An' starnies<sup>2</sup> shine fu' clear,  
 When fouk, the nippin cauld to bang,<sup>3</sup>  
 Their winter hapwarms wear :  
 Near Edinburgh a fair there hauds,<sup>4</sup>  
 I wat<sup>5</sup> there's nane wha's name is,  
 For strappin' dames and sturdy lads,  
 An' cap an' stoup, mair famous  
 Than it that day,

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum<sup>6</sup>  
 The sun began to keek,<sup>7</sup>  
 An' by the trig<sup>8</sup>-made maidens come  
 A sightly Joe to seek,

<sup>1</sup> Pains.

<sup>2</sup> Stars.

<sup>3</sup> Drive away.

<sup>4</sup> Holds.

<sup>5</sup> Am certain.

<sup>6</sup> Every chimney.

<sup>7</sup> Peep.

<sup>8</sup> Neat.



At Hallow Fair, whare browsters rare  
 Keep good ale on the gantries,<sup>1</sup>  
 An' dinna scrimp ye o' a skair<sup>2</sup>  
 O' kebbucks<sup>3</sup> frae their pantries,  
 Fu' saut<sup>4</sup> that day.

Here country John in bannet blue,  
 An' eke<sup>5</sup> his Sunday's claes<sup>6</sup> on,  
 Rins after Meg wi' rokelay<sup>7</sup> new,  
 An' sappy kisses lays on;  
 She'll tauntin' say, "Ye silly coof!  
 Be o' your gab<sup>8</sup> mair sparin':"  
 He'll tak' the hint, and creish<sup>9</sup> her loof  
 Wi' what will buy her fairin',  
 To chew that day.

Here chapmen billies<sup>10</sup> tak' their stand,  
 An' shaw their bonny wallies;<sup>11</sup>  
 Wow but they lie fu' gleg<sup>12</sup> aff hand,  
 To trick the silly fallows:  
 Heh, sirs! what cairds and tinklers come,  
 An' ne'er-do-weel horse-coupers,<sup>13</sup>  
 An' spae-wives fenzying to be dumb,  
 Wi' a' sick like land loupers,  
 To thrive that day.

Here Sawney cries, frae Aberdeen:  
 "Come ye to me fa<sup>14</sup> need;  
 The bravest shanks that e'er were seen  
 I'll sell ye cheap an' gweed.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Barrel-stands. <sup>2</sup> Portion. <sup>3</sup> Cheese. <sup>4</sup> Salt. <sup>5</sup> Also.  
<sup>6</sup> Clothes. <sup>7</sup> Cloak. <sup>8</sup> Mouth. <sup>9</sup> Grease (with money).  
<sup>10</sup> Fellows. <sup>11</sup> Choice things. <sup>12</sup> Smartly. <sup>13</sup> Horse-dealers.  
<sup>14</sup> The Aberdeen pronunciation of *wha*, *i.e.* *who*.  
<sup>15</sup> Aberdeen for *gude*, *i.e.* *good*.



I wyt<sup>1</sup> they are as pretty hose  
 As come frae weyer or leem :<sup>2</sup>  
 Here, tak' a rug, an' shaw's your pose ;  
 Forseeth, my ain's but teem<sup>3</sup>  
 And light the day."

Ye wives, as ye gang<sup>4</sup> through the fair,  
 O mak' your bargains hooly !  
 O' a' thir<sup>5</sup> wylie lowns beware,  
 Or fegs ! they will ye spulzie.  
 For fernyear<sup>6</sup> Meg Thamson got,  
 Frae thir mischievous villains,  
 A scaw'd<sup>7</sup> bit o' a penny note,  
 That lost a score o' shillins  
 To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,  
 The serjeant screechs fu' loud,  
 "A' gentlemen an' volunteers  
 That wish your country gude,  
 Come here to me, an' I sall gie  
 Twa guineas an' a crown,  
 A bowl o' punch that like the sea  
 Will soum<sup>8</sup> a lang dragoon  
 Wi' ease this day."

Without the cuissers<sup>9</sup> prance and nicker,  
 An' o'er the ley-rig scud ;  
 In tents the carles<sup>10</sup> bend the bicker,<sup>11</sup>  
 An' rant and roar like wud.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bet.<sup>2</sup> Wire or loom.<sup>3</sup> Empty.<sup>4</sup> Go.<sup>5</sup> Those.<sup>6</sup> Last year.<sup>7</sup> Scabbed.<sup>8</sup> Swim.<sup>9</sup> Coursers.<sup>10</sup> Fellows.<sup>11</sup> Cup.<sup>12</sup> Mad.

Then there's sic <sup>1</sup> yellowdim <sup>2</sup> and din  
 Wi' wives and wee anes <sup>3</sup> gabblin',  
 That ane might trow they were akin  
 To a' the tongues at Babylon  
 Confus'd that day.

When Phœbus ligs <sup>4</sup> in Thetis' lap,  
 Auld Reekie <sup>5</sup> gies them shelter,  
 Where cadgily <sup>6</sup> they kiss the cap,  
 An' ca't <sup>7</sup> round helter-skelter.  
 Jock Bell gaed <sup>8</sup> forth to play his freaks,  
 Great cause he had to rue it,  
 For frae a stark <sup>9</sup> Lochaber aix  
 He gat a *clamibewit* <sup>10</sup>  
 Fu' sair that night.

"Ohon!" quo' he, "I'd rather be  
 By sword or bagnet stickit,  
 Than hae my crown or body wi'  
 Sic deadly weapons nickit."  
 Wi' that he gat another straik  
 Mair weighty than before,  
 That gar'd <sup>11</sup> his feckless <sup>12</sup> body ache,  
 An' spew the reekin' <sup>13</sup> gore,  
 Fu' red that night.

He peching <sup>14</sup> on the causey lay,  
 O' kicks an' cuffs weel sair'd ; <sup>15</sup>  
 A highland aith the serjeant gae :  
 "She maun <sup>16</sup> pe see our guard."

<sup>1</sup> Such.<sup>2</sup> Hubbub.<sup>3</sup> Children.<sup>4</sup> Lies.<sup>5</sup> Edinburgh.<sup>6</sup> Rejoicingly.<sup>7</sup> Pass it.<sup>8</sup> Went.<sup>9</sup> Strong.<sup>10</sup> Hard blow.<sup>11</sup> Made.<sup>12</sup> Pithless.<sup>13</sup> Smoking.<sup>14</sup> Blowing.<sup>15</sup> Well served.<sup>16</sup> Must.

Out spak' the warlike corporal :  
 "Pring in ta drunken sot."  
 They traild him ben,<sup>1</sup> an' by my saul  
 He paid his drucken groat  
 For that neist day.

Gude fouk, as ye come frae the fair,  
 Bide yont frae <sup>2</sup> this black squad ;  
 There's nae sic savages elsewhere  
 Allow'd to wear cockade.  
 Than the strong lion's hungry maw,  
 Or tusk o' Russian bear,  
 Frae their wanruly felon paw  
 Mair cause ye hae to fear  
 Your death that day.

A wee soup drink does unco <sup>3</sup> weel  
 To had the heart aboon ; <sup>4</sup>  
 It's gude as lang's a canny chiel <sup>5</sup>  
 Can stand steeve <sup>6</sup> in his shoon.<sup>7</sup>  
 But gin <sup>8</sup> a birkie's <sup>9</sup> ower weel sair'd,  
 It gars <sup>10</sup> him aften stammer  
 To plays <sup>11</sup> that bring him to the guards,  
 An' eke the Council-chammer,  
 Wi' shame that day.

ROBERT FERGUSON.

<sup>1</sup> Into the room.

<sup>2</sup> Don't come near.

<sup>3</sup> Remarkably.

<sup>4</sup> To keep up the spirits.

<sup>6</sup> Quiet fellow.

<sup>6</sup> Compact.

<sup>7</sup> Shoes.

<sup>8</sup> If.

<sup>9</sup> Young fellow.

<sup>10</sup> Makes.

<sup>11</sup> Pleas, disputes.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF  
SCOTS MUSIC

Modelled on Sempill's *Habbie Simson*.

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,  
When lads and lasses tartan wore,  
Saft Music rang on ilka <sup>1</sup> shore,  
In hamely weid ; <sup>2</sup>  
But Harmony is now no more,  
And Music's dead.

Round her the feather'd choir would wing,  
Sae bonnily she wont to sing,  
And sleely wake the sleeping string,  
Their sang to lead,  
Sweet as the zephyrs of the spring ;  
But now she's dead.

Mourn ilka <sup>3</sup> nymph and ilka swain,  
Ilk sunny hill and dowie <sup>4</sup> glen ;  
Let weeping streams and Naiads drain  
Their fountain head ;  
Let echo swell their dolefu' strain,  
Since Music's dead.

When the saft vernal breezes ca' <sup>5</sup>  
The grey-hair'd winter's fogs awa',  
Naeboddy then is heard to blaw,  
Near hill or mead,  
On chaunter or on aiten <sup>6</sup> straw,  
Since Music's dead.

<sup>1</sup> Every.

<sup>4</sup> Mournful.

<sup>2</sup> Dress.

<sup>5</sup> Drive.

<sup>3</sup> Every.

<sup>6</sup> Bagpipe or on oat.

Nae lasses now, on simmer's days,  
 Will lilt at bleaching of their claes;  
 Nae herds on Yarrow's bonny braes,  
     Or banks of Tweed,  
 Delight to chant their hameil<sup>1</sup> lays,  
     Since Music's dead.

At glomin',<sup>2</sup> now, the bagpipe's dumb,  
 When weary owsen hameward come;  
 Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,  
     And pibrachs skreed;  
 We never hear its warlike hum,  
     For Music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane: ah! waes my heart!  
 The man in music maist expert,  
 Wha could sweet melody impart,  
     And tune the reed,  
 Wi' sic<sup>3</sup> a slee and pawky art;  
     But now he's dead.

Ilk carline<sup>4</sup> now may grunt and grane,  
 Ilk bonny lassie make great mane;  
 Since he's awa', I trow there's nane  
     Can fill his stead;  
 The blythest sangster on the plain!  
     Alake, he's dead!

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,<sup>5</sup>  
 And crabbit queer variety  
 Of sounds fresh sprung frae Italy,  
     A bastard breed!  
 Unlike that saft-tongu'd melody  
     Which now lies dead.

<sup>1</sup> Homely.    <sup>2</sup> Sunset.    <sup>3</sup> Such.    <sup>4</sup> Old woman.    <sup>5</sup> Prize.

Can lav' rocks <sup>1</sup> at the dawning day,  
 Can linties <sup>2</sup> chirming frae the spray,  
 Or todling burns <sup>3</sup> that smoothly play  
     O'er gowden bed,  
 Compare wi' "Birks of Indermay?"  
     But now they're dead.

O Scotland! that could yence <sup>4</sup> afford  
 To bang the pith of Roman sword,  
 Winna <sup>5</sup> your sons, wi' joint accord,  
     To battle speed,  
 And fight till Music be restor'd,  
     Which now lies dead?

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

### POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY

Any criticism or biography of Robert Burns (1759-1796) is here unnecessary; but by comparing the following selections from his verse with the previous contents of this volume, the reader can scarce fail to recognise both how essentially he belongs to the Scottish school and how much he has done to glorify it.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,  
 Wi' saut tears tricklin' down your nose;  
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,  
     Past a' remead! <sup>6</sup>  
 The last, sad cape-stane of his woes;  
     Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no' the loss of warl's gear <sup>7</sup>  
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,

<sup>1</sup> Larks.

<sup>2</sup> Linnets.

<sup>3</sup> Trotting brooklets.

<sup>4</sup> Once.

<sup>5</sup> Will not.

<sup>6</sup> Remedy.

<sup>7</sup> World's wealth.



Or mak' our Bardie, dowie,<sup>1</sup> wear  
 The mourning weed :  
 He's lost a friend an' neebor dear  
 In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun<sup>2</sup> she trotted by him ;  
 A lang half-mile she could descry him ;  
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,  
 She ran wi' speed :  
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam' nigh him,  
 Than Mailie dead.

I wat<sup>3</sup> she was a sheep o' sense,  
 An' could behave hersel' wi' mense ;<sup>4</sup>  
 I'll say't, she never brak' a fence  
 Thro' thievish greed.  
 Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence<sup>5</sup>  
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or if he wanders up the howe,<sup>6</sup>  
 Her livin' image in her yowe<sup>7</sup>  
 Comes bleatin' till<sup>8</sup> him owre the knowe,<sup>9</sup>  
 For bits o' bread ;  
 An' down the briny pearls rowe  
 For Mailie dead.

She was nae get<sup>10</sup> o' moorlan' tips,<sup>11</sup>  
 Wi' tawted ket<sup>12</sup> an' hairy hips ;<sup>13</sup>  
 For her forbears<sup>14</sup> were brought in ships  
 Frae yont<sup>15</sup> the Tweed :  
 A bonnier fleesh<sup>16</sup> ne'er cross'd the clips<sup>17</sup>  
 Than Mailie's dead.

<sup>1</sup> Drooping.<sup>2</sup> Farm.<sup>3</sup> Wot.<sup>4</sup> Discretion.<sup>5</sup> Parlour.<sup>6</sup> Glen.<sup>7</sup> Ewe.<sup>8</sup> To.<sup>9</sup> Over the knoll.<sup>10</sup> Issue.<sup>11</sup> Tups.<sup>12</sup> Matted fleece.<sup>13</sup> Rumps.<sup>14</sup> Ancestors.<sup>15</sup> Beyond.<sup>16</sup> Fleece.<sup>17</sup> Shears.

Wae worth<sup>1</sup> the man wha first did shape  
 That vile, wanchancie<sup>2</sup> thing—a rape!  
 It makes guid fellows girn<sup>3</sup> an' gape,  
     Wi' chokin' dread;  
 An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape  
     For Mailie dead.

O a' ye bards on bonnie Doon!  
 An' wha on Ayr your chanter's<sup>4</sup> tune!  
 Come, join the melancholious croon  
     O' Robin's reed!  
 His heart will never get aboon:<sup>5</sup>  
     His Mailie's dead!

ROBERT BURNS.

### ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

"O Prince! O chief of many thronèd pow'rs!  
 That led the embattl'd Seraphim to war."  
 MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee—  
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie<sup>6</sup>—  
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,  
     Clos'd under hatches,  
 Spargies<sup>7</sup> about the brimstane cootie<sup>8</sup>  
     To scaud<sup>9</sup> poor wretches!

Hear me, Auld Hangie,<sup>10</sup> for a wee,<sup>11</sup>  
 An' let poor damnèd bodies be;

<sup>1</sup> Woe befall.

<sup>2</sup> Dangerous.

<sup>3</sup> Girn.

<sup>4</sup> Bagpipes.

<sup>5</sup> He will never regain his spirits.

<sup>6</sup> (Having the double hoof or cloot.)

<sup>7</sup> Splashes.

<sup>8</sup> Dish.

<sup>9</sup> Scald.

<sup>10</sup> Hangman.

<sup>11</sup> Little.

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,  
 Ev'n to a deil,  
 To skelp<sup>1</sup> an' scaud poor dogs like me,  
 An' hear us squeel.

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;  
 Far kend an' noted is thy name;  
 An' tho' yon lowin' heugh<sup>2</sup> is thy hame,  
 Thou travels far;  
 An' faith! thou's neither lag<sup>3</sup> nor lame,  
 Nor blate nor scaur.<sup>4</sup>

Whyles<sup>5</sup> ranging like a roarin' lion  
 For prey, a' holes an' corners trying;  
 Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',  
 Tirlin' the kirks;<sup>6</sup>  
 Whyles in the human bosom pryin',  
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,  
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;  
 Or, where auld ruin'd castles grey  
 Nod to the moon,  
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way  
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my graunie summon  
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!  
 Aft yont the dyke<sup>7</sup> she's heard you bummin',  
 Wi' eerie drone;  
 Or, rustlin' thro' the boortrees,<sup>8</sup> comin'  
 Wi' heavy groan.

<sup>1</sup> Spank.<sup>2</sup> Flaming hollow.<sup>3</sup> Backward.<sup>4</sup> Bashful nor afraid.<sup>5</sup> Sometimes.<sup>6</sup> Stripping the roofs of the churches.<sup>7</sup> Beyond the fence.<sup>8</sup> Elder bushes.

Ae<sup>1</sup> dreary, windy, winter night,  
 The stars shot down wi' sklentín' light,  
 Wi' you mysel', I gat a fright :  
     Ayont the lough,  
 Ye, like a rash-buss,<sup>2</sup> stood in sight,  
     Wi' waving sugh.<sup>3</sup>

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,  
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake ;  
 When wi' an eldritch stoor<sup>4</sup> "quaick, quaick,"  
     Amang the springs,  
 Awa' ye squatter'd like a drake,  
     On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,  
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed<sup>5</sup> nags,  
 They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,  
     Wi' wicked speed ;  
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,  
     Owre howkit<sup>6</sup> dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil and pain,  
 May plunge an' plunge the kirn<sup>7</sup> in vain ;  
 For O ! the yellow treasure's ta'en  
     By witching skill ;  
 An' dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen  
     As yell's the bill.<sup>8</sup>

Thence, mystic knots mak' great abuse<sup>9</sup>  
 On young guidmen, fond, keen an' croose ;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One.<sup>2</sup> Clump of rushes.<sup>3</sup> Sigh.<sup>4</sup> Weird, harsh.<sup>5</sup> Ragwort.<sup>6</sup> Disburied.<sup>7</sup> Churn.<sup>8</sup> Petted, twelve-pint cow is gone as dry as the bull.<sup>9</sup> Confident.

When the best wark-lume<sup>1</sup> i' the house,  
     By cantraip<sup>2</sup> wit,  
 Is instant made no worth a loose,  
     Just at the bit.<sup>3</sup>

When thoues dissolve the snawy hoord,<sup>4</sup>  
 An' float the jinglin' icy boord,<sup>5</sup>  
 Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord  
     By your direction,  
 An' 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd  
     To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies<sup>6</sup>  
 Decoy the wight<sup>7</sup> that late an' drunk is :  
 The bleezin', curst, mischievous monxies  
     Delude his eyes,  
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,  
     Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip  
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,  
 Some cock or cat your rage maun<sup>8</sup> stop,  
     Or, strange to tell !  
 The youngest brother ye wad whip  
     Aff straicht<sup>9</sup> to hell.

Lang syne,<sup>10</sup> in Eden's bonnie yard,<sup>11</sup>  
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,  
 An' all the soul of love they shar'd,  
     The raptur'd hour,  
 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,  
     In shady bow'r :

<sup>1</sup> Tool.<sup>2</sup> Magic.<sup>3</sup> Nick of time.<sup>4</sup> Hoard.<sup>5</sup> Board, surface.<sup>6</sup> Bog-traversing jack o' lanterns.<sup>7</sup> Fellow.<sup>8</sup> Must.<sup>9</sup> Straicht.<sup>10</sup> Long ago.<sup>11</sup> Garden.



Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing<sup>1</sup> dog!  
 Ye cam' to Paradise *incog.*,  
 An' play'd on man a curs'd brogue,<sup>2</sup>  
     (Black be your fa'!)  
 An' gied the infant warld a shog,<sup>3</sup>  
     'Maist<sup>4</sup> ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz,<sup>5</sup>  
 Wi' reekit duds<sup>6</sup> an' reestit gizz,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ye did present your smoutie<sup>8</sup> phiz  
     'Mang better folk;  
 An' sklent<sup>9</sup> on the man of Uzz  
     Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,  
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall?<sup>10</sup>  
 While scabs an' botches did him gall  
     Wi' bitter claw;  
 An' lows'd<sup>11</sup> his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul<sup>12</sup>—  
     Was warst ava?<sup>13</sup>

But a' your doings to rehearse,  
 Your wily snares an' fechtin'<sup>14</sup> fierce,  
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,  
     Down to this time,  
 Wad ding a Lallan<sup>15</sup> tongue, or Erse,  
     In prose or rhyme.

An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken<sup>16</sup> ye're thinkin',  
 A certain Bardie's rantin',<sup>17</sup> drinkin',

<sup>1</sup> Scheming.<sup>2</sup> Trick.<sup>3</sup> Shake.<sup>4</sup> Almost.<sup>5</sup> Flurry.<sup>6</sup> Smoked clothes.<sup>7</sup> Scorched wig.<sup>8</sup> Smutty.<sup>9</sup> Squinted.<sup>10</sup> Holding.<sup>11</sup> Loosed.<sup>12</sup> Scold.<sup>13</sup> Of all.<sup>14</sup> Fighting.<sup>15</sup> Beat a Lowland.<sup>16</sup> Know.<sup>17</sup> Roistering.



Some luckless hour will send him linkin'<sup>1</sup>

To your black Pit;

But, faith, he'll turn a corner jinkin',<sup>2</sup>

An' cheat you yet!

But fare-you-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!

O, wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!

Ye aiblins<sup>3</sup> might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a stake:

I'm wae<sup>4</sup> to think upo' yon den,

Ev'n for your sake!

ROBERT BURNS.

### A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspired fool,

Owre<sup>5</sup> fast for thought, owre hot for rule,

Owre blate<sup>6</sup> to seek, owre proud to snool?<sup>7</sup>

Let him draw near;

And owre<sup>8</sup> this grassy heap sing dool,<sup>9</sup>

And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,

Who, noteless, steals the crowd among,

That weekly this arèa throng?

O, pass not by!

But with a frater-feeling strong,

Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear

Can others teach the course to steer,

<sup>1</sup> Hurrying.

<sup>2</sup> Too.

<sup>6</sup> Modest.

<sup>2</sup> Dodging.

<sup>7</sup> Cringe.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps.

<sup>8</sup> Over,

<sup>4</sup> Sad.

<sup>9</sup> Woe.

Yet runs, himself, life's mad career  
Wild as the wave?  
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow  
And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend! whether thy soul  
Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole  
In low pursuit;  
Know, prudent, cautious self-control  
Is wisdom's root.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE SOLDIER'S SONG

(From *The Jolly Beggars*.)

Tune—*Soldier's Joy*.

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,  
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;  
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench  
When welcoming the French at the sound of  
the drum.

My prenticeship I past, where my leader breath'd  
his last,  
When the bloody die was cast on the heights  
of Abram;

And I servèd out my trade when the gallant game  
was play'd,  
And the Moro<sup>1</sup> low was laid at the sound of  
the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis<sup>2</sup> among the floating  
batt'ries,  
And there I left for witness an arm and a  
limb;  
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,  
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the  
drum.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm  
and leg,  
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my  
bum,  
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my  
callet,  
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the  
winter shocks,  
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a  
home?  
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle  
tell,  
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a  
drum.

ROBERT BURNS.

<sup>1</sup> El Moro at Santiago de Cuba, stormed in August 1762.

<sup>2</sup> Admiral Curtis, who destroyed the "floating batteries" of the  
French before Gibraltar, 13th September 1782.

THE RAUCLE CARLIN'S<sup>1</sup> SONG

(From *The Jolly Beggars*.)

Tune—*O, an' ye were dead, guidman.*

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
The Lalland<sup>2</sup> laws he held in scorn,  
But he still was faithful to his clan,  
My gallant, braw<sup>3</sup> John Highlandman.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!

Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!

There's not a lad in a' the lan'

Was match for my John Highlandman!

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,  
An' guid claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,  
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay,  
For a Lalland face he fearèd none,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.

But och! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast.  
My curse upon them, every one—  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!

<sup>1</sup> Sturdy beldam's.

<sup>2</sup> Lowland.

<sup>3</sup> Finely dressed.

And now a widow I must mourn  
 The pleasures that will ne'er return ;  
 No comfort but a hearty can  
 When I think on John Highlandman !  
     Sing hey my braw John Highlandman !  
     Sing ho my braw John Highlandman !  
     There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
     Was match for my John Highlandman !

ROBERT BURNS.

### GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

Founded on an older song.

GREEN grow the rashes, O ;  
 Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In every hour that passes, O ;  
 What signifies the life o' man  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

The war'ly<sup>1</sup> race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie<sup>2</sup> hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O,  
 An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie,<sup>3</sup> O !

<sup>1</sup> Worldly.

<sup>2</sup> Quiet.

<sup>3</sup> Topsy-turvey.

For you sae douce,<sup>1</sup> ye sneer at this ;  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O :  
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

## CORN RIGS

Suggested by an older song.

It was upon a Lammas night,  
 When corn rigs<sup>2</sup> are bonnie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I held awa' to Annie ;  
 The time flew by, wi' tentless<sup>3</sup> heed,  
 Till, 'tween the late and early,<sup>4</sup>  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
 To see me thro' the barley.  
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
 An' corn rigs are bonnie  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy day  
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

<sup>1</sup> Grave.

<sup>2</sup> Ridges.

<sup>3</sup> Careless.

<sup>4</sup> Annie's work day.



The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly ;  
 I set her down, wi' right good will,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley :  
 I ken't <sup>1</sup> her heart was a' my ain ;  
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;  
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;  
 Her heart was beating rarely :  
 My blessings on that happy place,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley !  
 But by the moon and stars so bright,  
 That shone that hour so clearly !  
 She ay shall bless that happy night  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;  
 I hae been merry drinking ;  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear ; <sup>2</sup>  
 I hae been happy thinking :  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly—  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
 An' corn rigs are bonnie ;  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night  
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

ROBERT BURNS.

<sup>1</sup> Knew.

<sup>2</sup> Making money.

## M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL

A re-reading of a black-letter ballad.

SAE rantingly,<sup>1</sup> sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed<sup>2</sup> he,  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round  
Below the gallows-tree.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie !  
M'Pherson's time will not be long  
On yonder gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath ?  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dar'd his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword,  
And there's no' a man in all Scotland  
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt<sup>3</sup> and strife ;  
I die by treacherie :  
It burns my heart I must depart  
And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky !  
May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dare not die !

<sup>1</sup> Jovially

<sup>2</sup> Went.

<sup>3</sup> Trouble.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly gaed <sup>1</sup> he,  
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round  
 Below the gallows-tree.

ROBERT BURNS.

AY WAUKIN', <sup>2</sup> O

An amendment of an older song.

Ay waukin', O,  
 Waukin' still and weary :  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie.

Simmer's a pleasant time ;  
 Flowers of every colour,  
 The water rins owre the heugh, <sup>3</sup>  
 And I long for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,  
 When I wauk I'm eerie, <sup>4</sup>  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinkin' on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,  
 A' the lave <sup>5</sup> are sleepin',  
 I think on my bonnie lad,  
 And I bleer my een <sup>6</sup> wi' greetin'. <sup>7</sup>

Ay waukin', O,  
 Waukin' still and weary :  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie.

ROBERT BURNS.

<sup>1</sup> Went.

<sup>2</sup> Awake.

<sup>3</sup> Over the crag.

<sup>4</sup> Apprehensive.

<sup>5</sup> Others,

<sup>6</sup> Eyes.

<sup>7</sup> Weeping.

## THE SILVER TASSIE

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
And fill it in a silver tassie,  
That I may drink before I go  
A service to my bonnie lassie !  
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,  
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,  
And I maun<sup>1</sup> leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody.  
It's not the roar o' sea or shore  
Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,  
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

OF A' THE AIRTS<sup>2</sup>

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west ;  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,<sup>3</sup>  
And monie a hill between,  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

<sup>1</sup> Must.<sup>2</sup> Directions.<sup>3</sup> Roll.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air.  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw,<sup>1</sup> or green,  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds <sup>2</sup> me o' my Jean.

## O MERRY HAE I BEEN

Written to the old tune, *The Bob o' Dunblane*, and in part suggested by the old improper song of that name.

O, MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,<sup>3</sup>  
 An' merry hae I been shapin' a spoon!  
 O, merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,  
 An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done!  
 O, a' the lang day I ca'<sup>4</sup> at my hammer,  
 An' a' the lang day I whistle an' sing!  
 O, a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,<sup>5</sup>  
 An' a' the lang night as happy's a king!

Bitter in dool,<sup>6</sup> I lickit my winnin's,<sup>7</sup>  
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave.  
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,<sup>8</sup>  
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!  
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,  
 An' come to my arms, and kiss me again!  
 Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie,  
 And blest be the day I did it again.

ROBERT BURNS.

<sup>1</sup> Wood.

<sup>2</sup> Reminds.

<sup>3</sup> Hackling comb.

<sup>4</sup> Knock.

<sup>5</sup> Mistress.

<sup>6</sup> Sorrow.

<sup>7</sup> Supped my earnings.

<sup>8</sup> Winding sheet.

## WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

WE are na fou,<sup>1</sup> we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie<sup>2</sup> in our e'e!  
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,<sup>3</sup>  
 And ay we'll taste the barley-bree.<sup>4</sup>

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam' to see;  
 Three blyther hearts that lee-lang<sup>5</sup> night  
 Ye wad na<sup>6</sup> found in Christendie.

Here are we met three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And monie a night we've merry been,  
 And monie mae<sup>7</sup> we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken<sup>8</sup> her horn,  
 That's blinkin'<sup>9</sup> in the lift sae hie:<sup>10</sup>  
 She shines sae bright to wyle<sup>11</sup> us hame,  
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
 A cuckold, coward loun<sup>12</sup> is he!  
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three!

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our e'e!  
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley-bree.

ROBERT BURNS.

<sup>1</sup> Drunk.

<sup>5</sup> Livelong.

<sup>9</sup> Gleaming.

<sup>2</sup> Small drop.

<sup>6</sup> Would not have.

<sup>10</sup> Sky so high.

<sup>3</sup> Dawn.

<sup>7</sup> More.

<sup>11</sup> Entice.

<sup>4</sup> Brew.

<sup>8</sup> Know.

<sup>12</sup> Rascal.



O LEEZE ME<sup>1</sup> ON MY  
SPINNIN'-WHEEL

O LEEZE me on my spinnin'-wheel !  
 An' leeze me on my rock<sup>2</sup> and reel,  
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
 And haps me fiel<sup>3</sup> and warm at e'en !  
 I'll set<sup>4</sup> me down, and sing and spin,  
 While laigh<sup>5</sup> descends the summer sun,  
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—  
 O leeze me on my spinnin'-wheel !

On ilka<sup>6</sup> hand the burnies<sup>7</sup> trot,  
 And meet below my theekit<sup>8</sup> cot.  
 The scented birk<sup>9</sup> and hawthorn white  
 Across the pool their arms unite,  
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest  
 And little fishes' caller<sup>10</sup> rest.  
 The sun blinks<sup>11</sup> kindly in the biel,<sup>12</sup>  
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin'-wheel.

On lofty aiks<sup>13</sup> the cushats wail,  
 And Echo cons the doolfu'<sup>14</sup> tale ;  
 The lintwhites<sup>15</sup> in the hazel braes<sup>16</sup>  
 Delighted rival ither's<sup>17</sup> lays.  
 The craik<sup>18</sup> amang the claver<sup>19</sup> hay,  
 The partrick<sup>20</sup> whirrin' o'er the ley,  
 The swallows jinkin'<sup>21</sup> round my shiel,<sup>22</sup>  
 Amuse me at my spinnin'-wheel.

<sup>1</sup> Blessings.      <sup>2</sup> Distaff.<sup>3</sup> Clothes me comfortably and wraps me snug.<sup>5</sup> Low.      <sup>6</sup> Either.<sup>9</sup> Birch.      <sup>10</sup> Cool.<sup>13</sup> Oaks.      <sup>14</sup> Doleful.<sup>17</sup> Each other's.<sup>20</sup> Partridge.      <sup>21</sup> Darting.<sup>7</sup> Brooklets.<sup>11</sup> Glances.<sup>15</sup> Linnets.<sup>18</sup> Corncrail.<sup>22</sup> Cottage.<sup>4</sup> Place.<sup>8</sup> Thatched<sup>12</sup> Shelter.<sup>16</sup> Slopes.<sup>19</sup> Clover.

Wi' sma'<sup>1</sup> to sell and less to buy,  
 Aboon<sup>2</sup> distress, below envÿ,  
 O, wha wad leave this humble state  
 For a' the pride of a' the great?  
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinnin'-wheel?

ROBERT BURNS.

### WILLIE WASTLE

Suggested by an old rhyme.

WILLIE WASTLE dwelt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumtodie;  
 Willie was a wabster<sup>3</sup> guid,  
 Could stown<sup>4</sup> a clue w' onie bodie.  
 He had a wife was dour<sup>5</sup> and din,<sup>6</sup>  
 O, Tinkler<sup>7</sup> Maidgie was her mither!  
 Sic<sup>8</sup> a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e<sup>9</sup> (she has but ane),  
 The cat has twa the very colour,  
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper-tongue wag deave<sup>10</sup> a miller;  
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither:<sup>11</sup>  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

<sup>1</sup> Little.

<sup>2</sup> Above.

<sup>3</sup> Weaver.

<sup>4</sup> Could have stolen.

<sup>5</sup> Stubborn.

<sup>6</sup> Dun.

<sup>7</sup> Tinker.

<sup>8</sup> Such.

<sup>9</sup> Eye.

<sup>10</sup> Deafen.

<sup>11</sup> Each other.

She's bow <sup>1</sup>-hough'd, she's hein <sup>2</sup>-shin'd,  
 Ae <sup>3</sup> limpin' leg a hand-breed <sup>4</sup> shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka <sup>5</sup> quarter;  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther: <sup>6</sup>  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans <sup>7</sup> by the ingle <sup>8</sup> sits,  
 An' wi' her loof <sup>9</sup> her face a-washin';  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, <sup>10</sup>  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushon; <sup>11</sup>  
 Her walie <sup>12</sup> nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle <sup>13</sup> the Logan Water:  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

ROBERT BURNS.

### A RED, RED ROSE

Derived from several black-letter or chapbook ditties (see *The Centenary Burns*, iii. 402-404).

O, my luve is like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June!  
 O, my luve is like the melodie  
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in luve am I,  
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang <sup>14</sup> dry.

<sup>1</sup> Bandy.	<sup>2</sup> Bent.	<sup>3</sup> One.	<sup>4</sup> Breadth.
<sup>5</sup> Either.	<sup>6</sup> Shoulder.	<sup>7</sup> Old pussie.	<sup>8</sup> Fireside.
<sup>9</sup> Palm.	<sup>10</sup> Trim.	<sup>11</sup> Wipes her snout with a dishclout.	
<sup>12</sup> Ample.	<sup>13</sup> Foul.	<sup>14</sup> Go.	

## SCOTTISH VERSE

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Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my love,  
'Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

ROBERT BURNS.

## AULD LANG SYNE<sup>1</sup>

The most of the chorus is old, and portions of the other stanzas. The other songs on Auld Lang Syne probably derive from songs on Aul Kindness (kinship).

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be<sup>2</sup> your pint-stowp,  
And surely I'll be mine,  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!

<sup>1</sup> Old long ago.

<sup>2</sup> Pay for.

We twa hae run about the braes,<sup>1</sup>  
 And pou'd the gowans<sup>2</sup> fine,  
 But we've wander'd monie a weary fit<sup>3</sup>  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd<sup>4</sup> in the burn<sup>5</sup>  
 Frae morning sun till dine,<sup>6</sup>  
 But seas between us braid<sup>7</sup> hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,<sup>8</sup>  
 And gie's a hand o' thine,  
 And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught<sup>9</sup>  
 For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne!

ROBERT BURNS.

## CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING

Probably founded on an old Jacobite song.

AN' Charlie's he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 Charlie he's my darling—  
 The young Chevalier!

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
 Right early in the year,  
 That Charlie came to our town—  
 The young Chevalier!

<sup>1</sup> Hill-sides.  
<sup>5</sup> Brook.

<sup>2</sup> Pulled the wild daisies.  
<sup>6</sup> Noon.

<sup>7</sup> Broad.

<sup>3</sup> Foot.  
<sup>8</sup> Chum.

<sup>4</sup> Waded.  
<sup>9</sup> Draught.

As he was walking up the street,  
The city for to view,  
O, there he spied a bonnie lass  
The window looking thro' !

Sae light's he jimpèd up the stair,  
And tirl'd at the pin ; <sup>1</sup>  
And wha sae ready as hersel'  
To let the laddie in !

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
All in his Highland dress ;  
For brawlie weel he kend <sup>2</sup> the way  
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,  
And down yon scroggy glen,  
We daurna gang a-milking  
For Charlie and his men !

An' Charlie he's my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Charlie he's my darling—  
The young Chevalier !

ROBERT BURNS.

### O MAY, THY MORN

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet  
As the mirk <sup>3</sup> night o' December !  
For sparkling was the rosy wine,  
And private was the chamber,  
And dear was she I dare na name,  
But I will ay remember.

<sup>1</sup> Sounded the rasping pin.    <sup>2</sup> Finely well he knew.    <sup>3</sup> Dark.



And here's to them that, like oursel',  
 Can push about the jorum!  
 And here's to them that wish us weel:  
 May a' that's guid watch o'er 'em!  
 And here's to them we dare na tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum!

ROBERT BURNS.

### IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

Perhaps the finest of all Burns's re-readings of the older songs.  
 For its derivation see *The Centenary Burns*, iii. 433-436.

It was a' for our rightfu' king  
 We left fair Scotland's strand;  
 It was a' for our rightfu' king  
 We e'er saw Irish land,  
 My dear—  
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
 And a' is done in vain,  
 My Love and Native Land fareweel,  
 For I maun<sup>1</sup> cross the main,  
 My dear—  
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about  
 Upon the Irish shore,  
 And gae<sup>2</sup> his bridle reins a shake,  
 With adieu for evermore,  
 My dear—  
 And adieu for evermore!

<sup>1</sup> Must.

<sup>2</sup> Gave.

The soger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main,  
But I hae parted frae my love  
Never to meet again,  
My dear—  
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep,  
I think on him that's far awa'  
The lee-lang night, and weep,  
My dear—  
The lee-lang night and weep.  
ROBERT BURNS.

## OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O

The theme is dealt with in various old ballads, including *Lord Gregory*, but how far Burns is indebted to an old original is uncertain.

O, OPEN the door some pity to shew,  
If love it may na be, O!  
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true—  
O, open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
But caulder thy love for me, O!  
The frost, that freezes the life at my heart,  
Is nought to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon sets behind the white wave,  
And Time is setting with me, O!  
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair  
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O!

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She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
 She sees the pale corse on the plain, O!  
 "My true love!" she cried, and sank down by  
 his side—  
 Never to rise again, O!

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:  
 See the front o' battle lour,  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',  
 Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,  
 By your sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Let us do or die.

ROBERT BURNS.

## IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY

Suggested by an old improper song, which has also been parodied for Jacobite purposes. It specially expresses the "liberty, equality, fraternity" sentiments of the French Revolution; but certain defects in the philosophy of the earlier stanzas are atoned for by the noble Utopianism of the peroration.

Is there for honest poverty  
     That hings<sup>1</sup> his head, an' a' that ?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by—  
     We dare be poor for a' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Our toils obscure, an' a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
     The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
     Wear hoddin grey,<sup>2</sup> an' a' that ?  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—  
     A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Their tinsel show, an' a' that,  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
     Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie<sup>3</sup> ca'd "a lord,"  
     Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,

<sup>1</sup> Hangs.

<sup>2</sup> Coarse woollen cloth.

<sup>3</sup> Fellow.

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif<sup>1</sup> for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His ribband, star, an' a' that,  
 The man o' independent mind,  
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that !  
 But an honest man's aboon<sup>2</sup> his might—  
 Guidfaith he maunna fa'<sup>3</sup> that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their dignities, an' a' that,  
 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth  
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may  
 (As come it will for a' that)  
 That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth  
 Shall bear the gree<sup>4</sup> an' a' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's comin' yet for a' that,  
 That man to man the world o'er  
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

<sup>1</sup> Dolt.

<sup>2</sup> Above.

<sup>3</sup> Must not claim to achieve.

<sup>4</sup> Have the first place.

## MARY MORISON

Written in the French octave, as employed by the old Scots makaris," and the only example in Burns of the French octave with the refrain.

O MARY, at thy window be !  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted<sup>1</sup> hour.  
 Those smiles and glances let me see,  
 That make the miser's treasure poor.  
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,<sup>2</sup>  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
 Could I the rich reward secure—  
 The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen,<sup>3</sup> when to the trembling string  
 The dance gaed<sup>4</sup> thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,  
 I sat, but neither heard or saw :  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd and said amang them a' :—  
 Ye are na Mary Morison !

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his  
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,<sup>5</sup>  
 At least be pity to me shown :  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

<sup>1</sup> Appointed.

<sup>4</sup> Went.

<sup>2</sup> Endure the struggle.

<sup>5</sup> Give.

<sup>3</sup> Last night.



## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

Founded on an old improper song.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint<sup>1</sup>  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;<sup>2</sup>  
 But now your brow is beld,<sup>3</sup> John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,<sup>4</sup>  
 John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb<sup>5</sup> the hill thegither,<sup>6</sup>  
 And monie a cantie<sup>7</sup> day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither;  
 Now we maun<sup>8</sup> totter down, John,  
 And hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo!

ROBERT BURNS.

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD  
BLAST

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,<sup>9</sup>  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.  
 Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield<sup>10</sup> should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.

<sup>1</sup> Acquainted.   <sup>2</sup> Straight.   <sup>3</sup> Bald.   <sup>4</sup> Pate.   <sup>5</sup> Climbed.  
<sup>6</sup> Together.   <sup>7</sup> Jolly.   <sup>8</sup> Must.   <sup>9</sup> Direction.   <sup>10</sup> Shelter.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a Paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or were I monarch of the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

### LOGAN BRAES<sup>1</sup>

By John Mayne (1759-1836), author of *The Siller Gun*, a long poem on the annual shooting match in Dumfries for a silver gun presented by James VI. *Logan Braes* is founded on an older song.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep  
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;  
 Herded sheep, or gathered slaes<sup>2</sup>  
 Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.  
 But wae's my heart! thae days are gane,  
 And I wi' grief may herd alane;  
 While my dear lad maun<sup>3</sup> face his faes,  
 Far, far from me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;  
 Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,  
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
 I weel may sing thae<sup>4</sup> days are gane,  
 Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

<sup>1</sup> Slopes.

<sup>2</sup> Sloes.

<sup>3</sup> Must.

<sup>4</sup> Those.

At e'en, when hope amais<sup>t</sup> is gane,  
 I dauner out, or sit alane,  
 Sit alane beneath the tree  
 Where aft he kept his tryst<sup>1</sup> wi' me.  
 O! could I see thae days again,  
 My lover skaithless,<sup>2</sup> an' my ain!  
 Belov'd by frien's, revered by faes,  
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

JOHN MAYNE.

### ROY'S WIFE

By Mrs. Grant of Carron (1745-1814).

Roy's wife of Alldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Alldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me  
 As I cam' o'er the Braes o' Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,  
 She said she lo'ed me best o' onie;  
 But oh! the fickle, faithless quean,<sup>3</sup>  
 She's ta'en the carle<sup>4</sup> and left her Johnnie.

O, she was a canty<sup>5</sup> quean,  
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;  
 How happy I had she been mine,  
 Or I been Roy of Alldivalloch!

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie,  
 To me she ever will be dear  
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.

MRS. GRANT OF CARRON.

<sup>1</sup> Appointment.

<sup>2</sup> Unhurt.

<sup>3</sup> Young woman.

<sup>4</sup> Old man.

<sup>5</sup> Merry.

## SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

By Joanna Baillie (1762-1851).

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she,

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?"

Wi' his blue bonnet on his head

And his doggie runnin'?

Yestreen,<sup>1</sup> about the gloamin'<sup>2</sup> time,

I chanced to see him comin',

Whistling merrily the tune

That I am a' day hummin', quo' she;

"I am a' day hummin'.

"Fee him, faither, fee him," quo' she,

"Fee him, faither, fee him;

A' the wark about the house

Gaes<sup>3</sup> wi' me when I see him:

A' the wark about the house,

I gang<sup>4</sup> sae lightly through it:

And though ye pay some merks o' gear,<sup>5</sup>

Hoot! ye winna rue it," quo' she;

"No, ye winna rue it."

"What wad I do wi' him, hizzy?

What wad I do wi' him?

He's ne'er a sark<sup>6</sup> upon his back;

And I hae nane to gie him."

"I hae twa sarks into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gie him;

And for a merk o' mair fee,

O, dinna stand wi' him," quo' she;

"Dinna stand wi' him.

<sup>1</sup> Last night.

<sup>4</sup> Go.

<sup>2</sup> Twilight.

<sup>5</sup> Money.

<sup>3</sup> Goes.

<sup>6</sup> Shirt.

"Weel do I lo'e him," quo' she,  
 "Weel do I lo'e him ;  
 The brawest <sup>1</sup> lads about the place  
 Are a' but hav'rels <sup>2</sup> to him.  
 O fee him, faither ; lang, I trow,  
 We've dull and dowie <sup>3</sup> been ;  
 He'll haud the plough, thrash i' the barn,  
 And crack <sup>4</sup> wi' me at e'en," quo' she,  
 "Crack wi' me at e'en."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

### MY AIN FIRESIDE

By Elizabeth Hamilton (1758-1816), who, though born in Belfast, was of Scottish descent, and lived for many years in Scotland.

I HAE seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,  
 'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws ; <sup>5</sup>  
 At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,  
 Where the grand sheen o' splendour has dazzled  
 my een :

But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,  
 As the bonnie blyth blink <sup>6</sup> o' mine ain fireside :

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain  
 fireside.

Ance mair, Gude <sup>7</sup> be thankit, round my ain heart-  
 some ingle,

Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle ;

<sup>1</sup> Finest, cleverest.

<sup>2</sup> Half-witted persons.

<sup>3</sup> Forlorn.

<sup>4</sup> Chat.

<sup>5</sup> Fine clothes.

<sup>6</sup> Glance.

<sup>7</sup> God.



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Nae forms to compel me to seem wae<sup>1</sup> or glad,  
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm  
sad;

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,  
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;  
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,  
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside:

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain  
fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearthstane,  
My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't<sup>2</sup> for my ain;  
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,  
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night;  
I hear but kenn'd voices, kenn'd faces I see,  
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk<sup>3</sup> ee;  
Nae fleetchings<sup>4</sup> o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,  
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside:

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain  
fireside.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

### COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE

By Hector MacNeill (1746-1748), author of the temperance poetic tale *Will and Jean*, and of various songs in which sentimentalism is pleasantly blended with humour.

"COME under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa'<sup>5</sup>;  
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;  
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

<sup>1</sup> Sorrowful.  
<sup>4</sup> Wheedlings.

<sup>2</sup> Know it.  
<sup>5</sup> About to fall.

<sup>3</sup> Each.



Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
 I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw :  
 Oh ! come under my plaidie, and sit down beside  
 me ;

There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa."

"Gae 'wa<sup>1</sup> wi' your plaidie ! auld Donald, gae 'wa,  
 I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw ;  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie ! I'll no' sit beside ye ;  
 Ye may be my gutcher : <sup>2</sup>—auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie ;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw ! <sup>3</sup>  
 O nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly !  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the  
 snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa' ;  
 Your Jock's but a gowk,<sup>4</sup> and has naithing ava ;  
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,  
 He's thretty, and I am but—threescore and twa.  
 Be frank now and kindly ; I'll busk<sup>5</sup> you aye finely ;  
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang<sup>6</sup> sae braw ;  
 A bein<sup>7</sup> house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

"My faither aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw ;  
 It's true I loo Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie,  
 But, waes me ! ye ken<sup>8</sup> he has naithing ava !  
 I hae little tocher ; you've made a gude offer ;  
 I'm now mair than twenty ; my time is but sma' !

<sup>1</sup> Go away.

<sup>2</sup> Grandfather.

<sup>3</sup> So neat and well dressed.

<sup>4</sup> Dolt.

<sup>6</sup> Go.

<sup>7</sup> Comfortable.

<sup>5</sup> Clothé.

<sup>8</sup> Alas ! you know.

Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,  
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa."

She crap<sup>1</sup> in ayont<sup>2</sup> him, aside the stane wa',  
Whar Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a'.  
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
And struck 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.  
He wandered hame weary, the night it was dreary!  
And thowless,<sup>3</sup> he tint his gate<sup>4</sup> deep 'mang the  
snaw;

The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried:  
"Women

Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."

O the Deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,  
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

HECTOR MACNEILL.

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

Carolina Oliphant (1766-1845), Baroness Nairne, the laureate among Scottish poetesses, and only surpassed by Burns among modern Scottish lyrists, excels both in homely pathos and homely humour, while her Jacobite lyrics are inspired by a romantic devotion in no sense artificial, but an inheritance from her forefathers, who had suffered severely in the cause. *The Laird o' Cockpen*, like many more of her lyrics, is founded on an older song. Two stanzas added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage*, to secure a happy but ridiculous ending, I omit.

THE laird<sup>5</sup> o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,  
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious<sup>6</sup> to seek.

<sup>1</sup> Crept.

<sup>4</sup> Lost his way.

<sup>2</sup> Beyond.

<sup>3</sup> Proprietor.

<sup>5</sup> Spiritless.

<sup>6</sup> Troublesome.

Doun by the dyke-side<sup>1</sup> a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Cleish's ae<sup>2</sup> daughter o' Claverse-ha Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well pouther'd, and as guid as new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—  
And wha could refusè the laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,  
And rapp'd at the yett<sup>3</sup> o' Claverse-ha Lee:  
"Gae<sup>4</sup> tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,<sup>5</sup>  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:  
"And what brings the Laird at sic<sup>6</sup> a like time?"  
She put aff her apron and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed<sup>7</sup> awa' doun.

And when she cam' ben, he bowèd fu' low,  
And what was his errand he soon let her know;  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na";  
And wi' a laigh<sup>8</sup> curtsie she turnèd awa'.

LADY NAIRNE.

### THE LAND O' THE LEAL<sup>9</sup>

I'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal.

<sup>1</sup> Fence-side, *i.e.* on the borders of his estate.

<sup>3</sup> Gate.

<sup>4</sup> Go.

<sup>5</sup> Into the parlour.

<sup>2</sup> One.

<sup>7</sup> Went.

<sup>8</sup> Low.

<sup>9</sup> True or loyal.

<sup>6</sup> Such.

There's nae sorrow there, John ;  
There's neither could nor care, John :  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John ;  
She was baith gude and fair, John ;  
And oh ! we grudged her sair <sup>1</sup>  
To the land o' the leal.  
But sorrow's sel' <sup>2</sup> wears past, John,  
And joy's a-comin' fast, John—  
The joy that's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.  
Oh, dry your glist'ning ee, John !  
My saul lang's to be free, John ;  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud <sup>3</sup> ye leal and true, John !  
Your day it's wearin' thro', John ;  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,  
This varld's cares are vain, John ;  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain <sup>4</sup>  
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE.

Sorely.

<sup>2</sup> Self.

<sup>3</sup> Keep.

<sup>4</sup> Fond.

## THE HUNDRED PIPERS

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 Oh! it's ower the Border awa', awa',  
 It's ower the Border awa', awa',  
 We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',  
 Wi' its yetts,<sup>1</sup> its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw,<sup>2</sup> looked braw,  
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,<sup>3</sup>  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return, our Highland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,<sup>4</sup>  
 And mothers grat<sup>5</sup> when they marched away.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?  
 Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?  
 Bonnie Charlie the king o' us a', hurrah!  
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,  
 His prancin' steed maist<sup>6</sup> seems to fly;  
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
 While the pipers blaw in an unco<sup>7</sup> flare.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,  
 But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep:  
 Twa thousands swam ower to fill<sup>8</sup> English ground,  
 And danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.

<sup>1</sup> Gates.<sup>2</sup> Finely.<sup>3</sup> Accoutrements.<sup>4</sup> Sad.<sup>5</sup> Wept.<sup>6</sup> Almost.<sup>7</sup> Extraordinary.<sup>8</sup> Occupy.



Dumfounder'd the English saw—they saw ;  
 Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw ;  
 Dumfounder'd they ran awa', awa',  
 From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

LADY NAIRNE.

### HERE'S TO THEM THAT ARE GANE

Here's to them, to them that are gane ;  
 Here's to them, to them that are gane ;  
 Here's to them that were here, the faithful and dear,  
 That will never be here again—no, never.  
 But where are they now that are gane ?  
 Oh, where are the faithful and true ?  
 They're gane to the light that fears not the night,  
 An' their day of rejoicing shall end—no, never.

Here's to them, to them that were here ;  
 Here's to them, to them that were here ;  
 Here's a tear and a sigh to the bliss that's gane by,  
 But 'twas ne'er like what's coming, to last—  
 for ever.

Oh, bright was their morning sun !  
 Oh, bright was their morning sun !  
 Yet, lang ere the gloaming,<sup>1</sup> in clouds it gae'd<sup>2</sup> down ;  
 But the storm and the cloud are now past—  
 for ever.

Farewell, farewell ! parting silence is sad ;  
 Oh, how sad the last parting tear !

<sup>1</sup> Twilight.

<sup>2</sup> Went.



But that silence shall break, where no tear on the  
cheek

Can bedim the bright vision again—no, never.

Then speed to the wings of old Time,

That waft us where pilgrims would be ;

To the regions of rest, to the shores of the blest,

Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for  
ever.

LADY NAIRNE.

### WHEN THE KYE<sup>1</sup> COME HAME

James Hogg (1770-1835), the only rival of Burns as a peasant poet, is not so essentially Scottish in his tradition and method as Burns, and was much more successful in English verse. Several of his longer poems, as *Kilmeny*, possess a mystic charm which is wholly wanting in Burns. His Jacobite lyrics, some of them suggested by Gaelic originals, are full of the martial fire inherited of "reiver" ancestors, and his rhythm is always flowing and musical. His poetic glamour is more manifest in his purely rustic lyrics, which are at the same time admirably true to nature.

COME all ye jolly shepherds

That whistle through the glen,

I'll tell ye of a secret

That courtiers dinna ken :<sup>2</sup>

What is the greatest bliss

That the tongue o' man can name ?

'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie

When the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame,

When the kye come hame,

'Tween the gloamin'<sup>3</sup> and the mirk,<sup>4</sup>

When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,

Nor yet beneath the crown,

<sup>1</sup> Cows.

<sup>2</sup> Don't know.

<sup>3</sup> Twilight.

<sup>4</sup> Darkness.

'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
Nor yet on bed of down;  
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,  
In the dell without a name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs <sup>1</sup>  
For the mate he loves to see,  
And up upon the tapmost bough,  
Oh, a happy bird is he!  
Then he pours his melting ditty,  
And love 'tis a' the theme,  
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,  
And the daisy turns a pea,  
And the bonnie lucken gowan <sup>2</sup>  
Has fauldit up his ee,  
Then the laverock frae the blue lift <sup>3</sup>  
Draps down, and thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,  
The hail <sup>4</sup> soul to beguile,  
There's love in every whisper,  
And joy in every smile;  
Oh, who would choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss a bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame?

See yonder pawky shepherd  
That lingers on the hill—

<sup>1</sup> Builds.<sup>2</sup> Wild daisy.<sup>3</sup> Sky.<sup>4</sup> Whole.

His yowes<sup>1</sup> are in the fauld,  
 And his lambs are lying still ;  
 Yet he downa gang<sup>2</sup> to rest,  
 For his heart is in a flame  
 To meet his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—  
 What comfort can they gie ?  
 And a' the airts that prey  
 On man's life and libertie !  
 Gie me the highest joy  
 That the heart o' man can frame—  
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

JAMES HOGG.

### MACLEAN'S WELCOME

Written, according to Hogg, from a Gaelic song translated into English prose. Hogg further remarks that these and similar songs are rather imitations from the Gaelic than anything else.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie,  
 brave Charlie,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine  
 with Maclean ;  
 And though you be weary, we'll make your  
 heart cheery,  
 And welcome our Charlie and his loyal  
 train.  
 We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down  
 the black steer,  
 The lamb from the breckan,<sup>3</sup> the doe from  
 the glen ;

<sup>1</sup> Ewes.

<sup>2</sup> Cannot go.

<sup>3</sup> Fern.

The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie  
 The cream from the bothy, and curd from  
 the pen.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen Sheerly,  
 That stream in the star-light when kings do  
 not ken;<sup>1</sup>

And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,  
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the  
 Maclean.

O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids to  
 embrace you,  
 And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of  
 the brae;<sup>2</sup>

and the loveliest Mary in all Glen M'Quarry  
 Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

Faught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready; a troop of our bold Highland men  
 shall range o'er the heather with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred  
 and ten.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie,  
 brave Charlie,

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine  
 with Maclean;

And though you be weary, we'll make your  
 heart cheery,

And welcome our Charlie and his loyal  
 train.

JAMES HOGG.

<sup>1</sup> Know.

<sup>2</sup> Hillside.

## BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

FOLLOW thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow  
thee ?

Lang has thou loved and trusted us fairly !  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,

King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie  
Prince Charlie ?

I hae but ae<sup>1</sup> son, my gallant young Donald,

But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry !  
Health to M'Donnell and gallant Clan Ronald,

For these are the men that will die for their  
Charlie.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,

Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie ;  
Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them,

These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whiga-  
mores !

Loyal, true Highlanders, doun wi' them rarely !  
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad clay-  
more,

Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie.

FOLLOW thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow  
thee ?

Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly !  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,

King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie  
Prince Charlie.

JAMES HOGG.

<sup>1</sup> One.



## BONNIE DUNDEE

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) wrote only a very few poems that are distinctively Scottish in method or language. His *Bonnie Dundee* is founded on one of D'Urfe's songs, but D'Urfe seems to have parodied a Scots song, and the form of the chorus is probably old.

"COME fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the West Port, and let me gang<sup>1</sup>  
free,  
And its room for the bonnets o' Bonnie  
Dundee!"

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who  
spoke:

"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns  
to be broke;

So let each cavalier who loves honour and me,  
Come follow the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are  
beat;

But the Provost, douce<sup>2</sup> man, said: "Just e'en let  
him be,

The guid toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee."

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
Ilk carline<sup>3</sup> was flyting, and shaking her pow;<sup>4</sup>

But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie<sup>5</sup>  
and slee,

Thinking, luck to the bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!

<sup>1</sup> Go.

<sup>4</sup> Pate.

<sup>2</sup> Quiet.

<sup>5</sup> Comfortable.

<sup>3</sup> Every old woman.



With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was  
 cramm'd,  
 As if half the west had set tryst<sup>1</sup> to be hang'd ;  
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each  
 ee,  
 As they watch'd for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee !

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;  
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway  
 was free,  
 At the toss of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,  
 And with the gay Gordon<sup>2</sup> he gallantly spoke ;  
 " Let Mons Meg<sup>3</sup> and her marrows speak twa  
 words or three,  
 For the love of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—  
 " Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !  
 Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
 Or that low lies the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee.

" There are hills beyond Pentlands, and lands beyond  
 Forth ;  
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in  
 the North ;  
 There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times  
 three,  
 Will cry ' Hoigh ! for the bonnets o' Bonnie  
 Dundee.'

<sup>1</sup> Made appointment.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Gordon.

<sup>3</sup> An old piece of cannon on the castle ramparts.

“ There’s brass on the target of barken’d bull-hide ;  
There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside :  
The brass shall be burnish’d, the steel shall flash  
free,  
At a toss of the bonnet o’ Bonnie Dundee.

“ Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks :  
Ere I own an usurper, I’ll couch with the fox ;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me ! ”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were  
blown,  
The kettle-drums clash’d, and the horsemen rode  
on,  
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lee,  
Died away the wild war-notes o’ Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men ;  
Come open your gates and let me gae free,  
For it’s up with the bonnets o’ Bonnie Dundee !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### JOCK O’ HAZELDEAN

Written for *Albyn’s Anthology*, 1816. Founded on an old ballad,  
*Sir John of Hazelgreen*, of which the first stanza is substantially  
retained.

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye ?  
Why weep ye by the tide ?  
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride ;

And ye sall be his bride, ladye,  
Sae comely to be seen : ”  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,  
And dry that cheek sae pale ;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington  
And Lord of Langley-dale ;  
His step is first in peacefu’ ha’,  
His sword in battle keen : ”  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

“ A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair ;  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;  
And you the foremost o’ them a’  
Shall ride—our forest queen : ”  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck’d at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmer’d fair ;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there.  
They sought her baith by bower and ha’ ;  
The ladye was not seen :  
She’s o’er the border, and awa’  
Wi’ Jock o’ Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU <sup>1</sup>

Written for *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan-conuil.  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.  
  
Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come, every hill-plaid  
And true heart that wears one.  
Come, every steel blade  
And strong hand that bears one.  
  
Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter;  
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
The bride at the altar;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges:  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targes.  
  
Come as the winds come,  
When forests are rended,

<sup>1</sup> Black Donald.

## A LITTLE BOOK OF

Come as the waves come,  
 When navies are stranded :  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
 Tenant and master !

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
 See how they gather !  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward, each man, set !  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## PROUD MAISIE

One of the songs of Madge Wildfire in *The Heart of Midlothian*

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early ;  
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
 Singing so rarely :

“ Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me ? ”  
 “ When six braw <sup>1</sup> gentlemen  
 Kirkyard shall carry ye.”

<sup>1</sup> Fine.

"Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly?"

"The grey-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly."

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady,  
The owl from the steeple sing :  
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### DONALD CAIRD'S<sup>1</sup> COME AGAIN

Published in *Albyn's Anthology*, 1818. Written to an old air.

DONALD CAIRD's come again !

Donald Caird's come again !

Tell the news in brugh and glen,

Donald Caird's come again !

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,

Blithely dance the Highland fling,

Drink till the gudeman be blind,

Fleece<sup>2</sup> till the gudewife be kind ;

Hoop a leglin,<sup>3</sup> clout a pan,

Or crack a pow<sup>4</sup> wi' ony man :

Tell the news in brugh and glen,

Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again !

Donald Caird's come again !

Tell the news in brugh and glen,

Donald Caird's come again !

<sup>1</sup> Donald the Tinker.    <sup>2</sup> Wheedle.    <sup>3</sup> Milkpail.    <sup>4</sup> Poll.



Donald Caird can wire a maukin,<sup>1</sup>  
 Kens<sup>2</sup> the wiles o' dun-deer staukin' ;  
 Leisters kipper,<sup>3</sup> makes a shift  
 To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift.  
 Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
 He can wauk<sup>4</sup> when they are sleepers.  
 Not for bountith or reward  
 Daur ye mell<sup>5</sup> wi' Donald Caird !

Donald Caird's come again !  
 Donald Caird's come again !  
 Gar<sup>6</sup> the bagpipes hum amain,  
 Donald Caird's come again !

Donald Caird can drink a gill  
 Fast as hostler-wife<sup>7</sup> can fill ;  
 Ilka<sup>8</sup> ane that sells gude liquor  
 Kens<sup>9</sup> haw Donald bends a bicker,<sup>10</sup>  
 When he's fou<sup>11</sup> he's stout and saucy,  
 Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey ;<sup>12</sup>  
 Hieland chief and Lawland laird  
 Maun<sup>13</sup> gie room to Donald Caird !

Donald Caird's come again !  
 Donald Caird's come again !  
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again !

Steek the amrie,<sup>14</sup> lock the kist,<sup>15</sup>  
 Else some gear<sup>16</sup> may weel be mis't ;

<sup>1</sup> Hare.<sup>2</sup> Knows.<sup>3</sup> Spears salmon.<sup>4</sup> Be awake<sup>5</sup> Meddle.<sup>6</sup> Make.<sup>7</sup> The hostess.<sup>8</sup> Each.<sup>9</sup> Knows.<sup>10</sup> Trolls a bowl.<sup>11</sup> Must.<sup>12</sup> Drunk.<sup>13</sup> Middle of the pavement.<sup>14</sup> Must.<sup>15</sup> Cupboard.<sup>16</sup> Chest.<sup>17</sup> Property.

Donald Caird finds orra <sup>1</sup> things  
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings; <sup>2</sup>  
 Dunts of kebbuck, <sup>3</sup> taits o' woo', <sup>4</sup>  
 Whiles <sup>5</sup> a hen and whiles a sow,  
 Webs or duds <sup>6</sup> frae hedge or yard—  
 'Ware the wuddie, <sup>7</sup> Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Dinna <sup>8</sup> let the Shirra <sup>9</sup> ken  
 Donald Caird's come again!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,  
 Craig to tether, <sup>10</sup> legs to airn; <sup>11</sup>  
 But Donald Caird, wi' mickle <sup>12</sup> study,  
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;  
 Rings of airn and bolts of steel  
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel!  
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Dinna let the Justice ken  
 Donald Caird's come again!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

- |                                |                               |                                      |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Superfluous.                   | <sup>3</sup> Tongs.           | <sup>3</sup> Large pieces of cheese. |
| Small portions of wool.        | <sup>5</sup> Sometimes.       |                                      |
| Sheets or clothes.             | <sup>7</sup> Gallows.         | <sup>8</sup> Do not.                 |
| Sheriff (Justice of a County). | <sup>10</sup> Neck to halter. |                                      |
| Iron.                          | <sup>12</sup> Much.           |                                      |

## THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE

By Sir Alexander Boswell (1775-1832), eldest son of the biographer of Samuel Johnson, who also showed a similarly clever if quieter vein of humour in *Jenny's Bawbee* and *Jenny Dang the Weaver*.

"Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle,<sup>1</sup> drucken carle;

A' the lang day ye're winkin', drinkin', gapin', gauntin';

O' sottish loons<sup>2</sup> ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,

Ill-far'd,<sup>3</sup> doited<sup>4</sup> ne'er-do-weel."

"Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;

Will ye hae welth,<sup>5</sup> troth; but, guid be praised, the wit's awantin'.

The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy,<sup>6</sup> aye a doddy:

Mak' na sic<sup>7</sup> an awesome reel."

"Ye're a sow, auld man,

Ye get fou,<sup>8</sup> auld man;

Fye shame, auld man,

To your wame,<sup>9</sup> auld man:

Pinch'd I win wi' spinnin' tow,

A plack<sup>10</sup> to cleid<sup>11</sup> your back and pow."<sup>12</sup>

"It's a lie, gudewife,

It's your tea, gudewife;

<sup>1</sup> Drunken old fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Rascals.

<sup>3</sup> Ugly.

<sup>4</sup> Stupid.

<sup>5</sup> Ye have wealth of will.

<sup>6</sup> Hornless.

<sup>7</sup> Such.

<sup>8</sup> Drunk.

<sup>9</sup> Belly.

<sup>10</sup> Halfpenny.

<sup>11</sup> Clothe.

<sup>12</sup> Poll.

Na, na, gudewife,  
Ye spend a', gudewife.

Dinna<sup>1</sup> fa' on me pell-mell;

Ye like a drap fu' weel yersel'."

"Ye's rue, auld gowk,<sup>2</sup> yer jest and frolic, jest  
and frolic.

Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak' a drappy?  
An 'twere na just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
Deil a drap wad weet my mou'."

"Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna  
swither,

Soon—soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings a drap  
o' cuppy;

But twascore years we hae fought thegither, fought  
thegither,

Time it is to 'gree, I trow."

"I'm wrang, auld John,

Ower lang, auld John,

For nought, guid John,

We hae fought, guid John;

Let's help to bear ilk<sup>3</sup> ither's weight,

We're far ower feckless<sup>4</sup> now to fecht."<sup>5</sup>

"Ye're richt, guid Kate;

The nicht, guid Kate,

Our cup, guid Kate,

We'll sup, guid Kate;

Thegither frae this hour we'll draw

And toom<sup>6</sup> the stoup atween us twa."

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> Do not.

<sup>4</sup> Too pithless.

<sup>2</sup> Dolt.

<sup>5</sup> Fight.

<sup>3</sup> Each.

<sup>6</sup> Empty.

## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'

Robert Tannahill (1774-1810), a Paisley weaver, is generally regarded as the laureate of the many poets of Paisley, and his homely amorous lays almost rival in popularity those of Burns, especially among the common people of Scotland. The scene of the song is in the neighbourhood of Paisley.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',  
 Saft the westlan' breezes blaw :  
 'Mang the birks <sup>1</sup> of Stanley-shaw <sup>2</sup>  
     The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.  
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
     My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray  
 O'er Glen Killoch's sunny brae, <sup>3</sup>  
 Blithely spend the gowden day  
     'Midst joys that never wearie, O.  
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,  
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;  
 Siller <sup>4</sup> saughs, wi' downie buds,  
     Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feath'ry brackens <sup>5</sup> fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks, <sup>6</sup>  
     And ilka <sup>7</sup> thing is cheerie, O.  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
     Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

<sup>1</sup> Birches.

<sup>2</sup> Wood.

<sup>3</sup> Slope.

<sup>4</sup> Silver.

<sup>5</sup> Ferns.

<sup>6</sup> Dodges.

<sup>7</sup> Each.



## BONNIE LADY ANN

By Allan Cunningham (1784-1842). Originally sent to Cromek for his *Remains of Nithesdale and Galloway Song* as an old song.

THERE's kames o' hinney<sup>1</sup> 'tween my luve's lips,  
 An' gowd among her hair;  
 Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,  
 Nae mortal een keek<sup>2</sup> there:  
 What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,  
 Or what arm o' luve dare span,  
 The hinney lips, the creamy loof,  
 Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
 Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;  
 But nae gentle lip, nor simple lip,  
 Maun<sup>3</sup> touch her lady mou';  
 But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd  
 Her jimpy<sup>4</sup> waist maun span—  
 O, she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
 My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers  
 Tied up wi' silver thread,  
 An' comely sits she in the midst,  
 Men's longing een to feed.  
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek  
 Wi' her milky, milky han',  
 An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,  
 My bonnie Lady Ann!

<sup>1</sup> Combs of honey.

<sup>3</sup> Must.

<sup>2</sup> Eyes look.

<sup>4</sup> Slender.



The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,  
 Like my luv's broidered cap;  
 An' on the mantle which my luv wears  
 Are monie a gowden drap:  
 Her bonnie eebree's<sup>1</sup> a holie arch,  
 Cast by no earthlie han';  
 An' the breath o' God's atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,  
 An' poor, poor is my fa';<sup>2</sup>  
 My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,  
 Wi' faitherless bairnies twa;  
 My lady comes, my lady gaes,  
 Wi' a fou and kindly han'—  
 O, the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my luv,  
 An' fa' on Lady Ann.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE<sup>3</sup>

WHA the deil hae we got for a king,  
 But a wee, wee German lairdie!  
 An' when we gade<sup>4</sup> to bring him hame,  
 He was delving in his kail-yairdie.<sup>5</sup>  
 Sheughing kail<sup>6</sup> an' dibbling leeks,  
 Scarce of hose and scant o' breeks,<sup>7</sup>  
 Up his beggar duds<sup>8</sup> he cleeks,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie.

<sup>1</sup> Eyebrow.

<sup>2</sup> Lot.

<sup>3</sup> A small proprietor (the "lairdie" was George I.).

<sup>4</sup> Went.

<sup>5</sup> The word has no reference to Scottish novels, but means the garden plot, which, before the arrival of the potato, was planted mainly with kail or colwort.

<sup>6</sup> Inserting plants close together in a furrow and covering them with earth.

<sup>7</sup> Trousers.

<sup>8</sup> Clothes, rags.

An' he's clapt<sup>1</sup> down in our gudeman's chair,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie ;  
 O' stinking weeds he's brought the seeds,  
 An' saw'd them in our yairdie.  
 He's pu'd the rose o' English clowns,  
 An' brak' the harp o' Irish lowns,  
 But the thistle tap will jag his thumbs,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,  
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie ;  
 An' see how Charlie's lang kail thrives,  
 He dibblit in his yairdie.  
 An' if a stock ye daur to pu',  
 Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,<sup>2</sup>  
 We'll break yer sceptre o'er yer mou',  
 Thou wee bit<sup>3</sup> German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,  
 Nor fitting for a yairdie ;  
 An' our norlan' thristles winna pu',<sup>4</sup>  
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie !  
 An' we've the trenching blades o' weir,<sup>5</sup>  
 Wad twine<sup>6</sup> ye o' yer German gear,<sup>7</sup>  
 An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,  
 Thou feckless<sup>8</sup> German lairdie.

ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

<sup>1</sup> Sat suddenly.

<sup>2</sup> Hold the plough during a single working period.

<sup>3</sup> Diminutive (socially).

<sup>4</sup> Northern thistles cannot be pulled.

<sup>5</sup> War.

<sup>6</sup> Deprive.

<sup>7</sup> Wealth.

<sup>8</sup> Pithless.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works. This list is organized in a table format with columns for the author's name, the title of the work, and the year of publication.

2. The second part of the document is a detailed description of the works listed in the first part. This section provides information about the content of the works, the methods used in the research, and the conclusions drawn from the studies. The descriptions are written in a clear and concise manner, making it easy for readers to understand the key findings of each work.

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Sedley, but she swallowed her mortification as well as she had the abominable curry before it, and as soon as she could speak, said, with a comical, good-humoured air—

“I ought to have remembered the pepper which the Princess of Persia puts in the cream-tarts in the *Arabian Nights*. Do you put cayenne into your cream-tarts in India, sir?”

Old Sedley began to laugh, and thought Rebecca was a good-humoured girl. Joseph simply said—“Cream-tarts, Miss? Our cream is very bad in Bengal. We generally use goat’s milk; and, ’gad, do you know, I’ve got to prefer it!”

“You won’t like *everything* from India now, Miss Sharp,” said the old gentleman; but when the ladies had retired after dinner, the wily old fellow said to his son, “Have a care, Joe; that girl is setting her cap at you.”

“Pooh! nonsense!” said Joe, highly flattered. “I recollect, sir, there was a girl at Dumdum, a daughter of Cutler of the Artillery, and afterwards married to Lance, the surgeon, who made a dead set at me in the year ’4—at me and Mulligatawney, whom I mentioned to you before dinner—a devilish good fellow Mulligatawney—he’s a magistrate at Budgebudge, and sure to be in council in five years. Well, sir, the Artillery gave a ball, and Quintin, of the King’s 14th, said to me, ‘Sedley,’ said he, ‘I bet you thirteen to ten that Sophy Cutler hooks either you or Mulligatawney before the rains.’ ‘Done,’ says I; and egad, sir—this claret’s very good. Adamson’s or Carbonell’s? . . .”

A slight snore was the only reply: the honest stockbroker was asleep, and so the rest of Joseph’s











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